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POLITICS & RELIGION p.4

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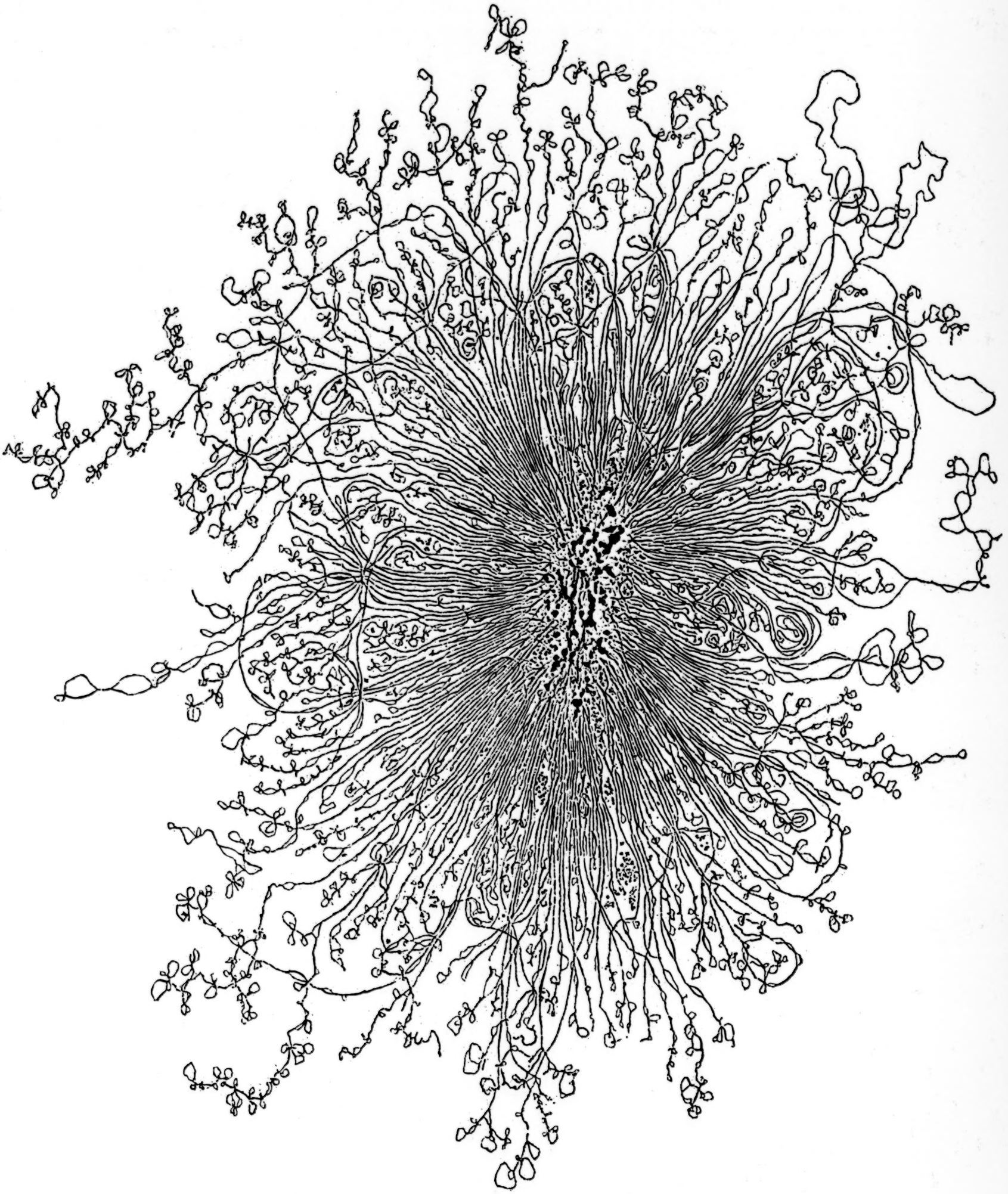

ONE DNA MOLECULE

by Ruth Kavenoff, Ph.D.

I AM A CELL BIOLOGIST who uses the electron microscope to study the structure of chromosomes. On the facing page is a photograph of a purified bacterial chromosome, my favorite out of several thousand pictures.

For some time I have wanted to make this photograph into a poster because I thought it would be a nice reminder of the beauty associated with science. The image is intrinsically pleasing. But the photograph is also beautiful because it represents an accord between theory and experiment which yields a refined view of the world. In 1972 a separate-loops model of DNA was deduced logically from a series of experiments which didn't involve any direct microscopic observations. (Abraham Worcel and Elizabeth Burgi, "On the Structure of the Folded Chromosome of *Escherichia coli*," in **Journal of Molecular Biology**, Vol. 71, pp. 127-147.)

The photograph confirmed the theoretical model. One long molecule of DNA is twisted like a rubber band into many highly coiled loops which radiate from a central core composed of RNA (and protein). Each loop is a portion of the one bacterial double-helix DNA molecule, wound back on itself. This organization is important because the DNA molecule is about a thousand times longer than the bacterial cell in which it fits. The curly appearance of the DNA in most of the loops probably reflects the way the DNA is packed, though how that is done is not known.

This chromosome was purified from the common intestinal bacterium *Escherichia coli*. Purifying a chromosome is rather like obtaining an egg yolk from an egg, i.e., cracking the cell with an enzyme and separating the chromosome. *E. coli* has been studied exhaustively by several generations of biologists with the belief that "if it's true for *E. coli*, it's true for elephants, only more so." Virtually all genetic engineering employs *E. coli*.

Uncoiled, the DNA molecule in this chromosome is about one millimeter long and 20 angstroms wide (one angstrom is 1/10,000,000 millimeter). Twenty angstroms is so small that it can't be seen even with an electron microscope. Therefore in order for the molecule to be seen, it must be coated. To make this photograph the DNA was coated with protein (to make it thicker and spread it out) and uranium salt (to give it contrast in the electron beam). It was also "spray painted" with platinum and palladium metal to give additional contrast and thickness. The photograph has a magnification of about 20,000 times. Large as it is, this bacterial DNA molecule is only about one-tenth the length of the DNA molecule in the smallest human chromosome.

This image (without text) is available as a high-quality lithograph suitable for framing. The poster is 22"x28", giving the DNA a final magnification of 35,000X. It is printed in a dark blue, the same color as the dye Anthrabis used in visualizing DNA in electron microscopy, hence the title "Bluegenes #1." T-shirts with the same design are available in 100 percent cotton, sizes S, M, L, XL. Both T-shirts and posters are signed by the designer, *E. coli*. Posters are $7.50 each and T-shirts are $10 each, with 6 percent sales tax for California residents, from Designergenes Posters Ltd, Department C, Box 100, Del Mar, CA 92014. (The T-shirts are also available from **CoEvolution** — see inside back cover.)

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"LITE"/"BOLD"

CoEvolution *USUALLY comes in two editions these days. The one with "BOLD" on the cover has the standard mix of articles. The one with "LITE" on the cover has the same standard mix* ***minus*** *sexually explicit articles. As it happens, this Fall '83 issue has no especially rowdy material, so everybody is getting same, and no distinction is made on the cover.*

The choice of two editions is offered as a courtesy to readers. Subscribers who prefer to receive either "CQ LITE" or "CQ BOLD" should let us know. (If you don't designate, you get "BOLD.") —*Stewart Brand*

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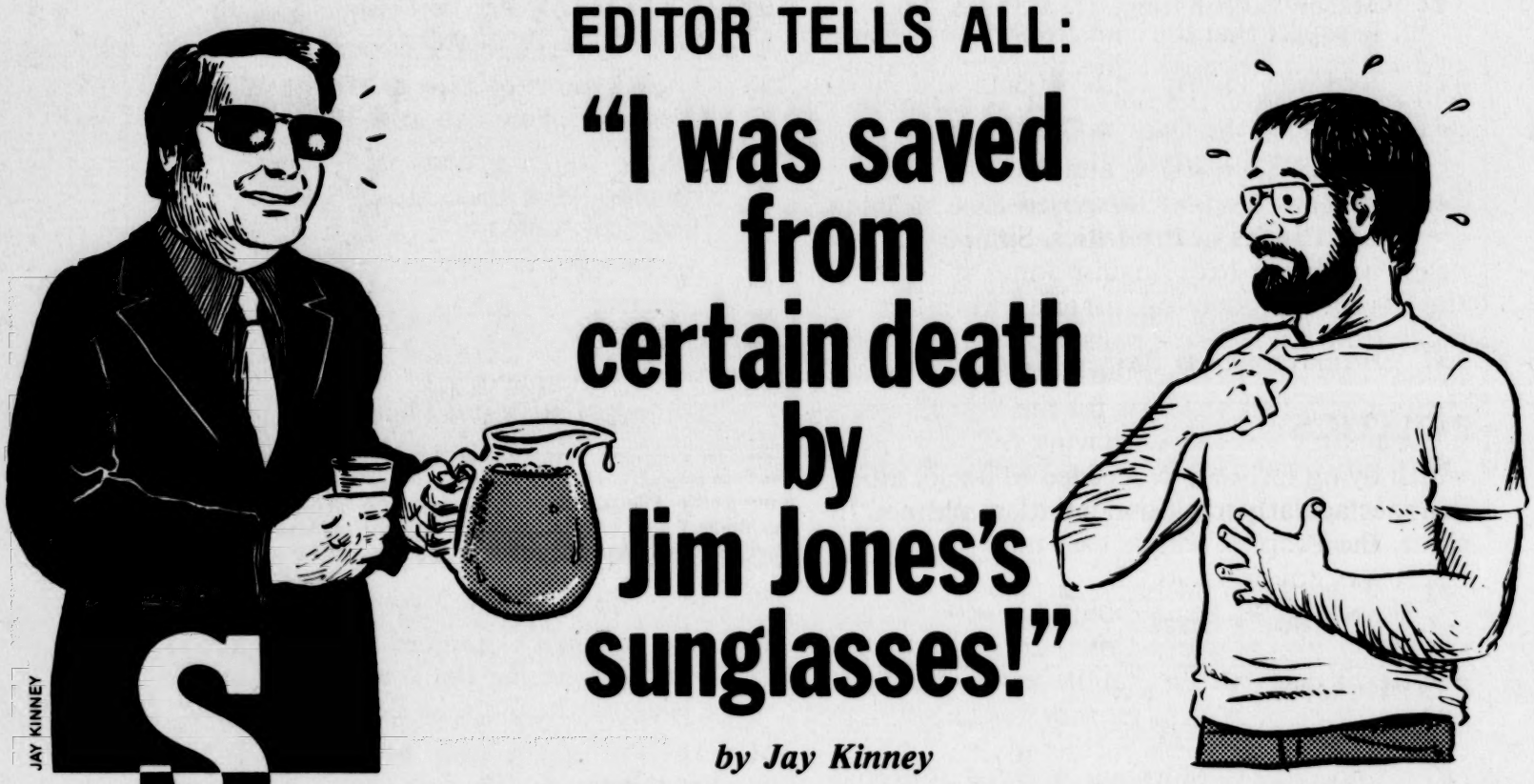
COVERS

If you go in the basilica of Mission Dolores in San Francisco you'll see the stained-glass windows that served as inspiration for the front-cover art. However, I don't expect to see this particular meditation on religion and politics actually rendered into glass anytime soon! I did the line-art and color drawing with able assistance from Rebecca Wilson on the final water-colors.

The mysterious woman entering the pyramid on the back cover lives in the same cemetery in Zurich, Switzerland, as James Joyce. San Francisco photographer Dennis Hearne caught this timeless moment on a trip there in 1976. —*Jay Kinney*



EDITOR TELLS ALL:

"I was saved from certain death by Jim Jones's sunglasses!"

by Jay Kinney

SIX YEARS AGO I lived in a neighborhood in San Francisco near Jim Jones's Peoples Temple. Each month a copy of **Peoples Forum**, the Temple newspaper, was dropped on our doorstep. At first I tossed the paper in the garbage along with the numerous advertising circulars that also piled up on the porch. Soon, however, as I became more aware of the church's political activities and as controversy swirled around Reverend Jones and his flock, I began to read and save the **Peoples Forum** each month.

What I read I found so attractive that I even considered going to the Temple for awhile. It is sobering to consider that it may only have been my tendency to procrastinate and my gut-level distrust of Jim Jones's tinted eyeglasses that kept me from joining Peoples Temple and — who knows? — ending up a year later in Jonestown chugging Kool-Aid to beat the heat. Yet I like to think that I wasn't then — or now — a lost soul ripe for whatever two-bit fuhrer was the first to sign me up. Rather, what attracted me toward the Temple was a common enough desire for wholeness, a modestly utopian conviction that it *is* possible to overcome the fragmentation most of us feel in our lives and to simultaneously work to change both ourselves and society for the better.

Going back through those **Peoples Forums** from 1977 I still find all the elements that excited me then: the photos of blacks and whites in intense discussions and picnicking together; the seemingly realized ideal of the church as a community — an extended family that enables its members to attend to each other's spiritual needs while tackling social/political problems together; the testimonials from an impressive cross-section of local and national liberals, progressives, civil-rights leaders, and community activists; and the strong emphasis on practical programs of self-help for the urban poor.

Hindsight shows how much of this was propaganda — Jones's calculated manipulation of church members, politicians, and media acclaim stand out more clearly now, as does the thread of defensiveness and paranoia throughout — but the basic decency of the vision that Peoples Temple *seemed* to embody remains.

This is not always an easy fact to remember given the cloud of bad connotations that has since enveloped the group's name. The Left has been eager to label Peoples Temple a "cult" and treat

---

I pressed CQ editor Jay Kinney, who planned and assembled this special section on politics and religion, to spell out his religious and political background. "Well," he said reluctantly, "You could say I'm a spiritual gnostic (I believe one should only base belief on actual spiritual experience, not dogma) and a political agnostic (a system must prove itself before I'll subscribe to it)." Jay was raised in the same small Protestant denomination (Evangelical United Brethren) as CQ's other religiously concerned regular, Anne Herbert. Politically, he's cartooned for **In These Times** *('77-'78), edited* **Anarchy Comics**, *and compiled the most caustic and comprehensive survey of the Left I've ever seen ("What's Left?", NWEC p. 390). Jay has avoided joining most religious or political groups, but as you'll see he's stalked these haunted regions for years, with deliberate, cautious bemusement.* —*Art Kleiner*

the whole episode as if it were a bizarre self-contained abberation — sort of an unusually large crowd of "lone nuts."

Yet I suspect that the catastrophic conclusion of Jonestown proceeded directly from the flaws and blind spots of the Left itself. A generation accustomed to rallying uncritically around charismatic leaders under attack ("Free Huey!" "Free Angela!") was ill-disposed to give much credence to Jones's early critics. Similarly it was nearly impossible to distinguish Jones's fatal drug-tinged paranoia about rightist and government attacks from the sensationalism of underground papers like the **Berkeley Barb** or the bombastic rhetoric of leftist sects. As for the Peoples Temple members themselves, having found a cause worth dying for, they proceeded to do so, albeit in a spectacularly tragic and pointless manner. In short, the Peoples Temple case may be extreme but it was not exceptional.

To return to my initial point: beyond the self-deception, the manipulations, and the painful naivete, the fact remains that the responsive chord Jones struck on his sorry journey was a legitimate one — and one deserving further understanding.

PEOPLES FORUM

PEOPLES FORUM, VOL. 1 No. 15 1st February Issue, 1977. Published by PEOPLES TEMPLE of the Disciples of Christ, a California Corp. P.O. Box 15023, San Francisco CA 94115 Circ. 600,000

The Gathering Together Of All Peoples

PIONEERING A NEW LIFE

A DREAM THAT WILL NOT DIE

The February 1977 issue of *Peoples Forum* pictured above featured, among other things, photographs of Reverend Jim Jones receiving the Martin Luther King Humanitarian Award for "breaking the barriers that separate, segregate, [and] destroy the lives of people."

the seventies this way, my split reflecting the split between the would-be New Age and the aging New Left.

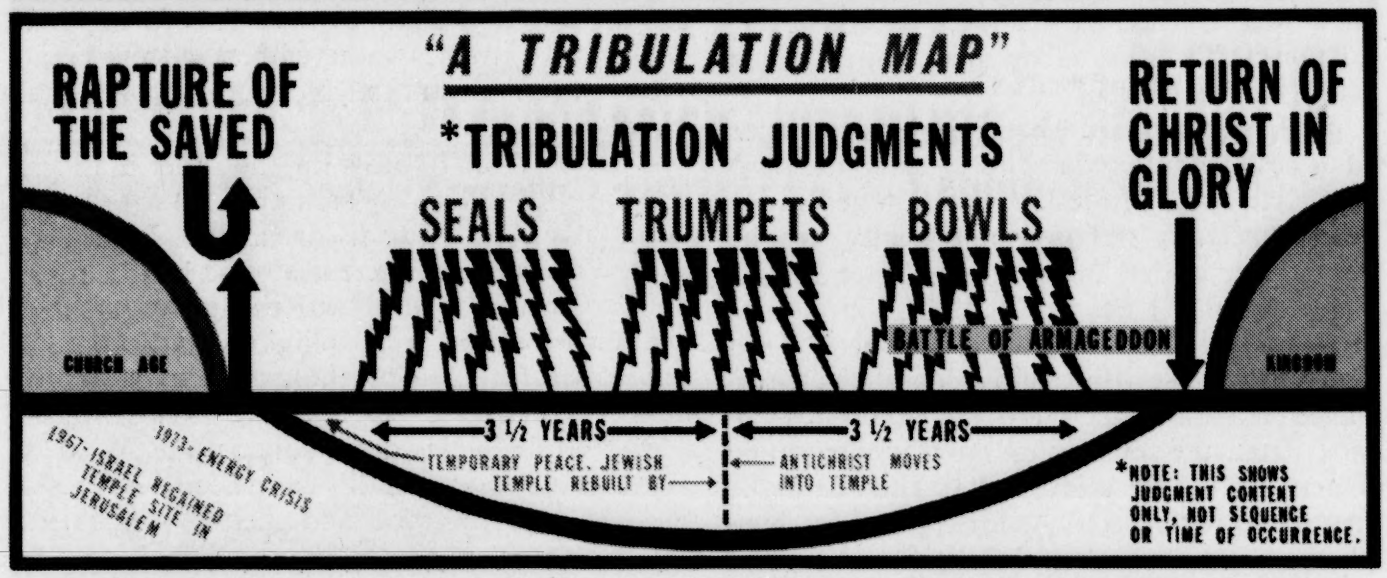
It's hard to pinpoint what shook me out of this stalemate. Perhaps it was the uproar over the Moral Majority and the religious right as the eighties began. I may have loathed their politics but I was impressed with their religious/political unity. Or perhaps it was a few instances of such vehement antireligious ravings from some associates of mine on the Left that my tortured sense of balance finally cried "enough." In any case, I've been concerned with understanding and bridging the apparent gap between the spiritual and the political ever since.

THE ORIGINAL IDEA for this special section in **CQ** arose when I noticed a curious conflict in my own life: at those times when I was most preoccupied with political issues and projects I was unable to give serious attention to spiritual matters. And conversely, when religious or spiritual questions seized my interest for an extended period, I found the world of politics virtually unbearable. In my own introspective shorthand I chalked this up to the split between the left and right hemispheres of my brain. My politics functioned largely in my left brain — the realm of rational, linear, conscious concerns — while my spirituality engaged my right brain — the realm of intuition and wholistic matters. A cute if somehwat schizzy formulation.

In time, however, I realized that my inability to integrate my own political and spiritual sides was less a function of my neurological geography than a result of my social and intellectual environment. Most of my political friends wrote off the spiritual realm, and the political books and magazines I read were written in a language whose only metaphor for religion was "opiate." The situation was much the same, but in reverse, in spiritual circles, where a blithe apolitical naivete was standard posture: As I fell into the assumptions of one group I tended to push the "opposing" part of myself aside until the imbalance was so extreme that I'd flip-flop and dwell at the other end of the polarity for awhile. I managed to spend most of

I SAY *APPARENT* GAP because in much of the world such a gap simply does not exist. Various native cultures and the Islamic world come immediately to mind: places where religious values and social actions form a seamless whole that doesn't admit to a separate secular realm. (See Gary Snyder's "Good, Wild, Sacred"on page 8.) For such cultures, any political struggle inescapably has religious implications. By contrast, in the West since the Renaissance we've felt a profound ambivalence toward this notion.

While science flourished under Islam, most scientific discoveries in Europe were only made possible by the staking out of a separate intellectual sphere, free of Church coercion. The modern era is a product of this splitting of consciousness and division of power. In the U.S. in particular, with the constitutional doctrine of separation of Church and State, the idea of a seamless whole seems particularly threatening — at least for many people on the Left who trace their own values back



The diagram above represents events expected in the prophesized "End Times," according to many Christians. (Copies of this map in color, with detailed explanation, are available for 35 cents postpaid from Leon Bates, P.O. Box 18003, Dallas, TX 75218.)

to Enlightenment rationalism and Liberal philosophy.

The Right is another matter altogether, as there is a seemingly natural affinity between the preservative function of religious tradition and conservative philosophy. Conservatives' mistrust of democracy coexists quite easily with the orthodox Christian emphasis on original sin. For this worldview, Man is a sinner and it is the restraining actions of the Church and governmental order that stand between us and the abyss.

But as Kathleen Kennedy Townsend points out in "A Rebirth of Virtue" on page 18, the conservative combo of religious morality and political power is only half the story. Countering the conservative aspects of religious tradition at many points in history has been the radical challenge of other elements in those same traditions. From Anabaptist sects like the Children of God, who held property in common and took possession of the north German town of Munster in the sixteenth century, on up through the sizable Abolitionist movement in the U.S., which set the stage for the freeing of the slaves by Lincoln, and the present Christian "base communities" among peasants throughout Latin America which often double as support groups for liberation struggles, there has been a thread of conviction that spiritual values fully lived necessitate challenging the status quo instead of bolstering it.

So far so good. If the only gap to be bridged between the body politic and the soul was that of finding a "politically correct" religion or an appropriately spiritual political strategy we'd be home free and I could get on with the more important business of selling you on *my* particular combination of the two. However, such a solution is precisely the problem, as Carl Oglesby discusses in "Rescuing Jesus from the Cross" on page 36. It's a rare conflict in which both sides don't claim to have God on their side, in one form or another, and questions of personal wholeness aside, the mixes of politics and religion that keep appearing in the news are usually more appalling than heartening. Northern Ireland, Iran, Lebanon, Israel, Guatemala, Nicaragua, the Black Hills . . . nearly every political conflict these days seems to have a religious component. The sheer number of situations leads one to the conclusion that the modern era of neatly separated social realms is rapidly coming to an end. Why is this? Several factors come to mind:

- **The shrinking of the world.** What were formerly self-contained cultures unified in outlook and values and only dimly aware of each other have increasingly been thrown into contact and competition on the world market. Multinational corporations (and foreign aid) from both West and East have buzzed around like cross-pollinating bees linking formerly isolated gardens. This has led to situations like that in Iran, where Westernization was perceived as a religious and cultural threat by many Moslems, helping pave the way for Khomeini's theocratic revolution.
- **The end of European colonial rule.** With the official departure of England and other colonizers from overt rule in the Third World, what was often an externally imposed false peace has ended. The creation of new states like Israel and Pakistan have brought with them fresh conflicts where religious and national identities are intimately linked.
- **The legacy of Vatican II.** As Penny Lernoux discusses on page 34, the Roman Catholic Church has always exercised political influence throughout the world, usually on behalf of entrenched, conservative regimes. However, two liberal popes in a row, Vatican II's reforms, and the renewed emphasis on serving the poor within the Church have turned things topsy-turvy. Even the more conservative John Paul II has taken an activist role in hot spots like Poland, which only underscores the increased role in world politics of an unpredictable nonquiescent Catholic Church.
- **Impending Milennium.** Just as the years prior to the year 1000 saw the proliferation of unorthodox sects expectantly living out the end of the

The titanic events chronicled in the Bible's Book of Revelations have etched themselves into the imaginations of millions of domestic born agains who are avidly interpreting current geopolitics in terms of Gog, Magog, the Whore of Babylon, and the Antichrist.

world, so we are seeing the beginning of the social impact of the year 2000 as a towering symbol. The titanic events chronicled in the Bible's Book of Revelations have etched themselves into the imagination of millions of domestic born agains who are avidly interpreting current geopolitics in terms of Gog, Magog, the Whore of Babylon, and the Antichrist.

• **The splintering of national moral consensus.** In one sense, U.S. politics has been spiritualized all along, in that the moral assumptions of the traditional religious majority in the past usually coincided with the thrust of government. However, the defection of large numbers of Americans away from established norms has both stimulated religious leaders into increased political activity and fed the growth of new religions (and cults), many of which are staking out political influence.

• **The international economic, ecological, and political crisis.** With the world monetary system in disarray, the Third World in hock, and intensified competition between North and South, and East and West, there is a sense of impending collapse and of meaninglessness of life for millions. I hardly need to add the exhaustively catalogued threats of eco-disaster and nuclear holocaust. These crises and the apparent inadequacy of purely secular answers continue to push many to reexamine their basic religious assumptions. (See Arthur Waskow's "Mystery not Mastery" on page 43 for a discussion of what one religious tradition has to offer in response.)

THIS ALL REMAINS just so much theorizing until I recall the attraction of Peoples Temple. Lebanon and Guatemala are comfortably distant (for the time being at least), but the now empty Peoples Temple at Geary and Fillmore is just a ten-minute drive away for me. There'd be little point to the articles gathered here if their common concerns didn't touch on a thicket we're all equally entangled in.

Though I can't speak for the other authors, there is one underlying assumption I make that lends an urgency to this discussion. Like Carl Jung I assume that there is a basic human need for personal integration with the universe that is the springboard for all religions and spiritual endeavors. Call it a psychological drive arising from our genes, or "God calling us to Him (or Her)" — the labels don't concern me. What is significant here is that this basic need — as basic as the desire for food and shelter — requires satisfaction.

For milennia this spiritual need was served by religious traditions shared by whole communities and nations. With the secularization of the world since the nineteenth century, the satisfaction of this need has been displaced into other channels. Some, like Naziism or Maoism, have employed personality cults and mass rallies to simulate wholeness, while others such as capitalism, have offered a kind of salvation through consumption. None of them is particularly satisfactory, because they fail to address the central mystery of life itself. However, our religions as usually practiced are also inadequate, because they answer this mystery with an assurance that their interpretation alone is correct.

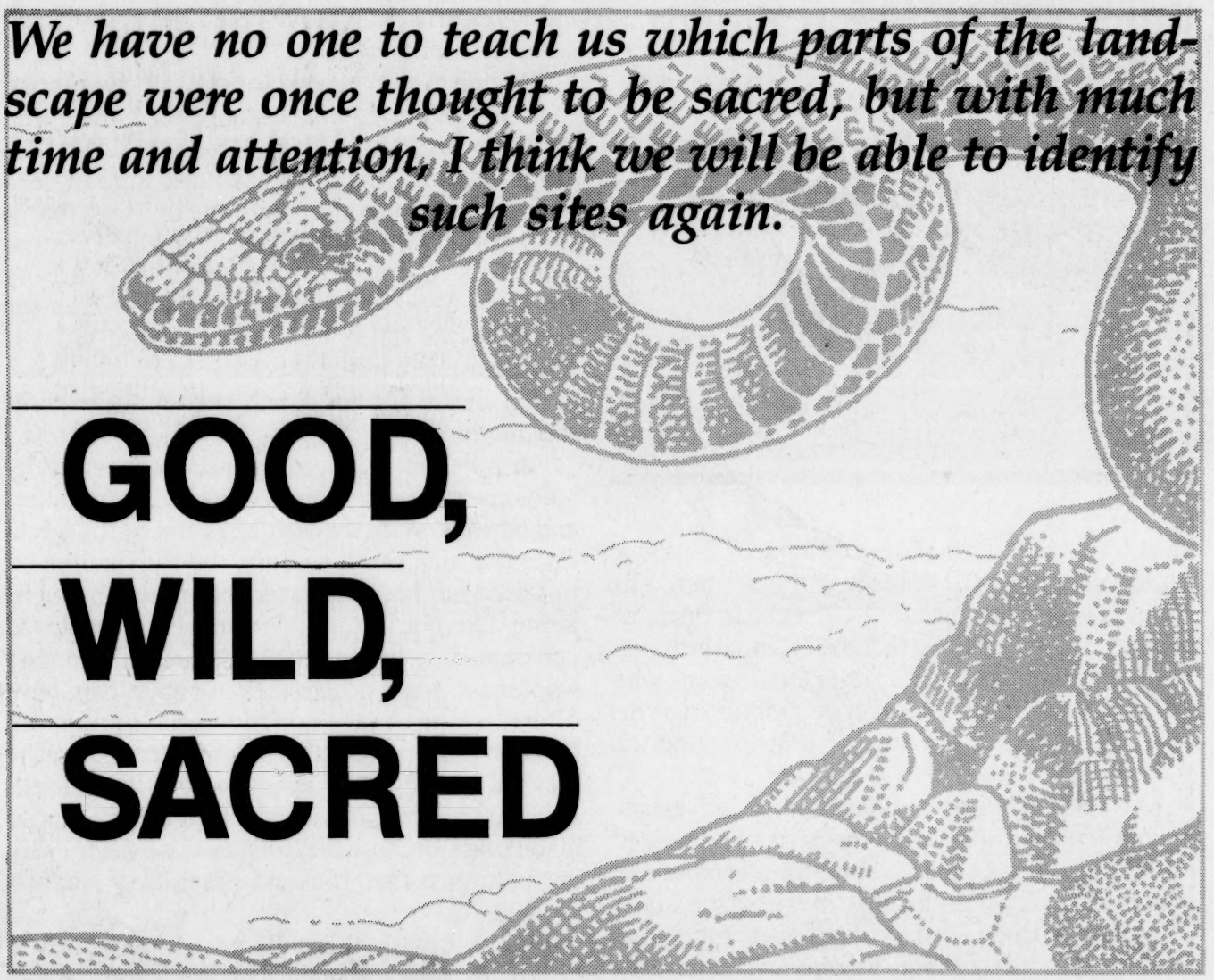
But now with the collapse of religion and politics as separate realms we are forced to formulate new criteria for a future direction. The idea of world peace through the universal adoption of a single ideology or faith is a theatrical screen behind which hides totalitarianism. The era when we could afford to believe that our faith is the one true faith has fled, forcing us to the realization that reality is pluralistic. Just as we are each the anointed, we are all infidels.

I recently reread an article that puts my feelings into words quite well. To quote:

> None of us is without fault, and we do the greatest disservice to the cause of freedom and justice when we claim to have the only key to unraveling the complex problems of our day. The old rhetorical patterns of Christianity, Socialism, or Marxism must not become an end unto themselves. When they serve only to divide the people into narrow groups, ideological camps based on a particular philosophical approach, they must be discarded. 'Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free,' (John 8:32). The truth is an ever-growing, ever-changing process, not a verbal declaration, jealously guarded like some talisman or ornament. . . . It is time that we all stop trying to project an image of holiness and get down to the work of bringing about change, with honesty and soul-searching.

Wise words — albeit a little rhetorical — but otherwise worthy of Gandhi or Martin Luther King. There's just one thing that worries me. I read them in Jim Jones's **Peoples Forum**. ■

We have no one to teach us which parts of the landscape were once thought to be sacred, but with much time and attention, I think we will be able to identify such sites again.



GOOD, WILD, SACRED

by Gary Snyder

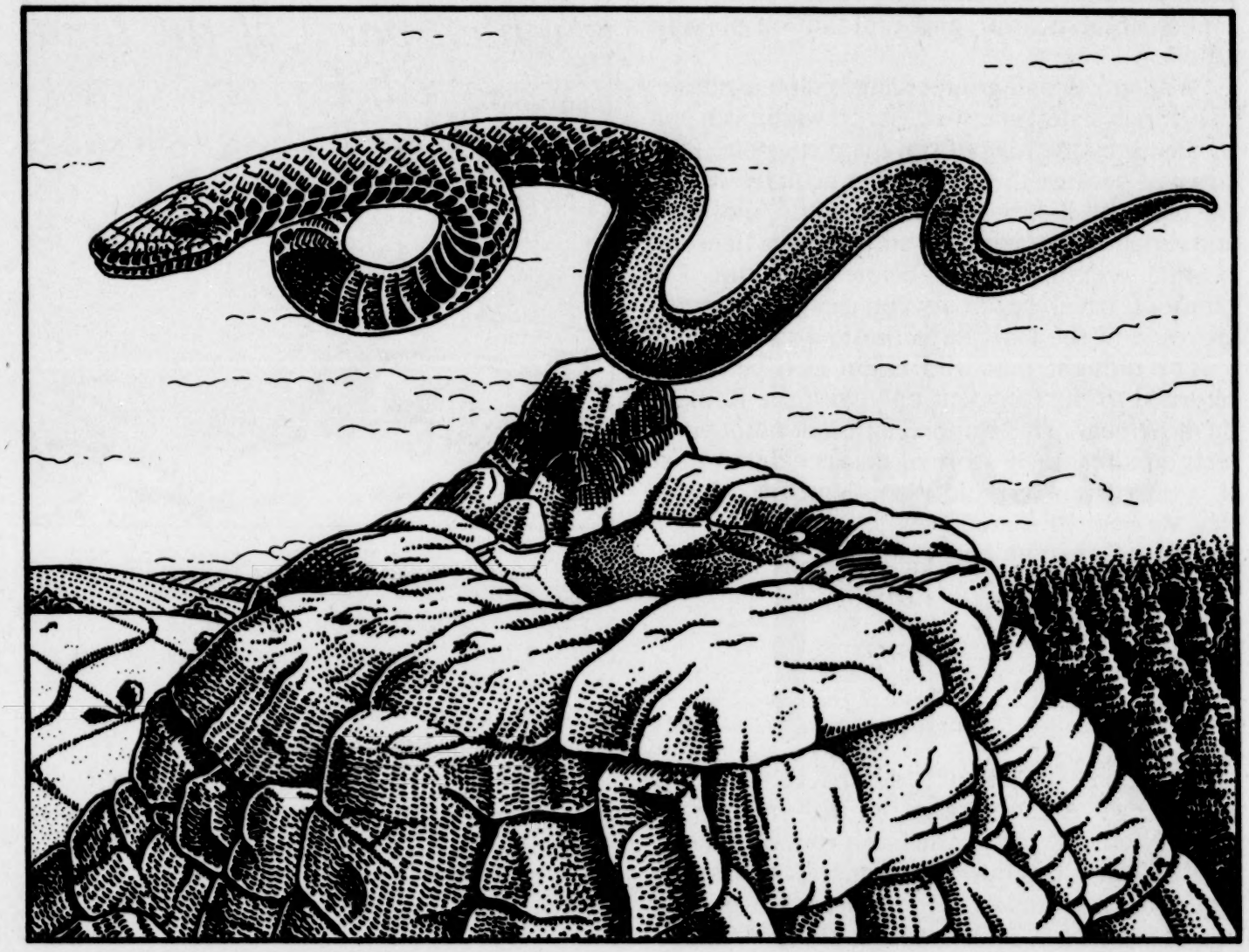
I

I first became aware of Gary Snyder 16 years ago when I read the transcript of a four-way discussion held on Alan Watts's houseboat which was published in the ***San Francisco Oracle****. As Watts, Tim Leary, and Allen Ginsberg traded often romantic observations of the budding Counterculture back and forth, Gary Snyder's voice came through clearly and attentively, time and again pulling the discussion (especially Leary) back down to solid ground. Gary's poetry, of course, predated that discussion by at least a decade, and has remained a stable reference point for me in the years since. His feet, happily, are as solidly planted on the Earth as ever.*

This paper on the political and spiritual implications of our relations to the land emerged from talks Gary has given in Sweden, Wyoming, and the United Kingdom. It will also appear in an anthology, ***Voices from Deep Ecology****, to be edited by Bill Devall and published by Earth First! this coming winter. (For more of Snyder's voice, see* ***The Real Work****, NWEC p. 47.)*

—Jay Kinney

I LIVE ON LAND IN THE SIERRA Nevada of Alta California, continent of Turtle Island, which is somewhat wild and not terribly good. The indigenous people there, the Nisenan or Southern Maidu, were almost entirely displaced or destroyed during the first decade of the gold rush. Consequently we have no one to teach us which parts of that landscape were once thought to be sacred, but with much time and attention, I think we will be able to identify such sites again. Wild land, sacred land, good land. At home developing our mountain farmstead, in town at political meetings, and farther afield studying the problems of indigenous peoples, I hear each of these terms emerging. By examining these three categories perhaps we can get some further insights into the problems of rural habitation, subsistence living,,wilderness preservation, and third- and fourth-world resistance to the appetites of industrial civilization.



Illustrations by Mark Fisher

• **Wild** refers to all unmanipulated unmanaged natural habitat. Most of the planet in precivilized times was hospitable to humans — rich rainforests, teeming seacoasts, or grasslands covered with bison, mammoths, or pronghorns. Near-climax, high biomass, perennially productive, such places were essential expressions of biological nature. Some parts are better than others in terms of supporting much life, with soils rich in nutrients, but even inhospitable mountain terrain may provide special plants or animals of unique value. Knowledge is the real key: for a Kalahari bushman, a Pintubi of the west-central Australian desert, or a Ute of the Great Basin, those arid lands are a life-sustaining home. Many if not all archaic and nonliterate peoples have also found some parts of the landscape to be special, "sacred," and have given etiquette and lore to that. Such spots are of course also wild.

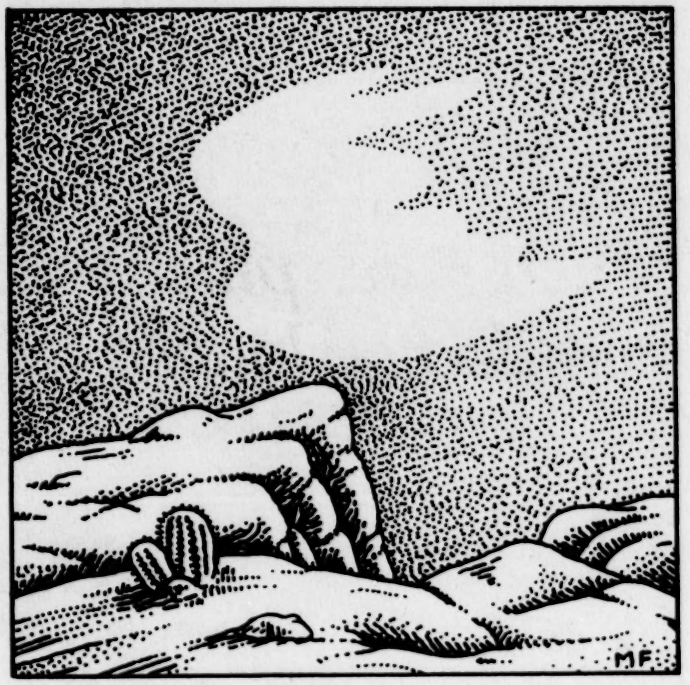
• The idea of Good Land really comes from agriculture. Here **good** is narrowed to mean land productive of a much smaller range of favored cultivars, and thus the opposite of wild, cultivated. In wild nature there is no disorder: no plant in the almost endless mosaics of micro and macro communities is really out of place. For hunting and gathering peoples who draw on that spread of richness, a cultivated patch of land might seem bizarre, and not particularly good, at least at first. Gathering peoples gather from the whole field, ranging widely daily. Agricultural people live by an inner map made up of highly productive nodes (cleared fields) connected by lines (trails through the scary forest). A beginning of "linear."

• In civilized agrarian states the term **sacred** was sometimes applied to ritually cultivated land or special temple fields. The fertility religions of those times were not necessarily rejoicing in the fertility of all nature, but were focusing on crops. The concept of cultivation was extended to describe a kind of training in lore and manners that guarantees membership in an elite class. By the metaphor of "spiritual cultivation" a holy man is one who has weeded out the wild from his nature. But weeding out the wild from the natures of members of the Bos and Sus clans — cattle and pigs — transformed animals which are in-

telligent and interesting in the wild into sluggish meat-making machines. Cultivation at the top makes domestication and exploitation possible below.

Wild groves and grottoes lingered on as shrines in agrarian states, and were viewed with much ambivalence by the rulers from the metropole. They survived because the people who actually worked the land still half-heard the call of the old ways, and certain folk teachings were still being transmitted that went back to even before agriculture. The kings of Israel began to cut down the sacred groves, and the Christians finished the job.

The thought that wild might also be sacred returned to the Occident only with the Romantic movement. This reappreciation of nature projects a rather vague sense of the sacred, however. It is only from very old place-centered cultures that we hear of sacred groves, sacred land, in a context of genuine belief and practice.



II

IN NORTH AMERICA AND Australia the original inhabitants are facing the latest round of incursions into their remotest territories. These reservations or reserves were left in their use because the dominant society thought the arctic tundra or arid desert "no good." The People of Australia, Alaska, and elsewhere are vigorously fighting to keep logging or oil exploration or uranium mining out of some of their landscapes, and not only for the reason that it is actually their own land, but also because some places in it are sacred.

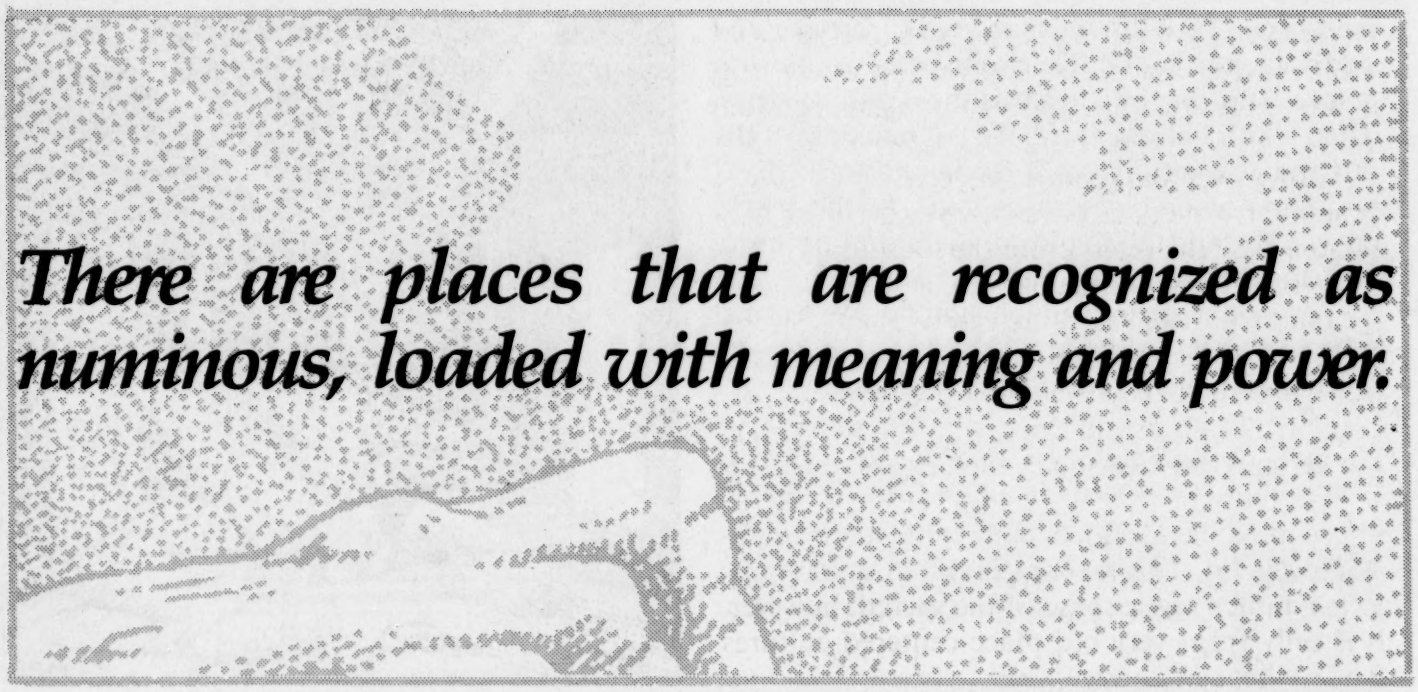
So a very cogent and current political issue rises around the question of the possible sacredness of certain spots. I was at the University of Montana in the spring of 1982 on a program with Russell Means, the American Indian Movement founder and activist, who was trying to get support for the Yellow Thunder Camp of Lakota and other Indian people of the Black Hills on what is currently called Forest Service land. These Indians wish to block further expansion of mining into the Black Hills. They argue that the particular place they are on is not only ancestral land but sacred.

During his term, former California Governor Jerry Brown created the Native American Heritage Commission specifically for California Indians, and the commission identified a number of Indian Elders who were charged with the task of locating and protecting sacred sites and graves in California. This would avoid in advance confrontations between landowners or public land managers. It was a sensitive move, and though barely comprehensible to the white voters, it sent a ripple of appreciation through all the native communities. The white Christian founders of the U.S. were probably not considering American Indian religions when they guaranteed freedom of religion, but interpretations by the courts, and the passage of the American Indian Religious Freedom Act of 1978, have gradually come to give native practices some real status. Sacred virtually becomes a new land-use category.

III

IN THE HUNTING AND GATHERing way of life the whole territory of a given group is fairly equally experienced by everyone. It becomes known for its many plant communities, high and low terrain, good views, odd-shaped rocks, dangerous spots, and places made special by myth or story. There are places where women go for seclusion or to give birth, places the bodies of the dead are taken to. There are spots where young girls or young boys are called to for special instruction. Some places in this territory are recognized as numinous, loaded with meaning and power. This has happened to all of us. The memories of such spots are very long.

I was in Australia in the fall of 1981 at the invitation of the Australian Aboriginal Arts Board doing some teaching, poetry readings, and workshops with aboriginal leaders and children. Much of the time I was in the central Australian desert south and west of Alice Springs, first into Pitjantjara tribal territory, and then 300 miles northwest into Pintubi tribal territory. The aboriginal people in the central desert all still speak their languages. Their religion is fairly intact, and most



There are places that are recognized as numinous, loaded with meaning and power.

young men are still initiated at 14, even the ones who go to high school at Alice Springs. They leave the high school with the cooperation of the school authorities for a year, and are taken out into the bush to learn bush ways on foot, to master the lore of landscapes and plants and animals, and finally to undergo initiation.

I was traveling by truck over dirt track west from Alice Springs in the company of a Pintubi elder named Jimmy Tjungurrayi. As we rolled along the dusty road, sitting in the bed of a pickup, he began to speak very rapidly to me. He was talking about a mountain over there, telling me a story about some wallabies that came to that mountain in the dreamtime and got into some kind of mischief there with some lizard girls. He had hardly finished that and he started in on another story about another hill over here and another story over there. I couldn't keep up. I realized after about half an hour of this that these were tales to be told while *walking*, and that I was experiencing a speeded-up version of what might be leisurely told over several days of foot-travel. Mr. Tjungurrayi felt graciously compelled to share a body of lore with me by virtue simply of the fact that I was there.

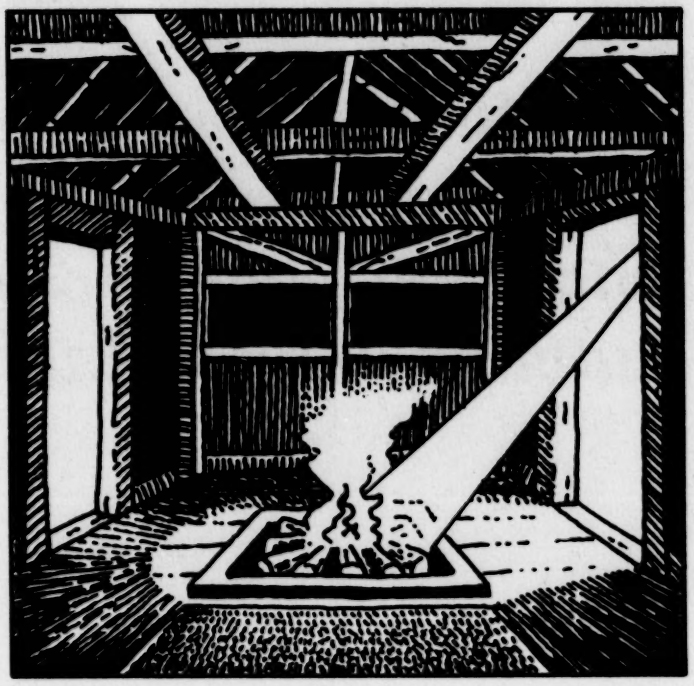
So remember a time when you journeyed on foot over hundreds of miles, walking fast and often traveling at night, traveling night-long and napping in the acacia shade during the day, and these stories were told to you as you went. In your travels with an older person you were given a map you could memorize, full of the lore and song, and also practical information. Off by yourself you could sing those songs to bring yourself back. And you could maybe travel to a place that you'd never been, steering only by songs you had learned.

We made camp at a waterhole called Ilpili and rendezvoused with a number of Pintubi people from the surrounding desert country. The Ilpili waterhole is about a yard across, six inches deep, in a little swale of bush full of finch. The People camp a quarter mile away. It's the only waterhole that stays full through drought years in several thousand square miles. A place kept by custom, I am told, welcome and open to all. Through the night, until one or two in the morning, Jimmy Tjungurrayi and the other old men sat and sang a cycle of journey songs, walking through a space of desert in imagination and song. They stopped between songs and would hum a phrase or two and then would argue a bit about the words and then would start again, and someone would defer to another person and would let him start. Jimmy explained to me that they have so many cycles of journey songs they can't quite remember them all, and that they have to be constantly rehearsing them. Night after night they say, "What will we sing tonight?" "Let's sing the walk up to Darwin." They'll start out and argue their way along through it, and stop when it gets too late to go any farther. I asked Jimmy, "Well how far did you get last night?" He said, "Well we got two-thirds of the way to Darwin." This is a way to transmit information about vast terrain which is obviously very effective, and doesn't require writing. Some of the places thus defined will also be presented as sacred.

One day driving near Ilpili we stopped the truck and Jimmy and three other elderly gentlemen got out and said, "We'll take you out to see a sacred place here." And, "I guess you're old enough." They turned to the young boys and said that uninitiated boys couldn't go there. As we climbed the hill these ordinarily cheery and loud-talking aboriginal men began to drop their voices. As we got higher up the hill they were speaking in whispers, their whole manner changed. They said, in a whisper, "Now we are coming close." Then they got on their hands and knees and crawled. We crawled up the last 200

feet, over a little rise into an area of broken and oddly shaped rocks. They whispered to us with respect and awe of what was there and its story. Then we all backed away. We got back down the hill and at a certain point stood and walked. At another point voices rose. Back at the truck, everybody was talking loud again and no more mention was made of the sacred place.

Very powerful. Very much in mind. We learned later that it was a place where young men were taken for instruction and for initiation.



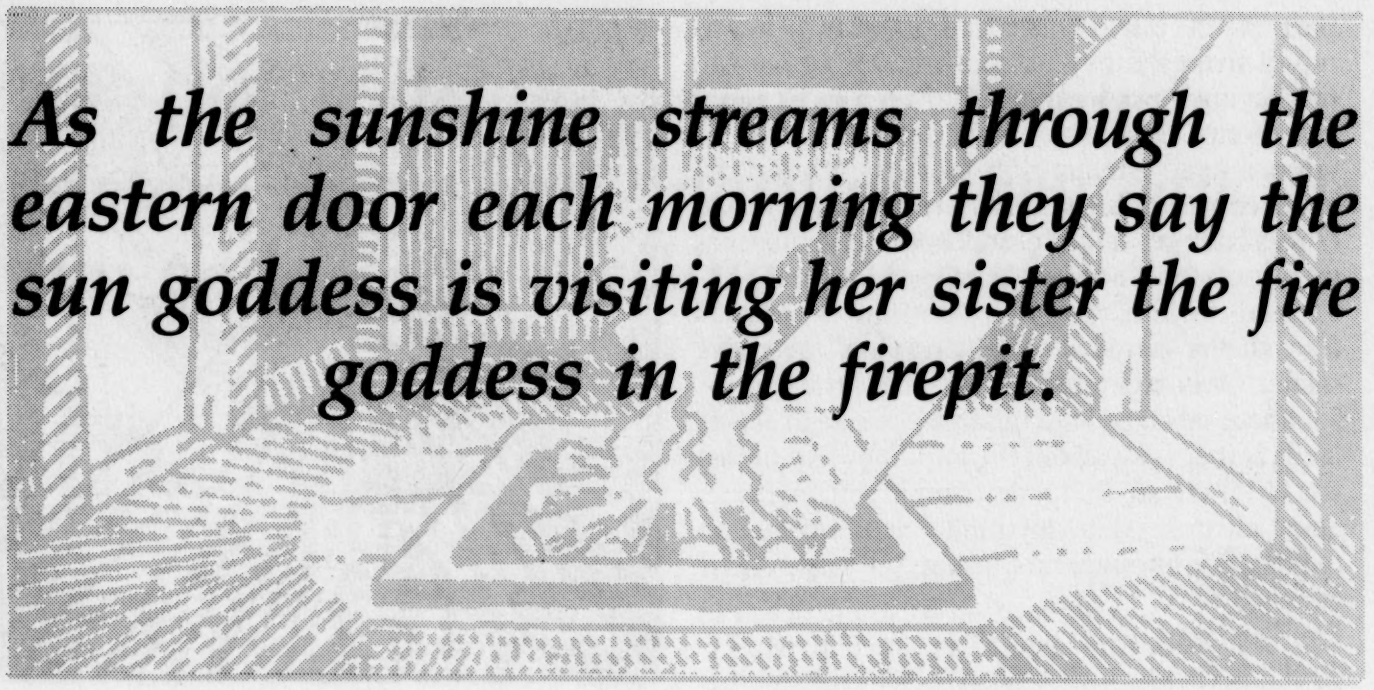
IV

SO THE NATURE OF THE "sacred place" in Australia began to define itself as special rocks, beautiful, steep defiles where two cliffs almost meet with maybe just a little sand bed between, a place where many parrots are nesting in the rock walls, or a place where a blade of rock stands on end balancing, 30 feet tall, by a waterhole. Each of them was out of the ordinary, a little fantastic even, and they were places of teaching. Often they had pictographs, left by past human ancestors. In some cases they were also what are called "dreaming spots" for certain totem ancestors. "Dreaming" or "dreamtime" refers to a time of creation which is not in the past but which is here right now. It's the mode of eternally creative nowness, as contrasted with the mode of cause and effect in time, where modern people mainly live, and within which we imagine history, progress, evolution to take place. The totem dreaming place is first of all special to the people of that totem, who sometimes make pilgrimages there. Second, it is sacred to the honey-ants (say) which actually live there. There are a lot of honey-ants there. Third, it's like a little Platonic cave of ideal honey-ant forms. (I'm imagining this now. I'm trying to explain what all these things seem to be.) It's the archetypal honey-ant spot. In fact, it's optimal honey-ant habitat. A green parrot dreaming place, with the tracks of the ancestors going across the landscape and stopping at the green parrot dreaming place, is a perfect green parrot nesting spot. So the sacredness comes together with a sense of optimal habitat of certain kinfolk that we have out there — the wallabies, red kangaroo, bush turkeys, lizards. Robert Bliney sums it up this way: "The land itself was their chapel and their shrines were hills and creeks and their religious relics were animals, plants and birds. Thus the migrations of aboriginals, though spurred by economic need, were also always pilgrimages." Good (productive of much life), wild (naturally), and in these cases, sacred, were indeed one.

This way of life is going on right now, threatened by Japanese and other uranium mining, large-scale copper mining, and petroleum exploration throughout the deserts. The issue of sacredness is a very real political question, so much so that the Australian Bureau of Aboriginal Affairs has hired some bilingual anthropologists and bush people to work with elders of the different tribes to identify sacred sites and map them. Everyone hopes that the Australian government really means to declare such areas off-limits before any exploratory team ever gets near them. This effort is spurred by the fact that there have already been some confrontations in the Kimberley region over oil exploration. This was at Nincoomba. The People very firmly stood their ground and made human lines in the front of bulldozers and drilling rigs, and won the support of the Australian public. Since then the Australian government has been more careful. In Australian land ownership, mineral rights are always reserved to "The Crown" so that even a private ranch is subject to mining. To consider sacred land a special category in Australia is a very advanced move, at least in theory. But recently a "registered sacred site" was bulldozed near Alice Springs, supposedly on instructions of a government land minister, and this is in the relatively benign federal government jurisdiction! The state of Queensland is a minifascist nation to itself, favored by emigrants from white South Africa.

V

THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF Japan, the Ainu, can see a whole system as in a very special sense sacred. Their term *iworu* means "field" with implications of watershed, plant and animal life, and spirit force. They speak of the



iworu of the great brown bear. By that they mean the mountain habitat and watershed territory in which brown bear is dominant. They also speak of the *iworu* of the salmon, which means the lower watersheds with all their tributaries and the plant communities along those valleys that focus on the streams where salmon run. The bear field, the deer field, the salmon field, the orca (killer whale) field. To give a little picture of how this world works, a human house is up a valley by a stream, facing east. In the center of the house is the fire. The sunshine streams through the eastern door each morning to contact the fire, and they say the sun goddess is visiting her sister the fire goddess in the firepit. They communicate for a moment. One must not step across the sunbeams that shine in the morning on the firepit; that would be breaking their contact.

Food comes from the inner mountains and from the deeps of the sea. The lord of the deeps of the sea is Orca or Killer Whale, the lord of the inner mountains is Bear. Bear sends his friends the deer down to visit us. Killer Whale sends his friends the salmon up the streams to visit us. When they come to visit us we kill them, to enable them to get out of their fur or scale coats, and then we entertain them because they love music. We sing songs to them, and we eat them. Having been delighted by the songs they heard, they return to the deep sea and to the inner mountains, and they report to their spirit friends there, "We had a wonderful time with the human beings. There's lots to eat, lots to drink, and they played music for us." The other ones say, "Oh, let's go visit the human beings." If the people do not neglect the proper hospitality, the music and manners, when entertaining their deer or salmon or wild plant-food visitors, the beings will be reborn and return over and over. This is a sort of spiritual game management.

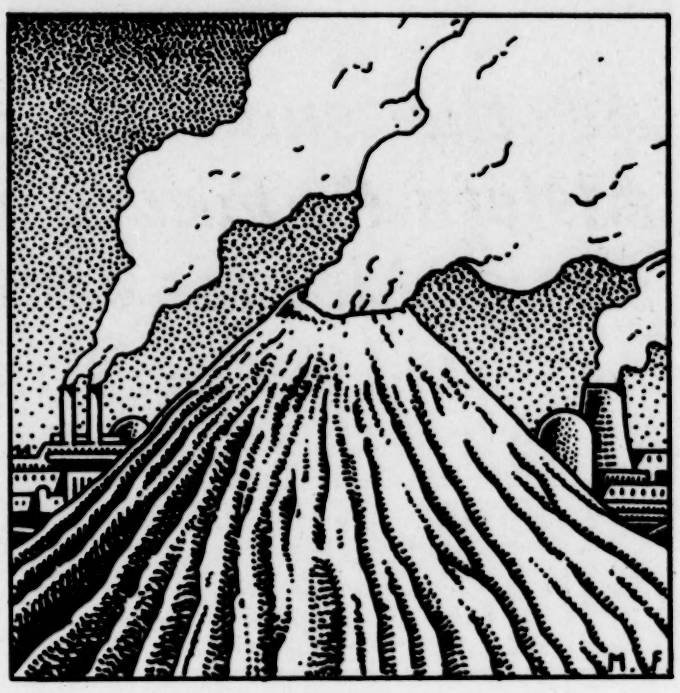
VI

THE AINU WERE PROBABLY THE original inhabitants of all of Japan. They certainly left many place-names behind and many traces on the landscape. Modern Japan is another sort of example: a successful industrialized country, with remnants of sacred land-consciousness still intact. There are Shinto shrines throughout Japan. Shinto is "the way of the spirits." By *spirits* the Japanese mean exactly what almost all people of the world have always meant: spirits are formless little powers present in everything to some degree but intensified in power and in presence in outstanding objects, such as large curiously twisted rocks, very old trees, or thundering misty waterfalls. Anomalies and beauties of the landscape are all signs of *kami* — spirit power, spirit presence, energy. The greatest of all the *kami*, or spirit forces of Japan, is Mt. Fuji. The name Fuji is now thought to be an old Ainu placename meaning "fire goddess." All of Mt. Fuji is a Shinto shrine, the largest in the nation, from well below timberline all the way to the summit.

Shinto got a bad name during the 30s and World War II because the Japanese government created a "State Shinto" in the service of militarism and nationalism. Long before the rise of any state, the islands of Japan were studded with little shrines — *jinja* or *miya* — part of the expression of Neolithic village culture. Even in the midst of the enormous onrushing industrial energy of the current system, shrine lands remain untouchable. It would make your hair stand up to see how the Japanese will take bulldozers to a nice slope of pines and level it for a new development. When the New Island was created in Kobe harbor, to make Kobe the second busiest

port in the world (next to Rotterdam), it was raised from the bay bottom with dirt obtained by shaving down a range of hills ten miles south of the city. This was barged to the site for 12 years, a steady stream of barges carrying dirt off giant conveyor belts, totally removing soil two ranges back from the coast. That leveled area was then used for a housing development. In the industrial world it's not that "nothing is sacred," it's that the sacred is sacred and that's *all* that's sacred. We are grateful for the little bit of Japanese salvaged land because the rule in shrine lands is that (away from the buildings and paths) you never cut anything, never maintain anything, never clear or thin anything. No hunting, no fishing, no thinning, no burning, no stopping of burning.

Thus pockets of climax forests here and there, right inside the city, and one can walk into a shrine and be in the presence of an 800-year-old cryptomeria tree. Without shrines we wouldn't know so well what Japanese forests might have been. But such compartmentalization is not healthy: in this model some land is saved, like a virgin priestess, some is overworked endlessly like a wife, and some is brutally publicly reshaped, like an exuberant girl declared promiscuous and punished. Good, wild, and sacred couldn't be farther apart.



VII

EUROPE AND THE MIDDLE EAST inherit from Neolithic and Paleolithic times many shrines. The most sacred spot of all Europe was perhaps the caves of southern France, in the Pyrenees. We shall say that they were the great shrines of 20,000 years ago, the center of a religious complex in which the animals were brought underground. Maybe a dreaming place. Maybe a thought that the archetypal animal forms were thereby stored under the Earth, a way of keeping animals from becoming extinct. But many species did become extinct. Most became so during the last 2000 years, victims of the imperium, of civilization, in its particularly destructive western form. The degradation of wild habitat and extinction of species, the impoverishment and enslavement of rural people and subsistence economies, and the burning alive of nature-worship traditions were perfected right within Europe.

So the French and English explorers of North America and then the early fur traders and hunters had no traditions from the cultures they left behind that would urge them to look on wild land with reverence. They did find much that was awe-inspiring; some joined the Indians and the land and became people of place. These few almost forgotten exceptions were overwhelmed by fur-trade entrepreneurs and, later, farmers. Yet many kept joining the Indians in fact or in style — grieving for a wilderness they saw shrinking away. In the Far East, or Europe, a climax forest or prairie, and all the splendid creatures that live there, is a tale from the Neolithic. In the western United States it was our grandmothers' world. For many of us, without intellectualization or question, this loss is a source of grief. For Native Americans this loss is a loss of land, life, and culture.

VIII

IT IS OF COURSE NOT EVIL, to, as Thoreau did, "make the soil say beans" — to cause it to be productive to our own notion — but we must also ask, what does mother nature do best here when left to her own long strategies? This comes to asking, what would the climax vegetation of this spot be? For all land, however long wasted and exploited, if left to nature, the *tzu-ran*, "self-so" of Taoism, will arrive at a point of balance between biological productivity and stability. A truly sophisticated post-industrial "future primitive" agriculture will be asking: Is there any way we can go *with* rather than against a natural tendency toward, say, deciduous hardwoods — or as where I live, a mix of pine and oak with kitkitdizze ground cover? Such a condition in many cases might be best for human interests too, and even in the short run.

Wesley Jackson's research indicates that a perennial and horticultural-based agriculture holds real promise for sustaining the locally appropriate communities of the future. This is acknowledging that the source of fertility ul-

timately is the "wild." It has been said that "good soil is good because of the wildness in it." How could *this* be granted by a victorious king dividing up his spoils? (Spanish land grants — Royal/Real estate?) In my imagination the God/dess that gives us land is none other than Gaia herself: the whole network.

It might be that almost all civilized agriculture has been on the wrong path from the beginning, relying on the relative monoculture of annuals. In **New Roots for Agriculture** (NWEC p. 76) Wes Jackson develops this argument. I concur with his view, knowing that it raises even larger questions about civilization itself, a critique I have worked at elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the sorts of economic and social organization we invoke when we say "civilization" can no longer be automatically accepted as useful models. To scrutinize civilization as Dr. Stanley Diamond has in **In Search of the Primitive** (Summer '82 CQ) is not, however, to negate all varieties of culture or cultivation.

The word *cultivation* in civilization, harking to etymologies of *till* and *wheel about*, generally implies a movement away from natural process. Both materially and psychologically, it is a matter of "arresting succession, establishing monoculture." Applied on the spiritual plane this has meant austerities, obedience to religious authority, long bookish scholarship, or a dualistic devotionalism (sharply distinguishing "creature and creator") and an overriding metaphor of divinity being "centralized," just as a secular ruler of a civilized state is at the center — of wealth, of the metropole, of political power. A Divine King. The efforts entailed in such a spiritual practice are sometimes a sort of war against nature — placing the human over the animal, the "spiritual" over the human. The most sophisticated modern variety of this sort of thought is found in the works of Father Teilhard de Chardin, who claims a special evolutionary spiritual destiny for humanity under the name of higher consciousness. Some of the more extreme of these Spiritual Darwinists would willingly leave the rest of Earth-bound animal and plant life behind to enter a realm transcending biology. The anthropocentrism of some New Age thinkers is countered by the radical critique of the deep ecology movement.

IX

YET THERE IS SUCH A THING AS training. The natural world moves by process, and by complementarities of young and old, foolish and wise, ripe or green, raw or cooked. Animals too learn self-discipline and caution in the face of desire and availability. There is learning and training that goes with the grain of things. In early Chinese Taoism, "training" did not mean to cultivate the wildness out of oneself, but to do away with arbitrary and delusive conditioning — false social values distorting an essentially free and correct human nature. Buddhism takes a middle way, allowing as how greed, hatred, and stupidity are part of the given conditions of human nature, but seeing organized society, civilization, "the world" as being a force that inflames, panders to, or exploits these weaknesses in the fledgling human. Greed exposes the foolish person or the foolish chicken alike to the ever-watchful hawk of the food-web, and to early impermanence. It's interesting to note that preliterate hunting and gathering cultures lived well by virtue of knowledge and a quiet sort of manipulation of systems. We know how the people of Mesolithic Britain selectively

cleared or burned, in the valley of the Thames, as a way to encourage the growth of hazel. An almost invisible horticulture was once practiced in the jungles of Guatemala. The spiritual equivlent of nature-enhancing practices can be seen in those shamanistic disciplines which open the neophyte's mind to that fascinating wild territory, the Unconscious.

We can all agree: there is a problem with the chaotic, self-seeking human ego. Is it a mirror of the wild and of nature? I think not: for civilization itself is ego gone to seed and institutionalized in the form of the State, both Eastern and Western. It is not nature-as-chaos which threatens us (for nature is orderly) but *ignorance* of the real natural world, the myth of progress, and the presumption of the State that it has created order. That sort of "order" is an elaborate rationalization of the greed of a few.

Now we can look again at what sacred land might be. For a people of an old culture, *all* their mutually owned territory holds numinous life and spirit. Certain spots are of high spiritual density because of their perceived animal or plant habitat peculiarities, or associations with legend and perhaps with human ancestry via totemic systems, or because of their geomorphological anomaly and formal intensity, or because of their association with spiritual training, or some combination of the above. These spots are seen as points on the landscape at which one can more easily enter a larger-than-human, larger-than-personal, realm.

X

NOWADAYS SOME PRESENT-DAY inhabitants of Turtle Island, and many Europeans, join with the native peoples of the world in a rather new political and economic movement concerned with "the ecology." Stephen Fox says it is also probably a new religion, so new that it has not been called such yet. Though sometimes attacked as being an elitist movement (even by the Reagan administration!) the growing popularity of the Earth First! organization and its "Rednecks for Wilderness" bumpersticker in blue-collar areas shows this to be not true. The temples of this movement are the planet's remaining wilderness areas. When we enter them on foot we can sense that the *kami* or (Maidu) *kukini* have fled here for refuge, as have the mountain lions, mountain sheep, and grizzlies. (Those three North American animals were found throughout the lower hills and plains in prewhite times.) The rocky icy grandeur of the high country reminds us of the overarching wild systems that nourish us all — even an industrial economy, for in the sterile beauty of mountain snowfields and

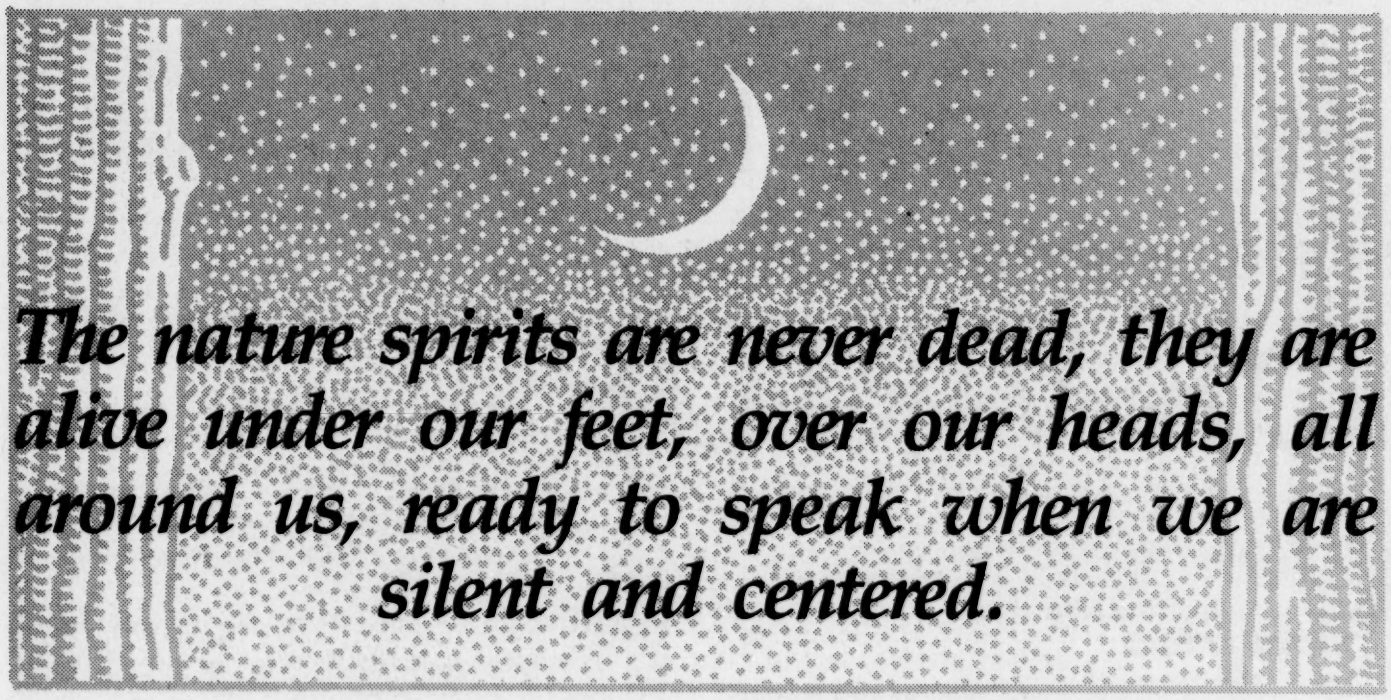
glaciers begin the little streams that water the huge agribusiness fields of the San Joaquin Valley of California. The backpacker-pilgrim's step-by-step, breath-by-breath walk up a trail, carrying all on the back, is so ancient a set of gestures as to trigger perennial images and a profound sense of body-mind joy.

Not just backpackers, of course. The same happens to those who sail in the ocean, kayak rivers, tend a garden, even sit on a meditation cushion. The point is in making intimate contact with wild world, wild self. *Sacred* refers to that which helps take us out of our little selves into the larger self of the whole universe.

Inspiration, exaltation, insight do not end, however, when one steps outside the doors of the church. The wilderness as a temple is only a beginning. That is: one should not dwell in the specialness of the extraordinary experience, not leave the political world behind to be in a state of heightened insight. The best purpose of such studies and backpack hikes is to be able to come back into the present world to see all the land about us, agricultural, suburban, urban, as part of the same giant realm of processes and beings — never totally ruined, never completely unnatural. Great Brown Bear is walking with us, salmon swimming upstream with us, as we stroll a city street.

XI

TO TO RETURN TO MY OWN situation: the land my family and I live on in the Sierra Nevada of California is "barely good" from an economic standpoint. With soil amendments, much labor, and the development of ponds for watering, it is producing a few vegetables and



some good apples. As forest soils go it is better: through the millennia it has excelled at growing oak and pine trees. I guess I should admit that it's better left wild. It's being "managed for wild" right now — the pines are getting large again and some of the oaks were growing here before a white man set foot anywhere in California. The deer and all the other animals move through with the exception of grizzly bear; grizzlies are now extinct in California. We dream sometimes of trying to bring them back.

These foothill ridges are not striking in any special way, no great scenery or rocks — but the deer are so at home here, I think it might be a "deer field." And the fact that my neighbors and I and all of our children have learned so much by taking our place in the Sierra foothills — not striking wilderness, but logged-over land, burned-over land, considered worthless for decades — begins to make it a teacher to us. A place on Earth we work with, struggle with, where we stick out the summers and winters. And it has showed us a little of its power.

But this use of "teacher" is still a newcomer's metaphor. By our grandchildren's time there may begin to be a culture of place again in America. How does this work? First, a child must experience that bonding to place that has always touched many of us deeply: a small personal territory one can run to, a secret "fort," a place of never-forgotten smells and sounds, a refuge away from home. Second, one must continue to live in a place, to not move away, and to continue walking the paths and roads. A child's walking the land is a veritable exercise in "expanding consciousness." Third, one must have human teachers, who can name and explain the plants, who know the life cycle of an area. Fourth, one must draw some little part of one's livelihood from the breadth of the landscape: spotting downed trees for next year's firewood, gathering mushrooms or berries or herbs on time, fishing, hunting, scrounging. Fifth, one must learn to listen. Then the voice can be heard. The nature spirits are never dead, they are alive under our feet, over our heads, all around us, ready to speak when we are silent and centered. So what is this "voice"? Just the cry of a flicker, or coyote, or jay, or wind in a tree, or acorn whack on a garage roof. Nothing mysterious, but now you're home.

Fine, and what about right now? As Peter Nabokov says, goodhearted environmentalists can turn their back on a save-the-wilderness project when it gets too tiresome and return to a city home. But inhabitory people, he says, will "fight for their lives like they've been jumped in an alley." Like it or not, we are *all* finally "inhabitory" on this one small blue-green planet. It's the only one with comfortable temperatures, good air and water, and a wealth of living beings for millions (or quadrillions) of miles. A little waterhole in the Vast Space, a nesting place, a place of singing and practice, a place of dreaming. It's on the verge of being totally trashed — there's a slow way and a fast way. It's clearly time to put hegemonial controversies aside, to turn away from economies that demand constant exploitation of both people and resources, and to put Earth first!

As the most numerous, ambitious, and "musical" (as the Ainu would say) sort of the larger mammals, human beings might well awaken to their great possible place in the biosphere as sensitive transformers. We might someday initiate a more sophisticated dialogue between the poles of cultivation and original nature, technology and the self-born, production and reproduction, than has ever been imagined before. These possibilities go far beyond any fantasies of high-tech. I'm thinking of a condition where wild, sacred, and good will be one and the same, again. ■

A REBIRTH

RELIGION AND LIBERAL RENEWAL

OF VIRTUE

By Kathleen Kennedy Townsend *Illustrated by Matthew Wuerker*

"THE HOGS WERE REALLY FEEDING. The greed level, the level of opportunism just got out of control." The speaker is the director of the Office of Management and Budget, describing the final negotiations among the leaders of our nation, liberals and conservatives alike, that led to the 1981 tax bill.

"I hate to say this, but I don't like to work with poor people. They are the kind of people who don't interest me. I can't help it; I'm not a nice guy; I don't like poor people." The speaker, more candid than most but not unrepresentative of his colleagues, is a leading Washington psychiatrist quoted recently in *The Washington Post*.

"Why worry about the details?" The speaker is a law professor, who boasts that he is pleased to be paid cash for his next consultation because that means he won't have to report it to the IRS as required by law. The only relevant factors in the professor's calculation are the odds of his being caught.

"I was entrapped." The speaker is a congressman convicted in the Abscam case who never denied accepting a bribe but believed it was only natural that he be allowed to escape responsibility anyway. He felt no shame whatsoever.

I don't know about you, but to me these examples suggest that this country is in serious trouble, and that the crisis, at bottom, is a moral one. The underpinnings of American culture — mutual trust and personal responsibility — are coming loose. The passing down of fundamental values from one generation to the next is not taking place. Even the formal barriers of the law itself mean little — not only for the knife-carrying kid on the street but for the millions of others who believe they can pick and choose which laws they feel like obeying. Thucydides' explanation of the death of the Greek city-state — that it was impossible to distinguish between those who perpetrate crimes and those who prevent them — is almost a reality.

Meanwhile, the work ethic is being transformed into the ethic of pleasure. Who denies it? How many have the will to resist the change? A secretary in the Organized Crime Task Force of the Southern District of New York loses a critical brief she is given to type. Simply loses it. Is she fired? No. Is she sorry? No. Government officials seldom discipline their employees. They expect little of them. Loafing, incompetence, and rude arrogance are commonplace. Venality, when exposed, most often meets with some form of rationalization.

The same is true in private industry. Officials at the Ford Motor Company perform a cost-benefit analysis and decide not to install a $14 part. As a result, the Pinto bursts into flames when hit from the rear and immolates the occupants. On balance, the cost of lost lives did not outweigh the cost of installation. A business school professor instructs his students it's not "the role" of a corporation to consider any value other than profit.

It goes without saying that most of the current defenders of morality in the public arena are enough to give good a bad name. In the absence of a successfully communicated compelling vision the Left has been trounced by a conservative wave clutching morality to its bosom as if it had trademarked the concept. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, daughter of Robert F. Kennedy, here takes issue with this situation, and examines the Left's reluctance to take moral values seriously. Kathleen is presently an attorney for the Governor's Office of Human Resources in Massachusetts. This article originally appeared in ***The Washington Monthly****, February, 1982.* *—Jay Kinney*

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Nor, apparently, is it a role for individuals. A high official leaves his job with the federal government, forced into private industry, he feels, so that he can afford a second home on Martha's Vineyard. Individuals who work on political campaigns expect to maintain high salaries. My mentor tells me to "earn money" — that is the only way they'll respect you. A professor with a Harvard Ph.D. teaches at a small college for $11,000. He is considered an outcast, an oddity. When he decides to attend Yale Law School, suddenly his opinion is sought, and his advice valued. Now he can earn big money, therefore he must be smart.

And the American family? The idea of a wife and husband who commit themselves selflessly to each other and to their children is almost an anachronism. A friend, getting married, asks, "Why should I change my name? I'll probably have to change it back in a few years." Even when a child is fortunate enough to have two parents, they make much less effort than in the past to instill values or develop character. Building character, once a primary concern of family and education, is now out of fashion and unrewarded. Were he to step out of the pages of **Crime and Punishment** with a number-two pencil, Raskalnikov would score 750 on his LSATs or MCATs and get accepted to the professional school of his choice.

As for reading — essential to any society — if the best-seller list is any indication, Americans now open books primarily to learn how to be your own best friend and look out for number one. We're in our eighth or ninth year of this phenomenon, with more to come. *You* are the only important person, the self-help ethic tells us. Your concern for the weak is a vestige of tired values. Shed that old skin. Whatever is right, is right.

Okay, maybe all of this sounds like an exaggeration to you. But let's not deny it: we are paying a stiff price for our liberation from older values — the "freedom" to be left alone; the "freedom" to be without responsibility; love and loyalty that flash on and off like a neon sign. As we try to "discover ourselves," we're learning to live without shame. By that I mean not only criminals who can mug pedestrians with a clear conscience but everyone else who can see some of themselves in these examples — who can lie and cheat and selfishly accumulate wealth without thinking twice about it.

So what is to be done? More government efforts to stop crime? More psychiatric efforts to get us to "talk out" our problems? I think not.

We have enough police and psychiatrists already, and they just treat symptoms anyway. The real problem is more fundamental. We've lost something at the core of our national character that once acted to shape our behavior. We've lost our sense of virtue.

Well, that's a nice word, you say, but what does it really mean? After all, isn't virtue a relative term? How can we *know* what is right or wrong, good or bad? Doesn't a certainty about such matters imply an objectionable kind of religious dogmatism? This is the line of reasoning that many liberals pursue, but I believe the premise is wrong, and that the reasons it's wrong can tell us a lot — not only about virtue but about liberalism and why it's in trouble.

The Example of Virtue

First, we should accept the idea that virtue is not relative at all. It is very definite. It means love, generosity, and responsibility, not only for yourself and your family but for other people. It means private citizens and public officials who have the honor and courage to do what is right, whatever the risks. It means not simply the ability to distinguish that right from wrong, but a restless quest to do good and seek justice. Until we start talking about it and teaching it in those terms — until we realize that virtue really does *mean* something — we won't stop crime or callousness or any of the other symptoms of moral disintegration.

As for the second concern, religious dogmatism, I don't think we have to accept simpleminded, self-righteous dogmatists such as Jerry Falwell in order to realize that religious belief can be a foundation for virtuous action.

Take the case of Ruby Bridges, who at age six initiated school desegregation in New Orleans. Ruby's parents had just arrived in New Orleans to find work. Day after day, this small girl walked a gauntlet of angry, resentful adults shouting ugly threats, cursing her, spitting, and shaking their fists. One of the teachers told Dr. Robert Coles:

> I was standing in the classroom, looking out the window, and I saw Ruby coming down the street, with federal marshals on both sides of her. The crowd was there, shouting, as usual. A woman spat at Ruby but missed; Ruby smiled at her. A man shook his fist at her; Ruby smiled at him. Then she walked up the stairs, and she stopped, and turned, and smiled one more time! You know what she told one of the marshals? She told him she prays for those people, the ones in that mob, every night before she goes to sleep!

When Ruby was asked how she could do this, she smiled and explained:

> They keep coming and saying bad words, but my momma says they'll get tired after a while and then they'll stop coming. They'll stay home. The minister came to our house and said the same thing, and not to worry, and I don't. The minister said God is watching and He won't forget because He never does. The minister says if I forgive the people, and smile at them and pray for them, God will keep a good eye on everything, and He'll be our protection.

Ruby's story shows that virtue is not the product of higher education but of a habit of mind developed at an early age. Religion may not be essential to developing a moral framework for one's life, but it certainly can help.

When the mother superior at my grammar school asserted that each of us must develop our talents for the greater glory of God, we believed her. Whispered rumors that she had once been a Mardi Gras queen gave credence to her sermon that whatever our vocation would be — lawyer, doctor, teacher, or housewife — we had a responsibility to strive for excellence and to work hard for the well-being of the community. Her decision to give up wealth and beauty for the convent evidenced the power of belief and inspired our own quest for the "good." Even if we ourselves were unwilling to take the vow of poverty, we could not be entirely satisfied in finding the good in accumulated possessions. As for moral courage, that was something we were evaluated on along with reading, writing, and arithmetic. I remember Mother Mouton saying, "Silence is golden, but sometimes it's just plain yellow."

If I haven't always been honest and morally courageous, at least I — and the others in my class — learned what those words meant. Religious conviction — in all faiths — gives us the ability to reject the easy and safe career, or at least to risk that career if it conflicts with our ability to speak truthfully and act responsibly. It teaches us — rightly, I think — that happiness is hollow and ephemeral compared to the satisfactions of a life of service. It can inspire us to bear public denunciation and ridicule if we know that "the cause endures and the hope still lives." And it can allow us to forgive and to love those who criticize us.

Instead of that model of modern thinking, the Washington psychiatrist, religion gives us the model of Saint Francis of Assisi, with his indifference to material things and his passionate concern for the poor. Instead of the law professor who cheats, it gives us Moses. And instead of ideas like "get mine" and "get even," it gives us the basic principles of Judaism and Christianity that have survived the centuries since Leviticus 19:18 ("Love thy neighbor") and Matthew 7:12 (the Golden Rule).

So I wonder: Why are we now so reluctant to engage our students and our children in questions of character and virtue? Why are we afraid to raise the issue of honesty when we teach politics, to raise the issue of love when we teach sex, to raise the issue of faith when we teach science? Is there really something terrible about encourag-

New Right groups may have a simplistic, reactionary, even dangerous view of moral values, but at least they understand the importance of the subject.

ing students to read religious myths, including Biblical texts? The Bible is popular because it asks the central questions: Why are we here? Why does life seem so unfair? Such teaching does not foist faith upon the faithless; it simply helps us understand a little more of what life is about. Recall the example of Abraham Lincoln, who, for most of his life, didn't believe in God but made a point of knowing the Bible very well anyway.

Why Doth the Heathen Rage?

All of this is another way of saying that maybe the Moral Majority is on to something. It's on to it too narrowly; it has applied its definition of virtue specifically to particular political positions that are insensitive to the discriminations suffered by blacks and that are militaristic and anti-female. This has given the idea of moral virtue a bad name. But the basic feeling that a spiritual renewal and a repairing of American moral fabric have something to do with each other is not far off the mark. These New Right groups may have a simplistic, reactionary, even dangerous view of moral values, but at least they understand the importance of the subject. Most liberal Democrats nowadays do not appreciate its importance. Discussion of moral values makes them uneasy.

I'll explain shortly why this is so, but the absence of such sensitivity is puzzling on simple political grounds. In 1968, for instance, my father was able to earn the trust of black and white women and men largely because it was clear that he believed in them and in their values. His religious conviction made him acceptable to many working people who after his death could vote only for George Wallace. At the same time, many blacks felt they could trust him. On his return from South Africa in 1966, he wrote an article for **Look** magazine entitled "Suppose God Is Black." The title struck at all those who believed in God but were still unwilling to treat blacks as equals or to welcome them into their neighborhoods, schools, factories, offices, and boardrooms.

My father appealed to both rich and poor, black and white, because he took religion seriously. We read the Bible and prayed the rosary every night. Often we read the lives of the saints. Saint Francis was a favorite. The story of his life hung in the children's room. The saint who treated every individual as a king, as a unique and important person, serves as a model of religion at its best. As Cesar Chavez said about my father, "He could see things through the eyes of the poor. He believed in each person's dignity." When he said, "This is unacceptable," he meant poverty and discrimination were morally wrong.

My father was willing to make a moral appeal, to say, "What we need in this country is love and wisdom and compassion towards one another." Knowing of the love and admiration many liberals felt for my father (particularly in his later years), I've never been able to understand why liberals don't comprehend the power of a moral appeal and why they don't begin to take religion seriously, too.

Of course it's important to worry about separation of church and state, and of course we should realize that our democratic system is not well-suited to religious leadership. But in preserving the pluralistic structure of our democracy, we have to be careful not to lose sight of the

substance of what we're trying to protect — that is, the moral commitment to doing right. This substance can be safely based on religious appeal. I think if liberals remember back a few years they'll agree that they can't very well rejoice at William Sloane Coffin's use of religion to protest the war in Vietnam but object *on principle* to the Moral Majority's use of religion to further its conservative goals. The politics and narrowness of these groups are disturbing, but their religiousness per se is not.

This should be true even for those who find specific elements of that religiousness especially objectionable. Many Jews, for instance, fear the power of an explicitly religious movement because they believe that in an overwhelmingly Christian nation such a movement is likely to exclude them, just as they've been excluded in other countries. But this doesn't necessarily have to be so, as several Jewish leaders have pointed out. Jewish identity must be strengthened, these leaders say, and they make a persuasive case that some kind of general awakening will be required to carry forward the faith's tradition. So while Jews are quite right to fear a narrow fundamentalist revival, they, like Christians, have no reason to object to the notion of religiousness.

One reason so many people *do* discount religion is that they see others who preach it but often don't live up to their virtuous ideals. But why scorn frailty? The charge of religious hypocrisy is really just an excuse not to make the effort that it takes to live the virtuous life.

This does not mean there is no evidence of religious abuse. The Catholic church, for instance, was indifferent to Hitler and actively supported Franco and the Vietnam war. Many liberals have found the Church to be authoritarian, particularly on issues like birth control. I don't deny these concerns; I simply hasten to point out that it is too simplistic to condemn all religion because of the defects of any particular faith. It's too simplistic to condemn the idea of religious belief just because Oral Roberts preaches that God tells us to make money or James Watt believes that He tells him to strip mine the West. Elmer Gantry is just not an adequate reason to reject all religious experience.

The continued inability of the left to grasp this point leads me to believe that there is an element of simple prejudice in current attitudes toward evangelical southern Protestants. In some ways, the prejudice echoes that harbored in earlier years toward the Catholic church. The caricature of the crude, ignorant, blindly obedient Catholic immigrant reappears in contemporary caricatures of Moral Majority members.

In the case of the Catholic immigrants, the result of the distorted image was the demagogic Know-Nothingism of the nineteenth century and the Ku Klux Klan's vicious campaign of terror against Catholics in the early part of the twentieth century. If fears of a new wave of fundamentalism haven't prompted that kind of backlash, a troubling reaction has set in nonetheless. Robert Coles recalls a psychiatric conference in Colorado a few months ago where the organizers asked that he change the title of the paper he was to deliver from "The Moral Development of Children" to "The Social Development of Children." It seems the word *moral* contained certain *inappropriate* implications.

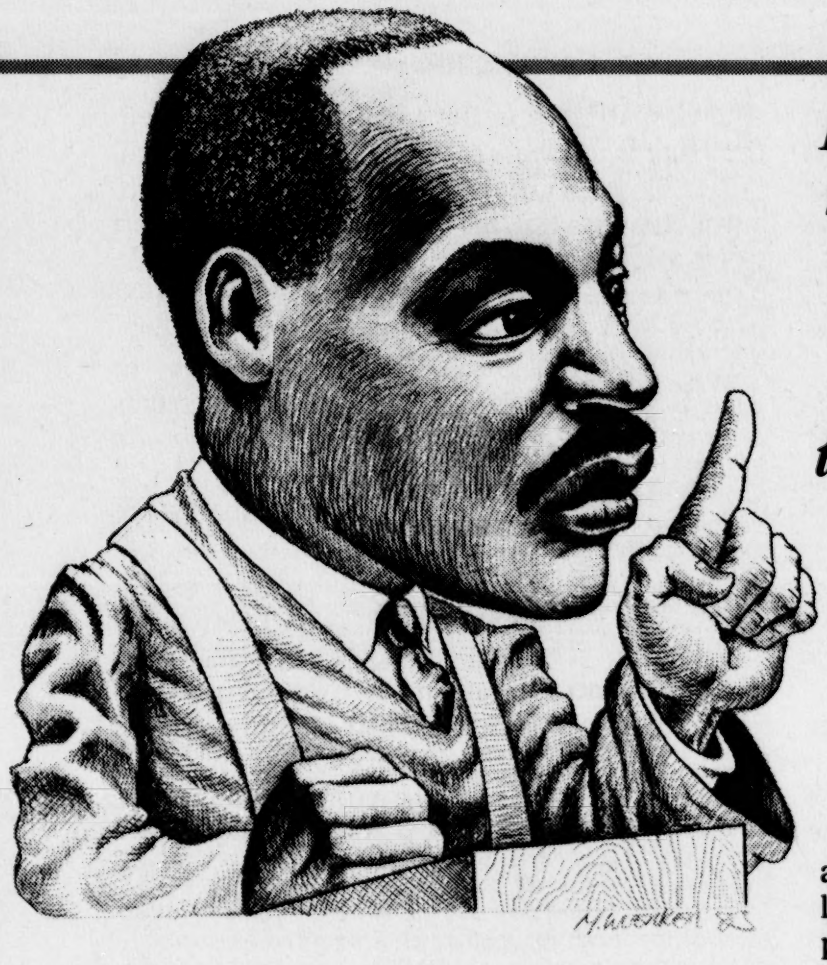
The dangers this attitude poses for liberals are not too hard to figure out. By cutting itself off from religion, the left has failed, as Harvey Cox, a professor of religion at Harvard, puts it, "to understand the power and significance of myth and ritual and symbol in the lives of ordinary people. . . . It has consistently abandoned the task of drawing out these cultural resources and turned the whole field over to the right."

Cox recounts a story involving two groups, Pro-Lifers for Survival and Mobilization for Peace. Pro-Lifers for Survival, having discerned a connection between life and peace, sent its members to speak to other, more conservative pro-life groups about the dangers of nuclear weapons and the present military build-up. But when the group tried to get involved in Mobilization for Peace, the liberal organizers of the peace movement excluded the pro-lifers because of their position on abortion.

I can't understand this attitude. Do we want peace or ideological conformity? If we genuinely want the former we'll open ourselves to the potential of religion to accomplish it. Jim Wallis, a member of Sojourners, a leftist evangelical group, was asked recently by a peace organization to explain what accounted for his success among other evangelicals in advocating peace. On hearing the request, he asked the peace group, "How many here go to church?" No reply. He then asked, "How many consider yourselves to be Christian?" A few tentative hands were raised. The problem, he pointed out, is that an evangelical would not believe a nonbeliever.

I suspect, however, that mere disbelief in God, infrequent church attendance, and unwillingness to accept the appellation "Christian" were not the reasons for this peace group's inability to recruit religious Americans. More likely, the evangelicals rejected the group's message because of the liberal peace activists' obvious distaste for religion in general, and because of an arrogant, supercilious attitude.

This brings us to another important reason so many liberals dislike religion: class bias and simple snobbism. That, too, has historical roots. The spiritual side of religion has long distressed many northern Protestants. Religious fervor, so central to the abolitionist cause, exhausted itself after the Civil War, and by the late nineteenth century the



Interestingly, liberals who mock the idea of sin and punishment and find evangelists particularly odious are often able to tolerate and even applaud this type of religiosity among blacks.

social gospel of "do-gooding" had replaced a religion where you meet your Maker and get judged. The latter was viewed as "undignified" — what today we might call "embarrassingly emotional."

The famed New Dealer and lobbyist Tommy Corcoran used to tell a story about Unitarianism that conveys something of how northern liberals have long viewed religion. Corcoran had just been appointed Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's law clerk, and he would be the first Catholic to hold that position. At the time, clerks often lived with the justice for whom they worked. When he arrived at the house, Mrs. Holmes greeted him with the question, "What do you know about us?" He replied, "Well, I have read all of Justice Holmes's books."

"Look, young man," she said, "you are Catholic. I know all about you. We are Unitarian. What do you know about that?"

"Some reformed kind of Congregationalism," Corcoran replied.

"We are from Boston," Mrs. Holmes pointed out. "You must be something there, and Unitarian is the least you can be."

This sums up the thinking that prevails to this day among many liberals: religion, if it is recognized at all, is to be cool, low-key, and unimportant. Of course it's only a small step from here to the feeling that fervor, especially when harnessed to social ends, is, well, gauche. Why is that loud man in a polyester suit talking on TV about salvation and dollar targets? The question — and I've asked it, too — betrays more than a little class bias.

Interestingly, liberals who mock the idea of sin and punishment and find evangelists particularly odious are often able to tolerate and even applaud this type of religiosity among blacks. Thus the northern white Marc Connelly could in 1931 write *Green Pastures*, a play of Biblical tales performed by blacks speaking in southern accents, while being an agnostic himself. Although the black actor asked to play "de Lawd" suffered misgivings as to whether the play insulted his people, the show enjoyed phenomenal Broadway success and the critics raved. "The real spiritual hunger and steadfast faith of these souls is carried over the footlights by the simplest and most unaffected means," wrote the **New York Herald Tribune** critic.

Of course such spiritual hunger and steadfast faith wouldn't have counted for much if the play had been about whites. In fact, it probably would have flopped. Likewise, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr.'s stirring benediction at the 1976 Democratic convention, with its lilting, rolling cadences, would not have been popular had it been delivered by a white man.

In this connection, it is worth reflecting on the greatest liberal triumph of my lifetime — the success of the civil rights movement in the 1960s. The movement was led by black clergymen who simply asked if segregation was consistent with the teachings of Jesus. This religious appeal had more impact than all the briefs of the government and the American Civil Liberties Union combined. It inspired Americans to examine their virtues and provided a moral foundation necessary to support legal change.

I believe liberals can achieve such triumphs again, but only if they open themselves up to their own religious impulses and — like the Ruby Bridgeses, the Martin Luther Kings, and the Robert F. Kennedys — reach out to average Americans in a way that touches their souls. ■

Martin Luther King, Jr.

This is the most remarkable, and surprising, book yet written about America's greatest religious-minded radical leader since Eugene V. Debs. Behind the famous Southern crusader, advocate of Gandhian nonviolence and magnificent orator, we find a theologian of no mean stature. During his graduate school years at Boston University, King took as his favorite philosopher G.W. Hegel, the most difficult, mystical and revolutionary idealist of modern times. His use of Hegelian concepts offers a fascinating example in the mediation of religion, philosophy and politics. For instance, King saw the famous act of Rosa Parks, whose refusal to yield her bus seat opened the Montgomery Boycott, in this way:

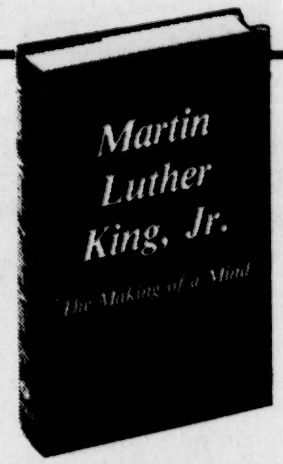
> *She was anchored to that seat by the accumulated indignities of days gone by and the boundless aspirations of generations yet unborn. She was a victim of both the forces of history and the forces of destiny. She had been tracked down by the Zeitgeist — the spirit of the time.*

Knowing what Ansbro has told us, I am not sure we will ever see King's political statements the same again.

—Paul Buhle

•

Martin Luther King, Jr.
(The Making of a Mind)
John J. Ansbro
1982; 359 pp.
$17.95
postpaid from:
Orbis Books
Maryknoll, NY 10545
or Whole Earth Bookstore



King could say that the Nonviolent Movement came from the heart of the Negro Church also in the sense that the Negro Church was the organizational structure that made the Montgomery Boycott and other crusades possible. The Negro Church had been a center of educational, economic, social, cultural, and political activities as well as a source of leadership for the black community. It had provided its members with that degree of independence from white domination that allowed them to create organized resistance to oppression. During the Montgomery Boycott the Negro Church revealed its effectiveness as an agent for nonviolent protest. It was at the churches that the meetings were held that initiated and sustained the boycott. These meetings served as necessary channels of communication since Montgomery did not have a Negro-owned radio station or a widely read Negro newspaper . . . . The meetings rotated from church to church, with speakers from various Protestant denominations and with Catholic participants. In commenting on the willingness of the speakers to transcend denominational lines by their presence, King stressed that the mass meetings accomplished on Monday and Thursday nights what the Christian Church had failed to accomplish on Sunday mornings. Also, the churches made possible the car pool that was essential to the continuation of the boycott. Initially the churches raised most of the funds for the car pool and provided many of the dispatch centers. Furthermore, the churches were a source of special inspiration for the black community when scores of ministers were arrested for their role in the boycott. When the people saw how their ministers were willing to be jailed for the cause, they could readily identify with their references to Jesus and Gandhi.

Peace Pilgrim • Planet Walker

Here are the stories of two "walkers for peace," one completed and the other just beginning. The remarkable woman known as Peace Pilgrim walked over 25,000 miles across the U.S. from 1953 until her death in 1981, carrying only the clothes on her back and a strong desire to spread the message of peace. ***Peace Pilgrim*** *is a nicely produced posthumous collection of excerpts from her talks and letters over the years. Peace Pilgrim had strong nondogmatic spiritual underpinnings to her "work," and I was often struck, while reading through the book, by her winning combination of wisdom, sincerity and innocence.*

Peace Pilgrim made seven treks across America; this last April musician John Francis started a peace walk that'll take him around the world for the next 18 years. Francis has remained silent since 1972 so most of his witnessing for peace is done through writing, gestures, and banjo music. A quarterly newsletter, ***Planet Walker****, contains his poetry and journal sketches, and helps coordinate the donations supporting his journey.*

People like John Francis and Peace Pilgrim are rare — so rare that their message has all the more impact when it is encountered. Grab this chance. *—Jay Kinney*

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Peace Pilgrim
(Her Life and Work in Her Own Words)
1982; 205 pp.
$7
postpaid from:
Ocean Tree Books
1325 Cerro Gordo Road
P.O. Box 1295
Sante Fe, NM 87501

Planet Walker
John Francis, Editor
$20/year (4 issues)
from:
Planet Walker
P.O. Box 700
Inverness, CA 94937

One test happened in the middle of the night in the middle of the California desert. The traffic had just about stopped, and there wasn't a human habitation within many miles. I saw a car parked at the side of the road. The driver called to me saying, "Come on, get in and get warm." I said, "I don't ride." He said, "I'm not going anywhere, I'm just parked here." I got in. I looked at the man. He was a big, burly man — what most people would call a rough looking individual. After we had talked a while he said, "Say, wouldn't you like to get a few winks of sleep?" And I said, "Oh, yes, I certainly would!" And I curled up and went to sleep. When I awoke I could see the man was very puzzled about something, and after we had talked for quite some time he admitted that when he had asked me to get into the car he had certainly meant me no good, adding, "When you curled up so trustingly and went to sleep, I just couldn't touch you!"

No one walks so safely as one who walks humbly and harmlessly with great love and great faith. For such a person gets through to the good in others (and there is good in everyone), and therefore cannot be harmed. This works between individuals, it works between groups and it would work between nations if nations had the courage to try it. ***—Peace Pilgrim***

By Little and By Little

After a struggle with her radical conscience (was she succumbing to the opiate of the masses?) Dorothy Day, at 30, made herself available to one of the world's most formidable religions, Catholicism. Prior to her conversion, she had been a writer for several of the good left-wing periodicals which flowered during the heydey of American socialism in the teens and twenties. She lived with and loved an atheist, bearing his child. She knew everybody who was anybody in Greenwich Village, and learned there a commitment to workers and to pacifism. She carried that commitment onward through her long career of servant leadership in the Catholic Worker movement that she founded with French peasant-philosopher Peter Maurin. So in relating her personal history, Dorothy Day relates the history of some of the most courageous twentieth-century crusades for social justice.

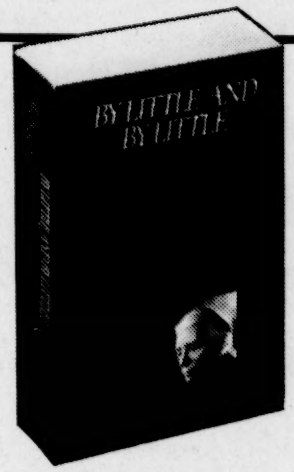
Day's Catholicism was a faith that could move mountains. It made "holy poverty" her liberating ideal. (This is not to say that Dorothy Day didn't know the difference between poverty and destitution. She saw too much of the latter to romanticize it.) The church provided all the reason and guidance she needed to sustain nearly 60 years of feistily performing works of mercy among the poor of New York City, and speaking out on behalf of downtrodden people everywhere.

Her life testifies that true riches are of the spirit. She wrote endlessly and feelingly of the abiding satisfaction and spiritual nourishment she found working among the poor and voluntarily poor in a tenement soup kitchen on Mott Street; she talks of being "pruned" by adversity in order to bear fruit.

Dorothy Day's writings are imbued with the doctrines of the Church and her personal understanding of its wisdoms. Let them who have ears, hear. It might be possible to read in this life dogmatic asceticism and pathological self-renunciation, particularly in her writing on obedience to the Church. A possible waste of time. Dorothy Day's discipline and struggle was to see the living Christ in every human being. That practice made her life noble and fair. She's an inspiring person to meet on the high road to any faith and its fulfillment.

—Stephanie Mills

By Little and By Little
(The Selected Writings of Dorothy Day)
Robert Ellsberg, Editor
1983; 402 pp.
$10.95
postpaid from:
Alfred A., Knopf, Inc.
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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The thing is to recognize that not all are called, not all have the vocation, to demonstrate in this way, to fast, to endure the pain and long-drawn-out nerve-racking suffering of prison life. We do what we can, and the whole field of all the Works of Mercy is open to us. There is a saying, "Do what you are doing." If you are a student, study, prepare, in order to give to others, and keep alive in yourself the vision of a new social order. All work, whether building, increasing food production, running credit unions, working in factories which produce for true human needs, working the smallest of industries, the handicrafts — all these things can come under the heading of the Works of Mercy, which are the opposite of the works of war.

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Mr. Truman was jubilant. President Truman. True man; what a strange name, come to think of it. We refer to Jesus Christ as true God and true Man. Truman is a true man of his time in that he was jubilant. He was not a son of God, brother of Christ, brother of the Japanese, jubilating as he did. He went from table to table on the cruiser which was bringing him home from the Big Three conference, telling the great news; "jubilant" the newspaper said. *Jubilate Deo.* We have killed 318,000 Japanese.

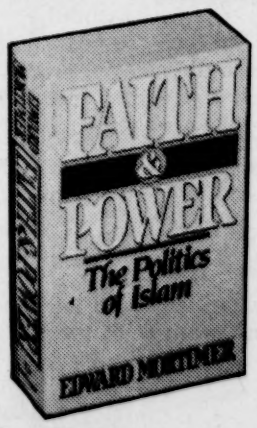
Faith and Power

Since the Iranian Revolution, there has been a proliferation of books about Islam and the "Islamic Revival." Mortimer's book is a perceptive introduction to the interrelationship between Islam and the concept and practice of government in the Muslim countries. He traces the historical development of Islamic political thought, illustrating the interrelationships between various schools of thought, Islamic and secular. There are six case studies — Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Arab Nationalism and the Muslim Brotherhood, Iran, and Soviet Central Asia.

This is a good book on a complex subject. It will help make the news reports from the Islamic countries more intelligible.

—Walt Noiseux

Faith and Power
(The Politics of Islam)
Edward Mortimer
1982; 419 pp.
$7.95
postpaid from:
Random House
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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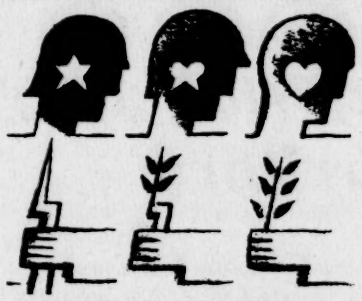
But for the 'Islamic' revolution in Iran in 1978-79 it is unlikely that this book would have been written. This was the event which placed 'Islam' on the agenda of innumerable dinner parties, strategic seminars and editorial conferences throughout the non-Muslim world. It made 'Islamic' movements and events in other Muslim countries seem more significant, and caused general reporting on events in Muslim countries to acquire an 'Islamic' slant it would not otherwise have had. For instance, when the revolution occurred in Afghanistan in April 1978, Western reporting and reaction gave little emphasis to the fact that Afghanistan was a Muslim country. But the large-scale Soviet military intervention less than two years later was immediately and repeatedly stigmatized as an aggression against a Muslim country, and the Islamic nature of the Afghan resistance was constantly emphasized. This was undoubtedly due in large part to what had happened in Iran, in between the two events.

The effect was not confined to the West. Muslims too, in many parts of the world, felt a surge of pride in the strength of their culture, and of interest in the political content or implications of their religion. To speak of a revival may be misleading, since Islam had always been a central feature in the lives of ordinary people. But the significance of that fact for the political and intellectual elites was suddenly enhanced.

A Symposium on Spiritual Politics



BOB GALE / SOJOURNERS

When we first announced this issue's special section on politics and religion last Spring, I had no way of predicting the response. CQ sent out an invitation to a variety of public (and semi-public) figures who had been combining political activities with spiritual orientations, inviting them to reflect on the resulting mix. We also extended an open invitation to CQ readers. The results were overwhelming. As letters and material poured in I began to realize that only a fraction of the response would fit in the allotted space. However, an interesting phenomenon began to emerge: people thousands of miles apart, from different backgrounds with varied faiths kept echoing each other's conclusions. The voices presented here, then, are universal in their particularity, a representative sampling of some different approaches to balancing one's life. Rounding out these more personal accounts are discussions of current manifestations of spiritual politics in Europe and Latin America from Joanna Rogers Macy and Penny Lernoux.

—Jay Kinney

Jeff Dietrich:

a journey back to the very things I had rejected

When I arrived on the front porch of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker 13 years ago, I was wearing a crumpled old cowboy hat and a red bandanna. Over my shoulder I had slung a souvenir of my recent trip to Morocco, a fashionably battered purse of tooled leather which no doubt concealed a few tightly rolled joints of high-quality marijuana.

The preceding months had been filled with my Dharma Bum odyssey through Europe and North Africa as an ambassador of the Woodstock nation in search of good dope, high adventure and self-actualization. It is ironic that such a journey would lead me back to the very things I had so thoroughly rejected.

Professing a kind of Eastern transcendental agnosticism, I had left the Catholic Church some years previously after having been struck by the manifest discrepancy between the teachings of Christ and the life of the Church on the parish level. It all seemed so silly. All of the smoke and incense and men in satin and lace waving around wafers as if they were some kind of magicians. Certainly not my image of Christ. Father O'Hearn, our parish priest, bought a new Buick every year. One could hardly imagine him with his well-tailored suits and Gucci loafers wandering from village to village preaching the good news to the poor or suffering the little ones to come unto him.

By the time I found my way to the Catholic Worker I had progressed beyond mere disdain for the Church to a highly sophisticated level of indifference.

During my college years the war in Vietnam and the constant threat of the draft forced upon me an awareness of a suffering world — alien and foreign to my predominantly suburban background. My response to this experience was not unlike the response of many others in my generation: march, protest and work for the Revolution.

But while awaiting the fall of the corrupt ruling class, which for me also included the Church, this Catholic Worker stuff seemed okay. Everything they did appealed to my young radical heart — feeding poor people, visiting the jail, resisting the war. But why all of this Catholic stuff? Why the Mass? Why the prayers? Why call it the Catholic Worker? Why not the Radical Anarcho-syndicalist Worker? What the hell did "Catholic" have to do with revolution?

With each passing day it became clearer why Dorothy Day, the founder of the Worker movement, had forsaken her Marxist friends and converted to Catholicism. It was not that she was no longer radical but that she had simply found deeper roots for her radicalism and a home for her spiritual longings.

Within the context of the Worker much of the absurdity of Catholicism began to make sense. We spent our days as we still do, preparing and serving a meal to hundreds of men and women on skid row. Exhausted, we would gather at the end of the week to celebrate an informal Eucharist. It was all so clear

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Jeff Dietrich is editor of ***The Catholic Agitator****, the newspaper published 10 times a year by the L.A. Catholic Worker ($1/year from L.A.C.W., 632 N. Brittania St., Los Angeles, CA 90033).* ***Reluctant Resister****, a collection of his recent letters, written while serving time for civil disobedience, has just been published by Unicorn Press, and is available for $6.00 postpaid from L.A.C.W.*

Susan Griffin:

entering very dangerous territory

For the past two weeks I have been moving into a new house. My mind has been taken up with fundamental considerations. Walls. Cooking oil. Light. Heat.

Susan Griffin is the author of ***Pornography and Silence*** *($7.50 postpaid from Harper and Row, 2350 Virginia Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740) and* ***Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her*** *($6.50 postpaid from Harper and Row).*

It is difficult for me to plunge myself into an abstract language. Politics and religion. For days my words name the simplest of things. Or so it would appear. But is anything really simple or complex except as how we see it, how we make it appear to ourselves? Or to put what I am feeling now differently, I have now the nearly certain point of view that neither politics nor religion exists as a separate entity, except in our minds.

I arrange the furniture in the living room. Chairs in a circle. This is so that people can sit close to one another, speak intimately. The chairs circle the fireplace. One chair is placed so that from it you can see the setting sun. The room is filled with light from the east, west, south and north. The light and the leaves moving delicately outside affect one sitting in solitude, affect the members of a group here, our speech, affect even the sleep of my friend, although she has her eyes closed and does not see this penetrating atmosphere while she dreams.

We have made a grave mistake to believe that our thought can be separated from our physical lives. We are sensual and emotional beings and the brain is a material place, affected by oxygen, the life of plants, sudden fear, blood flow, heat, cold, love.

And in the same way, religion and politics as they exist as real occurences or feelings in our lives are not separable. We are social, biologically interdependent animals. We cannot of our nature escape politics. And at the same time, it is from our lips that the words for religion were created. We have in language many words for spirit, creation, divinity, faith and belief, because all of these emotional states belong to human experience. Religion has never been apolitical. How can it be? Even in the solitude of meditation one touches every other being, perhaps then more intimately than at other times. And what politics is free of moral and ethical questions, of the idea of one being's connections and responsibilities toward another, this idea which exists as a sense of oneness fundamental to most religion? That religion and politics should be together seems to me not so much a question of choice but rather of truth.

Yet I was born into a tradition which has separated church and state power because of the abuses of this mixture in legal practice. The lessons and examples are many. One thinks of the holy wars, the state empowered by church morality to slaughter thousands of "infidels" for what it called God. Of the Inquisition.

continued on next page

ARDON ALGER/RELUCTANT RESISTER

Kent Hoffman (left) and Jeff Dietrich (right) being arrested for blocking the entrance to the Military Electronics Exposition in Anaheim in 1978. Similar civil disobedience at the Expo the following year led to two months in jail.

and simple. Christ meant the Eucharist to be a symbol of our lives. Just as Christ sacrificed His life for us and feeds us with His body, so we also sacrifice ourselves and feed the poor. This is what we celebrate, that through our sacrifices the broken body of humanity can become one in Christ.

The great sin of Catholicism, and for that matter most orthodox religions, is to confuse substance and form. The sacraments of the Church are such beautiful symbols in and of themselves that the substance, which is our daily lives of service, is lost and we slip into idolatry.

At the Worker there was no distinction between our daily lives of service to the poor and our communion with Christ in the Eucharist. My radicalism truly had roots. Now it could take hold and flourish. While other young radicals fell by the wayside as their notions of the Woodstock nation faded, I had the strength to struggle for a greater Kingdom. □

Of the exile and subsequent death of Anne Hutchinson, who was persecuted for preaching by the members of her own church, all of whom had come to America for the right to worship freely.

It is, one can see, a very dangerous territory to enter to claim in any way that one's political acts are informed or guided by a transcendent spirit. Yet isn't there perhaps another danger too, in the idea that we can make political decisions, or any choices, without what we have named *the spirit*? But what do I mean by "the spirit"? Certainly not anything transcendent. More something inside, part of the sensual, the physical human experience. What I mean by spirit exists for me in a dream which I had over five years ago, and which has affected my life very deeply. I will tell it. It is about religion and politics.

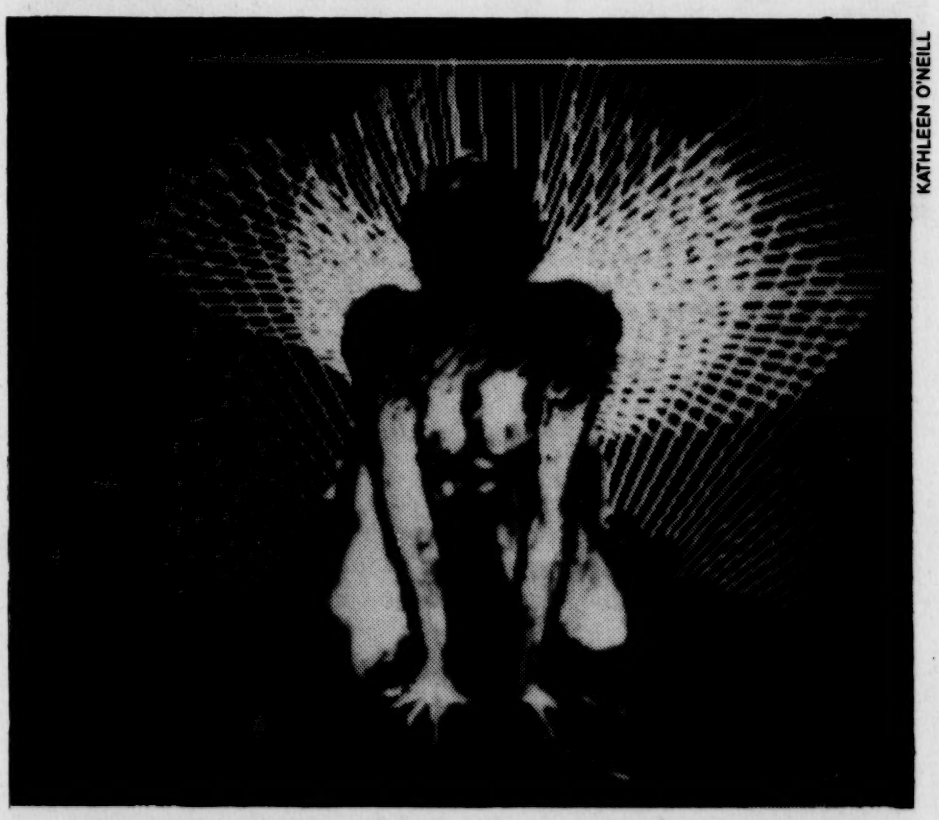
In the dream some political bosses discover that I have the psychic ability to project a map of the United States onto a screen, color coded in such a way that it lets one know what the people of each region and voting block are wanting. Because of this ability the political bosses persuade me that it is my duty to become president. I am very reluctant. I hate campaigning. But I have given myself over to these bosses and I do it. On my way to my swearing-in ceremony I walk past a field in which an older woman who had once been a slave is ploughing the fields. I am very drawn to her. I stand in silence watching, and then I realize that she has a great knowledge and power. She knows how to make the dead soil come alive. After I am sworn in as president I insist that she be put on my cabinet, although the bosses are scandalized. She is a woman, black. With no education. (In the process of becoming president I have become a man.)

I go about my business as president and yet really I am totally obsessed with this woman with whom I am in love. I build her a beautiful house inside a green park (a green place in my mind which has reappeared in many dreams, sometimes in cellars of houses, or as a forgotten room). At night I stand and look toward her house, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. Because of scandal my love is dangerous to her. Finally she is shot and dies.

This dream has many levels of meaning, some succinctly personal, and some not. But underlying all its action is that old split between political and spiritual consciousness. The political bosses are without spirit. In their hands the soil is dead. The woman I discover is whole. Her human experience is intact. It is part of her hands. She knows life. She is the spirit. Ancient. Part of the body and the soil. Feminine. Dark. With a history of slavery and liberation. It is this part of myself to which I seek access through poetry, spiritual forms, a certain consciousness. This part of myself which is in danger in this culture. This part of myself without which I am in danger.

I cannot go much further than this dream in answering the question of religion and politics. For me everything is in the story, and it is still undiscovered in its meaning. I woke feeling it was a grave mistake for me to have become president. (I would be pretending to be president to try to answer this question, these questions which are still not answered for me.) In the dream it is a disaster to separate politics and the spirit. The bosses are entirely without spiritual knowledge. They unscrupulously use what knowledge I have for power. They cannot recognize the greater knowledge of the woman I encountered. And in the dream it is a disaster to mix politics and religion. The spirit is killed. I cannot live out my love for the spirit while I am placing myself at the service of a certain kind of power. This love becomes a source of pain for me, and then a tragedy as I watch the spirit die. By the dream I am cautioned not to try to please, but to move from the deeper sources of motive inside me. I am cautioned away from the old idea of power. I am lead by passionate love toward another source of power, erotic, material and holding a very great knowledge. And finally, I am struck with awe at the very form of knowledge itself: the dream.

The light in this room has become an afternoon light, softer, less dazzling. I have become tired. My mind wants to stop. Turn away. Let the events of life and my own sleep move me deeper into these questions, in their own time. □



KATHLEEN O'NEILL

Ram Dass:

it's all up for grabs

There's a very fine line between inner and outer work. We would like, I'm sure, to have all of our actions come out of enlightenment, out of calmness and quietness and spaciousness and appreciation of what is. But we've taken form. We're in bodies, and by that very nature, we are lost, involved in action. We can't not act. So what we do is act as consciously as we can, as compassionately as we can from moment to moment.

The art of using the experiences of life as a vehicle to awaken is to take all experiences and use them to bring you closer to that calm center and that quietness, including the work you would do to alleviate the suffering that is inherent in the use of, say, nuclear weapons. So I would never say don't act, because you can't not act. Rather, act in the way that is intuitively in harmony with your understanding of the universe, but do it in a way that is simultaneously inner work and outer work.

You don't complete your inner work before you do outer work, obviously not. Nor do you say, "Well, the hell with the inner work. I'll go do the outer work because it's so important and pressing." That's not conscious either. The conscious thing is the simultaneous doing of both.

The fabric of the political structure is extremely fragile in terms of the conspiracy of thought. Everybody gets together and thinks a certain way about what reality is. Then you can see that one simple act or some natural phenomenon like the Marin County floods can change a lot of people's hierarchy of concerns suddenly. Suddenly life and death are on the line. Three Mile Island flipped the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's whole righteous stance about what they were going to license and what they weren't henceforth.

I experience that simple things — one act, like the helicopters failing in the hostage rescue — can change the quality of mass consciousness, especially now with television. Because of the instantaneous link-up of consciousness, we are living in this kind of thing that all seems so real but isn't. It's like the emperor's new clothes. It's this bizarre thing.

As I begin to see the fragility of what political-diplomatic structures are about (even written negotiated agreements are nothing a day later) and the quality of the collective thought-form changes, I feel that at any moment the whole game can change. I don't have the feeling that "it took us so long to get in, and it'll take us this long to get out." I don't experience that. To me, it's all up for grabs.

It's all up for grabs for anybody who has done what Gandhi said, which is: Your power becomes invincible when you have reduced yourself to zero, which means, when you don't want anything. When you have no more fear looking in the eyes of death, when you're right here, then you are aware of what is. Then your statement has the power of the universe behind it. It's coming from a root place of truth, because there's nothing in it for you because you don't want anything.

To me, that is the power of a Christ, or just one clear person who isn't vulnerable. I don't underestimate the power of the human heart. When I look at the human heart, that link, that doorway, I see an institution that makes the Pentagon look like kids' toys. □

These remarks from Ram Dass (Richard Alpert) are excerpted from an interview conducted by Stephen Most at the Meeting of the Ways conference, March 28, 1982. The full interview, along with other speeches and interviews from the conference are included in ***The Broken Circle****, edited by Lynn Grasberg and Stephen Most, which is as yet unpublished.*

Julius Lester:

anger existing comfortably beside joy

Politics and religion are usually presented as opposites. That is the first error. The two are not warring adversaries and neither approach is necessarily superior to the other. The tasks of each are different and this must be recognized and respected. In the announcement in the spring issue, I take issue with your initial statement: "Politics and Religion — the social expressions of our outer and inner lives — remain eternal hot potatoes." While religion has a social form, it is not a social expression of inner life. Religion is the language, symbols, rituals, ceremonies, etc., we use to express our relationship to God. This may have a social dimension, but religion is the realm in which I seek to know myself as I am known by God.

Although I have been a political activist, I have never thought of myself as such. Political action was the realm in which I chose to express my religious sensibility when circumstances demanded it. Religion motivated my politics. I would say the same was true for Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., the

Julius Lester is the author of many books, including ***Look Out Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!*** *(1969, $1.95 postpaid from Grove Press, Order Dept., 196 West Houston Street, New York, NY 10014), and* ***Revolutionary Notes*** *(1970, $1.25 postpaid from Grove Press). In the late 1960s he wrote a regular column in the national radical weekly,* ***The Guardian****, and had a weekly show on WBAI in New York.*

Berrigans. It is also true for the Ayatollah Khomeini, Jerry Falwell, and Billy Graham.

The problem comes when the political expression of religion becomes its own ideology and the attempt is made to impose it on everyone. Perhaps it is important, then, to distinguish religion from spirituality. Religion tends to be organized into institutions; spirituality, which can exist within an organized institution, remains private, individual, and solitary. After all, having spent most of my 44 years wrestling with God, there is no one who can imitate my journey. I am not sure how much value there is, at this point, in trying to share my journey with anyone. It is unique to me and cannot be duplicated on some spiritual copying machine. However, it is what makes me who I am.

Without getting boringly confessional, let me say this much: My own spiritual journey has brought me to the place where I know that I am as responsible for God as He is for me. It is my responsibility to God which is at the core of my social and political responsibilities. Thus, the relationship with God is primary and the paradox is that the more I affirm that relationship, the closer I am to the suffering of others.

Equally important is the fact that my relationship to God enables me to withstand and endure all the injustice and evil I hate so much. And to go one step further, it is my relationship to God that enables me to affirm life in a culture which has an illicit relationship with death.

Ultimately, all I have to offer the world is the quality of who I am as a human being. And part of my learning was knowing "movement" heavies who were defective as human beings. This was not a very convincing argument for their politics. Ideology is not an adequate substitute for knowing how to live with love and compassion. So, perhaps the most profound political statement I can make is to say with my being that regardless of what this system has done, does and will do to me, it will not make me hate white people or women or anybody else; it will not make me despair or plunge me into nihilism or mindless violence. And despite it all, I will be joyous and I will laugh as much as I can each and every day. I will continue to experience the sacred in the mundaneness of dailiness and to say a *bracha* for the rain, the sun, the birds, the bread on my table and that blinding light of life that emanates from my chidren each day.

But political people get so involved in changing the world that they forget they are supposed to live in it. Maybe politics and religion are joined when your anger at the way things are exists comfortably beside your joy that you have been given life and how incredibly wondrous that is. And maybe that's what I've been trying to say: To live with the anger at it all and the wonder of it all — that is the task. □

Starhawk:

a set of values, not beliefs

The question of the meeting of politics and spirituality has sparked a lot of thinking for me. At the moment, my involvement with both is intense, sometimes overwhelming, but that involvement is a product of a long history of trying to integrate the two. My upbringing was Jewish and I was very religious as a child, but being a teenager in the late sixties I embraced the looser spirituality of the counterculture and discovered nature as well as the proverbial sex, drugs, and rock and roll. My aversion to cults, authority figures and asceticism eventually led me to Witchcraft, also called Wicca or the Old Religion — the pre-Christian European tradition of the Goddess. The Craft named as spiritual those experiences which had in reality been deepest in my life, experiences of connection with nature, with other human beings, and with energies and forces within myself.

I had also been involved in radical politics since my high-school days in the Vietnam era. The movement that has most shaped my perceptions and engaged my energies, however, has been the women's movement. Feminism allowed me to see the politics of religion, to understand that the symbols we use and the images we worship determine the symbols and power structures of the secular world as well. The work of rediscovering images of women's beneficent power, of creating new symbols and rituals, of evolving new forms of spiritual community, always seemed to me to be highly political.

The advent of the Reagan era propelled me and many of my friends back into active political organizing, accelerating with the blockade of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant in 1981 (which I chronicled more fully in my second book, **Dreaming the Dark: Magic, Sex and Politics**). Since then the spiritual and the political have become not so much integrated as fused solid. Some moments come to mind:

Halloween: The women gather in a ritual that lasts through the long, cold night. We call the dead — our ancestors, the spirits of all who have died of hunger or war or oppression, circling together to scream and moan our rage and sorrow until that pain becomes our power to act. At dawn we line the gates of the Lawrence Livermore Weapons Laboratory in a silent vigil that greets the workers as they arrive.

Spring Equinox: This is the time when day and night are equal, when the balance is restored to the world. A group of us stand on a rocky outcropping overlooking the Pacific Ocean and the Minuteman

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Starhawk is a feminist, peace activist, and witch living in San Francisco. Her book, ***Dreaming the Dark: Magic, Sex, and Politics*** *is reviewed on page 42.*

missile silos on Vandenberg Air Force Base. We are a cluster of 13 who have hiked in, evading sheriff's trucks and helicopters, to call on the powers of earth and air and fire and water as the Air Force personnel watch us from the hill above and the road below. And we are part of an action of hundreds of people who for days will be popping up in small groups at the missile silos or the MX assembly building miles deep inside the base, or blocking the front gate, attempting to restore a balance to the world by disrupting the work of the military, work that threatens to destroy us all in a nuclear war and that daily destroys the lives of Native Americans who live where uranium is mined, of Pacific Islanders whose homelands have been commandeered for missile tests.

Jail: Jail is a classroom, or a handball court, or a gym, or an old Japanese internment camp where experiments with radioactivity have been conducted for 20 years, or a college campus, or a barracks, or a real cell with bars and a toilet we cannot flush from inside. Jail, a judge tells us, is not for "people like you — people of education and culture." Jail is for the poor, the black, the Latino, the unlucky few society removes as a warning to the rest of us to stay in line. Jail is the regular prisoners crowding to the screened windows to wave at us as we are marched past. And it is a moment in a square, windowless box when the military police drag a woman off and we encircle her. The MPs are yelling at us to get back and they bring more guards in with their nightsticks as we stand in a line, holding on to each other. "You can't stop the spirit," we are singing, "She's like a mountain . . . ." They are pushing against our chests with their sticks and we stand, rooted, unmoving. "Old and strong, she goes on and on and on . . . ." In a moment, the tension will snap, the clubs will begin swinging. We are going to be hurt. We keep singing. We sit down. Softly, we let the chant fade away. The guards are left with nothing to push against. They look at each other as if they had just awakened from a trance and can't remember what they are doing. They file out.

So — my politics these days are those of nonviolent direct action. Nonviolent — because the problem as I see it cannot be resolved by a contest of powers; the problem is to redefine power itself and create power relationships based on different principles. I participate in direct action, often involving civil disobedience and arrest, as the only effective way I can see to withdraw my consent from a system that violates everything I hold sacred.

What is sacred — to me, and to the Craft — is the great life form of which we are all aspects, the interlocked dance of human, animal, plant, elemental and material life. The Goddess we speak of is not a being external to the world — she is immanent in the world, in matter, in nature, in human life, in culture, in emotion, in sexuality, in change. And so the territory of my spiritual search and growth is not separate from the everyday life around me; it requires activity in the world.

There are vast differences between religions based on transcending the world and those based on the immanence of spirit. When the Goddess is seen as immanent, there is no external source of rule or authority. Authority comes from within — and so there is no moral support for hierarchies or structures of social domination. The Goddess is simply a name for a power within each one of us, and each of us has to discover and name that power in our own way. So the Craft is polytheistic — we value many powers, many gods, many names and approaches. We value diversity, because it reflects the richness of interwoven life. The power we speak of is not threatened by the existence of other powers because it is not power-over or domination — it is power-from-within, which finds itself augmented by other's strengths.

The Craft is a set of values, not beliefs, and those values must be lived to be meaningful. To live values that run counter to the mainstream of society requires a lot of work. Much of that work, for me, is with people who are not Witches, in political groups that do not define themselves as spiritual but nevertheless have a commitment to nonhierarchical power structures and to care for the process within the group. The Livermore Action Group, the Vandenberg Action Coalition, the Abalone Alliance are all structured around small groups called "affinity groups" that make decisions by consensus, in which each individual has a voice in the choices the group makes. My own affinity group, Matrix, has been together for almost two years and over a dozen actions. We do ritual together, some of us have begun living together, and we think of ourselves as extended family.

I also work with a collective called Reclaiming, which teaches classes and workshops on Goddess religion and magic — which we define as "the art of shaping consciousness" — a definition that applies also to political action. Magic could also be called "the art of empowerment" — and in our teaching and the public rituals we create our goal is to evoke power-from-

LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY

Isis, the Great Mother, was an Egyptian manifestation of the Goddess.

within. That attempt demands that we constantly ask ourselves hard questions and stay honest with the answers, which is perhaps the hardest work of all.

Whether we call it spiritual, political, or whatever, we need new ways to live and work and resolve conflicts if we are going to survive. I think we all despair sometimes when we look at the enormous forces ranged for destruction. But there are moments, like that moment in jail when we sang down the nightsticks of the guards, that we break through the expected patterns of violence and touch a power that moves from another source. Whatever we choose to name that power, and wherever we choose to look for that source, if we keep on digging we may yet strike fresh water that will well up to renew the Earth. That's my hope — and that's what keeps me going. □

Mark Hammerschmidt:

sitting with the dying in the middle of the night

I grew up Jewish and consumed with the pride in Israel that a holocaust-battered family gives. That pride is largely gone now, not because of the earlier conclusions drawn by the Left about Israel as the outpost of economic aggression, but by the human-level oppression I saw there myself.

I also grew up proud of America. Then I learned about multinationals, about imperialism, about labor history. That's another dream gone.

What I wanted, through all this, was to find a way to ease the hurt and pain of mankind — to this end I demonstrated, was chased by the obligatory number of police, became consumed with Marx. That led, eventually, to cynicism. And so, armed with my degree in anthropology, I decided to go to nursing school. My original aim in this was only partly in line with my desire to help people — I also wanted to be able to *work*! I'd had it with factory jobs in spare-parts departments sending machinery to South Africa from Route 128 here on America's Technology Highway.

What happened was that in the course of becoming a registered nurse, my entire outlook changed. I got older, got married, a daughter came along, and I still wanted to make a living. But now I ease pain. I soothe hurt. I ease the way of the suffering to health, sometimes to death, and like Faust, I have found my own happiness in the acts which help others.

But what has struck home, time and again, is the spiritual aspect of the work. A week or so ago I went down to the lobby of the hospital at about three in the morning to meet a woman who was driving in to see her husband — he'd died while she was on her way. Just she, I, the bums in the lobby and two security guards — a moment like that encompasses feelings of eternity and truth and sorrow that all the academic, politic, analytic nonsense never did. This is a little Zen, I guess. A moment at the center of the world, like when Little Big Man steps out of his tent in the mid-winter moonlight. Sometimes (I work the night shift on weekends) I find myself sitting by the bed of a dying patient in the middle of the silent city night, stroking their hands as they pass away, and I feel the gift they give to me — that's the only way I can say it now. They give an incredibly valuable gift to me.

Anyway, that's my fusion of religion and politics. □

Mark Hammerschmidt is a CQ reader living in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Ed Griffin:

facing forbidden topics

Being involved in Latin America solidarity work and farmworker organizing, I have many times felt the tension between the inner impulses that first got me involved and the contradictory scenes into which my commitments lead me. It was while working in Syracuse as part of the editorial collective for the **Peace News Letter** that things really came to a head for me. At the time the collective was full of folks who had come from Christian roots and vigorously rejected and refused to even acknowledge them. God and religion were forbidden topics, and so when I suggested a Christmas article about an alternative Christian's response to the Annual American Tinsel Festival, it was greeted with snickers and wisecracks.

I had to blow my top before anyone (including myself) realized that I was offended by people rejecting out of hand the validity of any religious faith as a motivator for political action. Too many friends and *compañeros* in Chile and El Salvador and Nicaragua have given their lives because their faith moved them to get involved, to question, and to act. Their lives, and deaths, had touched my own, and that snickering, which is heard all too often among the Left, struck me at that moment as ridiculing their sacrifice.

The process of working through these tensions in the collective was a very healthy one which resulted in a strengthening of the ties between the secular and religious Left groups in the area. Maybe the lesson is that the example of lives given by our sisters and brothers to the south is more powerful than all the debates and polemics that we can get into from our (relatively) comfortable settings. □

Ed Griffin is a CQ reader living on Staten Island, New York.

Joanna Rogers Macy:

deja vu amidst the new

Some new forms of collective behavior are arising which show what people can do when they are bold enough to face apocalypse. These forms promise to play a significant role in our chances of averting planetary disaster. Two particularly struck me in the course of my recent workshop tour in Britain. They are arising in the U.S. also, but developed first in Europe.

One is the "walk." From Copenhagen to Paris, from Cardiff to Greenham Common, from Faslane (a Polaris base in Scotland) to London, from Seattle to Moscow . . . in increasing numbers men, women, and children are taking to the road to express their demand for an end to nuclear weaponry. It is very simple: they just drop business-as-usual and walk. They also talk and sing and hold meetings en route, and along the way others join them, their numbers swell. Intersecting with a variety of these walks in the course of my work, I have a growing sense of historical deja vu. That is, I see them as analogous to the great tradition of pilgrimage.

Through the interactions, connections, and behaviors they generate, they are becoming, I suspect, functionally equivalent to the pilgrimages of the Middle Ages that played so formative a role in the flowering of Western civilization. They also trigger memories of those pilgrimages I knew in South Asia, be they Vinoba Bhave's walks for land redistribution or the gleeful Buddhist mass junkets to sacred sites in Sri Lanka. In the sharing of high spirits and physical hardship, in a combination of road gang, picnic, crusade, and traveling circus, people rediscover deep resources in themselves and each other — and spin webs of relationships that do not evaporate once they return home.

Another new form of apocalyptic or "uncovering" behavior which arises when people sustain the gaze is the peace camp. This phenomenon began with a walk. In Britain, women walked ten days from Cardiff in Wales to the U.S. Air Force base in Greenham Common to protest the basing of Cruise missiles there. When, upon their arrival on September 5, 1981, they demanded a public televised debate on the issue, they were denied and were peremptorily told they could "stay here all night [by the gate]" and still not interrupt the NATO plans. They *did* stay the night — and they're still there, a permanent encampment protesting the deployment of first-strike weapons. They are still there despite repeated eviction attempts which leave them living under plastic sheeting through the winter months. Their numbers grow on weekends when ordinary citizens sympathetic to their views come with sleeping bags to join them. On occasions such as planned demonstrations or blockades these numbers have grown to 70,000 people.

Over the last year, 20 other such camps have sprung up around Britain, and now they are beginning in the U.S. (for example, at the Trident base in Washington, and in Seneca Falls, New York) and in Canada (such as near the Cruise missile testing site in Alberta). They offer new ways in which people can be together — telling stories, sharing goods, training in nonviolence. In the character of their commitment there is a strong spiritual flavor, both ascetic and joyous.

The immediate and primary function of these peace camps seems to be not so much to disrupt as to educate, to raise the public's awareness of what nuclear bases mean to the future of our species. The sheer fact that these camps are permanent

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Joanna Rogers Macy and her colleagues at Interhelp have worked with 10,000 people over the past three years, helping them deal with the despair and fears generated by the threat of nuclear war. These remarks are excerpted from her speech at the Facing Apocalypse conference in Newport, Rhode Island, June, 1983. Her new book, ***Despair and Personal Power in the Nuclear Age*** *is available for $8.95 postpaid from New Society Publishers, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.*

PAM ISHERWOOD/WRL NEWS

Women dance on top of one of the Cruise missile silos being built at Greenham Common, England, New Year's Day, 1983. Women scaled the fence around the base and sang and danced for more than an hour before being arrested.

— peopled by fellow citizens ready to sacrifice their conventional comforts — seems to have a public impact far greater than do sporadic protests. Yet I see in them the germ of a more significant long-term enterprise, one which will have a crucial role to play if and when we manage to disarm.

For when the last nuclear weapon, munitions plant, and reactor are dismantled, there will remain radioactive wastes and radioactive cores that must be guarded carefully for the next quarter-million years if our species is not to be decimated by cancer epidemics and genetic mutations. What better way to guard these sources of catastrophe than by committed, even monastic, encampments or spiritual centers. There a new kind of religious vocation or priesthood can arise, similar to the role that the monasteries played during the Dark Ages in Europe, when communities like Iona and Lindisfarne kept the flame of learning alive. Here, in our awaiting future, these religious encampments will keep alive the knowledge of our responsibility to guard against nuclear disaster. Guarding the remains of the uranium and plutonium from negligence or terrorists, they will help us, in generations to come, to remember. Coming in retreat to these centers, we will meditate on our powers — our genius and our capacity to commit collective suicide — and we will remember how close we came to disaster. That recollecting is integral to the very meaning of religion (*religare*, to re-member). And in such a way, for all the years to come, can our species continue to find in the apocalypse of our time a source of guidance and revelation. □

Penny Lernoux:

meddling in politics is religion's historical role

As an American journalist and a Catholic, with many years of experience in Latin America, I am often struck by the different cultural interpretations of religion's place in politics. In contrast to the United States, where many people have been puzzled or dismayed by Pope John Paul's ban on priests and nuns engaging in partisan activism, the overwhelming majority of laity, bishops and religious in Latin America have long upheld such a position. That includes the Brazilian hierarchy, which is the most politically progressive group of bishops in the Catholic world.

The confusion stems, I think, from different understandings of the meaning of politics. When a religious leader takes a stand on an issue of moral concern to the community, he or she obviously is making a political statement. Thus when priests and nuns speak out against torture and murder in the Latin American military regimes, they are responding to a moral commitment to God's commandments, but at the same time they can be — and often are — accused of "meddling in politics" because such outspokenness is a criticism of the regime responsible for such atrocities. Similarly, Poland's Communist Party could accuse the Pope of meddling in Polish politics because of his support for the Solidarity movement. The point missed is that such "meddling" has historically been the role of religion in humanity's search for a more harmonious social order. Or as the archbishop of Panama once remarked, in regard to religion's concern with social justice, "In that sense the Church has been talking politics ever since Moses talked back to Pharaoh."

Perhaps because they have suffered so much persecution for daring to speak out, priests and nuns in Latin America often have a clearer understanding of the difference between political and partisan activism. While prepared to die in the defense of human rights, very few are members of a political party or identify with an ideology, and almost none hold government positions. The principal exceptions are in Central America, particularly Nicaragua, where three priests are members of the Sandinista junta, and religious and bishops have taken an actively partisan role for or against the revolutionary government. The reason given for shunning partisan activism is the same as that offered by John Paul, that such involvement reduces a religious person's effectiveness as a moral critic and advocate who can speak to the good of all, not just the few, uncompromised by party connections or commitments.

Because of persecution, the Latin Americans have also become more aware of the dangers of pretending that it is possible to maintain religious neutrality in the face of political developments: silence, too, is a political statement, in support of the status quo. In Argentina, for example, the bishops mistakenly believed they could help the victims of military repression by applying discreet pressure to individual generals. Not only did they fail to stop the carnage — more than 20,000 died — but their failure to speak out against human rights abuses was interpreted by the regime, and most Argentines, as effective support for the military's policies.

Different historical traditions also help explain diverse reactions to religious involvement in politics. In Latin America the Catholic Church formed part of the status quo from the very

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Penny Lernoux is the author of ***Cry of the People*** *($7.95 postpaid from Penguin Books, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073), a book about human rights and the changing role of the Catholic Church in Latin America. She is also the Latin American affairs writer of the* ***National Catholic Reporter*** *(Summer '82 CQ), a contributing editor of* ***Sojourners*** *(see p. 47), and writes frequently for* ***Maryknoll*** *magazine.*

KENNETH SILVERMAN/WHEELER PICTURES

Guatemalan soldiers in a vacated Catholic convent in the Quiche province. With many priests and catechists siding with the peasants in struggles with the government, military reprisals have been heavy. The Catholic Church was forced to vacate the province altogether in 1980.

beginning of the Spanish Conquest — even today 90 percent of the people are baptized Catholics. Until the end of the nineteenth century the Church was the largest landowner in the region and the most conservative political force; it was also responsible for instilling a sense of fatalism in the poverty-stricken masses. But Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba, the ground-breaking reforms of the Second Vatican Council and the successful onslaught of foreign, mostly Evangelical, missionaries forced the region's bishops to reevaluate their situation in the late 1960s, leading to the radical decision to become actively involved in the struggle for social justice.

As recognized by most Latin American theologians, the Catholic Church has always been involved in the area's politics, the difference today being that it is on the side of the poor instead of the rich. The switch has cost the church dearly, in the loss of financial and political support by the upper classes and in lives (more than one thousand priests and nuns have been murdered). But the change has also made the Church more genuinely Latin American, since it now champions the majority instead of the few.

For all the persecution, Latin American bishops and religious have one advantage over their American counterparts: they have never had to contend with being labeled un-Latin American, since Catholicism is an integral part of the culture. Because they were — and in some instances still are — part of the "establishment," they have no qualms about attacking it. In the United States, on the other hand, the constitutional separation of church and state and the foreign stigma attached to Catholicism impelled the institution to become "more American than the Americans" by going along with the prevailing materialism: i.e., ever-bigger churches, seminaries, schools, hospitals and the other paraphernalia of affluence. Many priests were so taken up with the religion of materialism that they forgot their spiritual role, to challenge the community they were supposed to serve.

The Latin Americans' example and the Central American wars have partially helped dispel the American Catholic's fear of questioning the status quo, but I feel that U.S. bishops and, especially, priests have yet to confront the issue of God or mammon. They worry that if they take a strong stand on a social issue, they will be charged with politicking and may well lose financial support — God forbid that they should question capitalism! In contrast, the Brazilians and Chileans do not fear poverty, and they have found another source of power, in the mass of people. Nor do they worry about being accused of politicking since they believe they are competent to discuss the moral implications of political and economic decisions. Their role, then, is prophetic. Indeed, it is largely due to the leadership of the Brazilian church that a nationwide movement of active nonviolence has emerged to challenge years of military dictatorship through a gradual return to democracy.

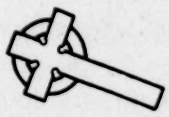
Lack of "competency" is a charge often made against those U.S. prelates who question the established order, as, for example, the bishops of the American South, who were taken to task by corporate managers for upholding the workers' right to organize a union — a right that John Paul later championed in a papal encyclical. They are now being attacked for their position on nuclear armaments and may suffer worse abuse in tackling the next scheduled issue, a pastoral letter on capitalism.

Enduring the desert is of course a prophetic role, but given the state of U.S. politics the system might well benefit from some prophets. And as observed by Dom Helder Camara, the outspoken, much persecuted archbishop of Recife, Brazil: "The desert also blooms." ■

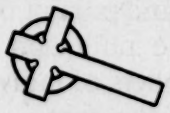
RESCUING JESUS FROM THE CROSS

by Carl Oglesby
Illuminated by Harry S. Robins

I AM a sympathizer with the Third World revolutionary movement and I worked with Students for a Democratic Society against racism and the Vietnam War, but I write here as a Christian, not a politico, and as one who tastes a certain disappointment in Protestant liberalism both as a creed and as an ideology. These are some thoughts about that disappointment.



I WAS raised a Southern Baptist but lost my faith up north and went through the 1950s and then the movement years as what death-of-God theologian Thomas Altizer calls a Christian atheist. When I wandered ambivalently back to faith early in the seventies, passing into my middle years, thinking to escape the down-home bigotry and self-righteousness of those whom I remember hawk religion like something to put mustard on, I shopped for a liberal Boston church and found one with friends from movement days, both in its pulpit and in its congregation. The associate ministers had been sixties activists. For a while I felt pretty good about being back in church again, praying again.



TWO anecdotes from my days of liberal churchgoing, then I will leave personalities out of it. The names are made up.

Preacher Nancy in the 1960s as a young divinity student was a highly committed nonviolent

This article may come as quite a surprise to some former and present activists. Carl Oglesby was president of Students for a Democratic Society in 1965-66, when SDS was establishing itself as the most prominent expression of student unrest and opposition to the Vietnam War. He edited ***The New Left Reader*** *(Grove Press, 1969) and went on in the seventies to found the Assassination Information Bureau, a resource center researching and publicizing troubling questions that remained about the Kennedy assassination. His most recent book,* ***The Yankee and Cowboy War*** *(1977, $2.70 postpaid from Berkley Publishing, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016) discerned a chain of evidence linking JFK's death, Watergate, and various intelligence community shenanigans with power struggles in high-level U.S. corporate/governmental circles — a conspiracy theory perhaps, but the least paranoid and most elegantly stated one I've yet run into.*

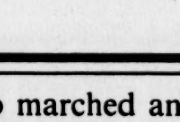
Oglesby's piece here grew out of often heated discussions at the Protestant church he's been attending, and represents the first public surfacing of his thoughts-in-progress on Christians involved in radical politics. Coming as they do at a time when many Christians from the Catholic bishops on down to small church study groups feel impelled to take political stands, Carl's conclusions are bound to generate controversy. —Jay Kinney

social activist who marched and organized for racial progress in the South and sat in for world peace. Today from her Boston pulpit she will no longer pray for peace because she believes that to do so would betray the class struggle. She prays instead for (as she carefully stipulates) "the conditions that will make peace possible."

Preacher Bill took the brave step in 1969 of defending the Black Panthers' right to defend themselves by firearms against racist police and the even braver step a dozen years later, in Back Bay Boston, of preaching revolution with a tiny diamond in his ear. A few days ago, with a forced snarl that made me think he really didn't mean it, Preacher Bill reacted to the news of the murder of a U.S. intelligence officer in San Salvador by leftwing terrorists by saying, "I think that's got to happen. The American people have got to feel the pain of what we are doing to others. We have got to know what this business feels like to those whom we impose it on. We can't just go on letting our government act in our names with a blank check, as though we can't be held to blame for the illegal things we know they do secretly."

But killing this one specific person for crimes of history itself? Can any doctrine of "just war" really be condensed down to a doctrine of "just assassination"? Can a Christian find any justification for political assassination at all? Could a Christian kill Hitler? (Stalin? Fidel Castro?)

Does the principled refusal to kill emasculate Christianity for life in the modern world?



POLITICS and religion helplessly intermix in the sphere of moral intelligence because both the politician and the minister lead socially active constituencies, because both the party and the church have an immediate interest in the definition and pursuit of social justice, and because both the rally and the Mass seek to obligate vast numbers of individuals to some particular course of conduct.

Politics and religion both engage us by demanding from us a moral response to the practical world, and a social enactment of that choice. It is always inevitable that they interbleed.

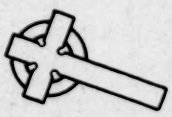
THE pressure for a leftward change within world Christendom came to unambiguous hard focus first in the civil-rights conventicles of America's black evangelical churches in the 1950s, with liberal Protestant churches quickly falling in behind Rev. King and his Southern Christian Leadership Council.

At about the same time the liberal Pope John XXIII was leading the Vatican into its famous

Preacher Bill reacted to the news of the murder of a U.S. intelligence officer in San Salvador by saying, "I think that's got to happen . . ."

and continuing "dialogue" with the Italian Communist Party, breaking off its exclusive long-term tie to the conservative ruling Christian Democrats.

In Latin America during the same years an immense outcry welled up from the lower Roman Catholic clergy, the working nuns and the priests drawn into the social bottom through their daily sharing of the life of the peasants and their direct witness of the social malice of a variety of repressive regimes which the higher church officials tended to socialize with and to support against the rebels. Paulo Freire, with his pedagogy of the oppressed, then later Nicaraguan Archbishop Oscar Romero, martyred on his altar at Mass in 1980 for preaching that a Christian was under no moral obligation to obey unjust laws: such bright lights were part of a wide firmament of protests.*



LIBERATION theology. Best defined by Archbishop Romero: "Injustice must be called by its proper name, and the truth must be served. . . . The Church must call for structural changes, and accompany the people in their fight for liberation."

The leftward movement of the Catholic Church in Latin America, where nine of ten are Catholics, will be viewed by the U.S. national defense establishment as bad for the United States and good for the Soviet Union no matter what the motives of the rebels and revolutionaries, no matter how clear and fervent their intention to keep their *authentic* civil war, their *authentic* struggle for national and popular liberation, their *authentic* bid for modernization, outside the Cold War, well knowing from frequent observation that when you are a little

*See **Pedagogy of the Oppressed**, by Paulo Freire (1978, 178 pp., $7.45 postpaid from Charles Scribner's Sons, Special Sales Dept., 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017) and **A Martyr's Message of Hope: Six Homilies of Oscar Romero** (1981, 125 pp., $5.95 postpaid from National Catholic Reporter, 115 East Armour, Box 281, Kansas City, MO 64141).

revolution in a little country and you once get drawn into the vortex of the superpower struggle, there is nothing for it, the world turns upside-down, bad and good change places in a stupefying dance of ambiguities, your oppressor is rewarded for his service to the Free World, and the Stalinists are coming to set the bourgeois heroes free.

I WAS in Washington during the Carter 1970s and I happened to see close-up the negotiations which the recently successful Sandinistas carried out with the State Department. Their message was at bottom like this: "Stop, don't shoot, we're not the burglars, we're the honest businessmen defending our stores! We don't want communism, we just want your basic western-style social contract."

Their belief was that this claim, being *autentico*, would convince the United States that the Nicaraguan revolution should be left in peace to see if it actually could succeed in emancipating the indigenous economy from its backwardness in a spirit of democratic progress while remaining outside the influence and control of the Soviets.

However, our boys in the CIA and NSA were not fooled by this clever ploy. Whether this Nicaraguan revolution broke out because it was projected by the USSR (or Cuba) or because of the legitimate complaints of honest non-Communist Nicaraguan "businessmen" against a regime soaked in blood, or whether (as to the most sophisticated of them seemed the more likely) the revolution was caused by a variety of sometimes antithetical forces, the fact still remained clear to the CIA and the NSA and the relevant people at Defense and State and the White House that it was good for the other side and bad for us, and so we needed to fight it out of sheer amoral national interest, even if we morally identified with those whom we thus made our enemies.

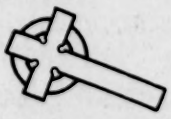
Even when this young government of revolutionary shopkeepers and farmers and idealistic students negotiated a contract with the United Fruit Company, which this old symbol of corporate rapacity in Central America announced was altogether to its satisfaction, even then the boys in the national security business were not lulled. They were, to be sure, momentarily restrained by President Carter, who couldn't see why the Sandinistas didn't deserve a chance. But Carter didn't last long, and within a short time the CIA's interventions had succeeded in subverting the Sandinista coalition and polarizing it to the left, factionalizing and fragmenting the group whose unity was the *sine qua non* of a democratic recovery from the civil war. It is as though the CIA actually wants to bring about this polarization as a step in the destruction of any revolutionary government, regardless of its social ideology. You put a maximum squeeze on the economy, cutting off its sources of foreign currency; you introduce counterguerrilla warriors and urban terrorists, thus empowering the most repressive and paranoid elements of the revolutionary coalition; you force the new regime to turn to Cuba or the Soviet Union for assistance through the crisis; you pounce on this as proof that you were right all along, that all revolutions are Red revolutions, and that they all must be beaten back.

LIBERATION theology. For example, Paul to the Ephesians (6:12): "Our struggle is not against flesh and blood but the principalities and powers of this world, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual darkness in high places."

May this struggle be or become violent?

If violence in behalf of justice can be *condoned* in certain contexts, then do these contexts not *demand* violence? And if violence can be demanded in certain social and political contexts, then where is any case for peace at all? On a "just-war" argument, could any group have been more justified in taking violent steps to protect the life of a precious one than the Apostles? Then is their failure to act a kind of sin? And their failure to adopt violent means when justice and survival and all Heaven must have cried out for effective action — is this a model of moral restraint or of moral failure?

Was this model needed to avert or to facilitate Christ's next crucifixion?



IS there an implicit hunger, within liberation theology, *to come to the rescue of Christ on the cross?*

Is this what a Christian is supposed to do? Rescue Jesus from the cross?

Suppose Peter, when challenged about Jesus, had *not* denied knowing, but instead had answered, "Certainly I *do* know this man, he is Jesus, my personal savior, and I love him with all my heart. Who wants to know?"

Suppose the Apostles had massed the faithful to block every street and road to Calvary. Suppose the hero of the march to crucifixion was not someone who helped Jesus carry his cross — helped him! — but someone standing in the path of the cross to say, "No one crucifies this man."

THE virtual collaboration of the original leadership group in the execution of their chief and the ensuing destruction of the original organization and the original community — the inability of the followers to come to the aid of Jesus or themselves — requires explanation. The traditional explanation for this is that it all had to come to pass in order that the prophecies concerning the Messiah should be borne out. But even if the crucifixion of Jesus was necessary in the scheme of the God-mankind relationship, still there was no prophecy whose fulfillment bound Christ's Apostles as a whole to cowardice and paralysis and the community of his followers to passivity and depression at the decisive moment. The collapse of the entire movement at the moment when it might have expressed its greatest strength is so radical as to be almost a reproof to Jesus's ministry — unless it has a purpose as teaching, as a parable in action. What *is*, after all, the error of zealotry?

On a "just war" argument, could any group have been more justified in taking violent steps to protect the life of a precious one than the Apostles? Was their failure to act a kind of sin?

LIBERATION theology compromises the essential Christian rejection of faith in historical solutions. "My kingdom is not of this world" means that Christians do not seek salvation or triumph in the historical arena. This does not authorize them to turn away from history, but it warns against any attempt to conquer and bring under moral (national/cultural) control the world beyond Calvary. The Christian engages with society because this is what a Christian must do, but this social engagement is not in itself what makes one a Christian. There is an historical sorrow in Christianity that no political or ideological system can tolerate.

This is the tension of Christian politics. The Christian acts in history but without aiming for historical-political victory.

THE Jesus of the Left is made to say: "You know what right is, and you know you should do it."

The Jesus of the Right is made to say: "If you are not saved, you will be condemned."

The dialectic of Christianity lies in the interplay of these two voices — for Christianity is a religion, not a politics, and it is neither a Left nor Right nor Center but a Wholeness and a Nothingness, for it says, "Struggle for justice but prepare for the cross. Keep an even distance from extremes, but prepare to be crushed between them. For you cannot find salvation within the political sphere."

"My kingdom is not of this world," says Jesus. To act wholeheartedly without dreaming of triumph is a great feat of *contradiction*, but it is the Christian's life to keep it unresolved. Resolved to the left, the faith becomes a service ideology; to the right, it suckles the repressive state.

THE activism of the Christian church must fulfill Christian principles in a Christian way. Christian activism must be activism that demonstrates love for the enemy. This boils down to nonviolence. A nonviolent force is the only kind of force that can exclusively base its hopes on a moral vision and path available even to the still-unsaved. This is why Christianity is root and branch a nonviolent practice. It explains why the original community was wiped out en masse at Masada about the year 69 or 70 A.D. by Roman legions, whose great-great-grandchildren would crown the first pope.

CHURCH liberalism in the West moved naturally toward the issue of nuclear weapons in the 1970s, since it was the failure of the U.S. war effort to hold Vietnam against what our government called communist subversion — the failure of the special-forces, counterguerrilla, high-pressure, economic, bootstrapping approach to Third World development introduced by Kennedy — that moved nuclear weapons as a symbol of the US-USSR cold war inexorably back to center stage, even though there was no real event which could be said to have provoked the change. There was no such event. The Cold War with the Soviets was reinstated because we lost the war in Vietnam, not because of anything we and the Soviets did to each other. The reinstatement of the Cold War, the sloughing of detente, is what made us all start worrying again about nuclear weapons.

THE Christian churches have been spectacularly successful in moving vast numbers of people to an explicit awareness of the special character of nuclear weapons, that is, that they are *anti*weapons, weapons that negate themselves as weapons, weapons that literally cannot be used without self-contradiction.

I do not doubt that the best way to have spread this awareness and communicated the needed urgency was to organize against the bomb, rather than, say, against those who determine the bomb's use doctrine. Building opposition to the weapon itself, as though wars with other weapons were no big problem, proved a shortcut that deadended. Antinuclearism has a Luddite quality. It must define its goal as denuclearization or else its critique is only whining about a condition we must all endure. And if denuclearization is the objective, and it appears that denuclearization, however appealing, cannot be reached, then all the agonizing only leads to despair.

RELIGION must talk of ultimates in order to be religion. But the politics that talks of ultimates is ultimately no politics at all, but totalitarianism, the absence of politics.

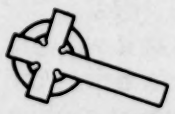
WHY WE should not fear the bomb:

Visualize the triggers of all the world's nuclear weapons as being locked into one another, so that pulling any one trigger will automatically pull all the other triggers at the same time. Every soldier must come to understand this about nuclear weapons, that they are not like other weapons. They cannot be aimed because they cannot be fired independently. To fire one is to fire them all, everywhere, at everyone. The nuclear weapon is thus only disguised as a weapon. It is in fact an *antiweapon*: a weapon which, when you put it into the soldier's hands, makes it impossible for him to be a soldier because he knows that when he shoots it it will blow up in his face and kill everyone he's being paid to protect.

Maybe this is not such a bad kind of weapon for soldiers to have, from the standpoint of the pacifist. Who wants to imagine the consequences for civilization of a World War III fought full-out with everything but nukes? The chief of Navy operations recently said that he sees no use for nuclear weapons at all and would be happy to see them all eliminated, and his statement was picked up by antinuke people a touch too yearning and naive to let themselves hear the menacing subtext of the admiral's thought: "Oh for the days of the glorious TNT-pumping battleships again, and the carriers with their gallant planes, before this ugly irrelevant nuclear dread settled down over us and snuffed out all the good games!"

If we actually listen to these our nuclear weapons, as they hum in the darkness of their launching cannisters all around the world, humming in many languages and under many flags their one single nuclear mantra, then what we may actually hear them saying is:

"No more war. If you do it again, we'll wipe you out. If on the other hand you manage to wake up and change, there is nothing you cannot achieve, including the secrets of immortality. The decision is yours. You have wriggled out of nature's breast and God's protection, and everything has become apparent to you. You see now that you can learn how to live forever, that you can come to see and know the whole of the universe. You know now that you know how to become gods, that you have found the place of the tree of knowlege, that you have restarted the great tower of Babel, grand human passion, and that you face no other serious obstacle to the attaining of your sweetest, wildest dreams than the obstacles of your own making and choosing. You know moreover that your gods want you to overcome, want you to come through, are praying for you to make it up to the garden again, to become pure enough again to be permitted the immortality you can already all but grasp. You have no doubt of any of this. You have everything you need to put it together including us nuclear weapons, who have come in the last stages of your climb to be monitors with you day and night to ensure that you do not stumble into Eden with your species' self-destructiveness left in you, because then you would turn Eden itself into a nightmare again. We bombs, humming/oming in our vast world harmony — there are more than 50,000 of us already, and we are everywhere pampered and kept at the ready, in perfect humming tune — are merely the fail-safes strewn by the gods in the foothills of Olympus to give troublemakers seeking entry a way to identify and destroy themselves, and candidate angels a way to pass through."

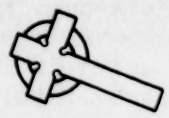


WE cannot get rid of the nukes, except perhaps by means of a nuclear war so devastating that the human ability to conceive, build and shoot them would itself be destroyed. We will not agree, of course, to such a price, which in any case would only be to surrender just at the crux of the great game of human evolution, where the question our evolutionary path has brought us to is: Can humanity make it through the nuclear barrier? Can we learn to manage this kind of power? Are we safe to be let loose in the cosmos?

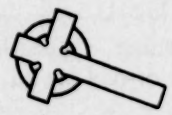
Are we an evolutionary dead-end, destined to be destroyed by forces within us that we could not bring under control?

This is the tension of Christian politics. The Christian acts in history but without aiming for historical-political victory.

Or can we make ourselves worthy of the antiweapon?



FOR all we may say about the greatness of times when nature and culture seemed more in balance, we are permanently in the age of the antiweapon, until and unless we die of it. Instead of dreaming of going back into the endless mystical forests of the primal world, we might better be considering how to cope with the bomb from now on as a permanent, regular member of the human family. In nuclear terms, after all, the world since 1945 is primal all over again.



THIS is not to say that there should be no antinuke movement, but rather that this movement should understand its protest against nukes as a symbolic protest whose real target is in fact those who determine the use doctrine under which the bomb would be fired. The no-nuke movement is a protest against the procedures for the control of nuclear weapons, or against what in fact may be the *lack* of such procedures, policy not yet having come abreast of scientific power. More precisely yet, the no-nuke movement is a reaction to the appearance in history of the antiweapon, and it is an implicit demand for the evolution of control forms worthy of the new age.

THE Christian acts in history out of the love of life, and not in an expectation of historical triumph. The promise of historical triumph strengthens true faith no more than the threat of historical defeat weakens it. To insert within faith a triumphalist promise — "After the revolution!" or "After we ban the bomb!" — in hopes of making it seem stronger or more relevant to actualities only subverts it. Our faith is strongest when Christ is fast upon the cross. ■

Dreaming the Dark

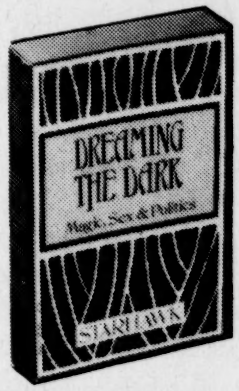
*Starhawk's **Dreaming the Dark** is a seamless exposition of paganism, dealing with the politics of spirituality and the roots of the morbid spirit of our times. The book is convincing propaganda against hierarchy of any sort, religious or temporal, and for high anarchy. It's also a straightfoward introduction to the philosophy and practice of magic.*

Starhawk's magic is a spiritual path, a tried and true method of nonegocentric self-realization and community building; a practice of awakening and acknowledging the divine power immanent within each of us, that awakening not mediated by hierarchy, that power not apart from human beings.

*The **why** she advances for self-integration and cell-formation — your basic ecotastrophe apocalypso — is not news, but she reinterprets it originally. She synthesizes insights from psychology, sociology, history, and religion, and in her appendix on the witch-burning times of the "Renaissance" achieves brilliance without resort to detailing the horrors of that era. **Dreaming the Dark** is the most effective argument I've seen that the personal is the political. Hence it points to the way of integrity. On that way, we must dream, not deny, the dark in life, the dark in us, and hallow the earthly, life-giving powers of sex and gender. If we continue to alienate and project those parts of our being, they will turn on us and we will perish, shattered.*

*The **how** of dreaming the dark is simple, interesting, and valuable. During her years in a coven, and through her work as a therapist and political activist, Starhawk has developed an organic sense of group and individual psychodynamics. She stresses our mortal need for community, offering what others might term a systems theory or family therapy approach to social change. She relates her understanding in good instruction on fostering the life and work of any group, sharing her experiences in therapy, in the craft, and in jail for her protest, with unstinting self-honesty. Persons of all genders, religions, and politics interested in healing self or planet would do well to avail themselves of this extraordinary text.*
—Stephanie Mills
[Suggested by Evy Gershon]

Dreaming the Dark
(Magic, Sex and Politics)
Starhawk
1982; 249 pp.
$6.97
postpaid from:
Beacon Press
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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We must demand that our politics serve our sexuality. Too often, we have asked sexuality to serve politics instead. Ironically, the same movements that have criticized sexual repression and bourgeois morality have themselves too often tried to mold their sexual feeling to serve the current political theory. This tradition includes nineteenth century revolutionary ascetism, the New Left's demand that women practice free love (meaning sex without involvement), the fear of lesbianism in the early women's movement, and the mandatory separatist line taken by some in the later women's movement. Too many generations have asked: What do my politics tell me I should feel? The better question is: What do I, at my root, at my core, desire?

Gandhi Book Source

Anyone wanting to seriously study Gandhi will have to turn to writings of Gandhi and other works published only in India. Fortunately, there is a distributor of such publications in the U.S.: Greenleaf Books. Their catalog is free; and though it's not annotated, they're happy to provide advice.

*Gandhi's **Nonviolence In Peace and War**, listed in the Summer 1982 **CQ** as $80 from Garland Publishing, is available from Greenleaf in the Indian edition for $11 postpaid.*
—Mark Shepard

Greenleaf Books is run by Arthur Harvey, a veteran peace activist and rural entrepreneur. Harvey also organizes harvesting and pruning crews and publishes an occasional newsletter.
—Gene Keyes

Greenleaf Books
Catalog

free from:
Greenleaf Books
Weare, NH 03281

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The Removal of Untouchability. Ed: B Kumarappa, 287p. 2.25
The Role of Women. Ed: AT Hingorani; 129 p, boards. 2.50
Sarvodaya. Ed: SN Agarwal; 67 p. .40
Sarvodaya, The Welfare of All. Ed: B Kumarappa; 230p. 3.00

Liberty & Justice for Some

Here's a highly readable resource guide on the Moral Majority and other groups of the religious right. It's full of telling quotes from leading TV evangelists and radical rightists, accompanied by ample annotations, bibliographies, and extensive discussions in a question-and-answer format. This valuable book, sponsored by Norman Lear's People for the American Way, comes from a liberal perspective but manages to be less scarifying and more objective than most other treatments of the same subject.
—Jay Kinney

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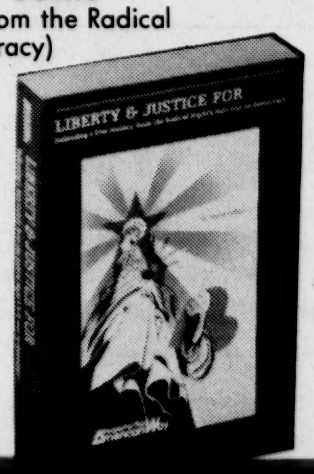
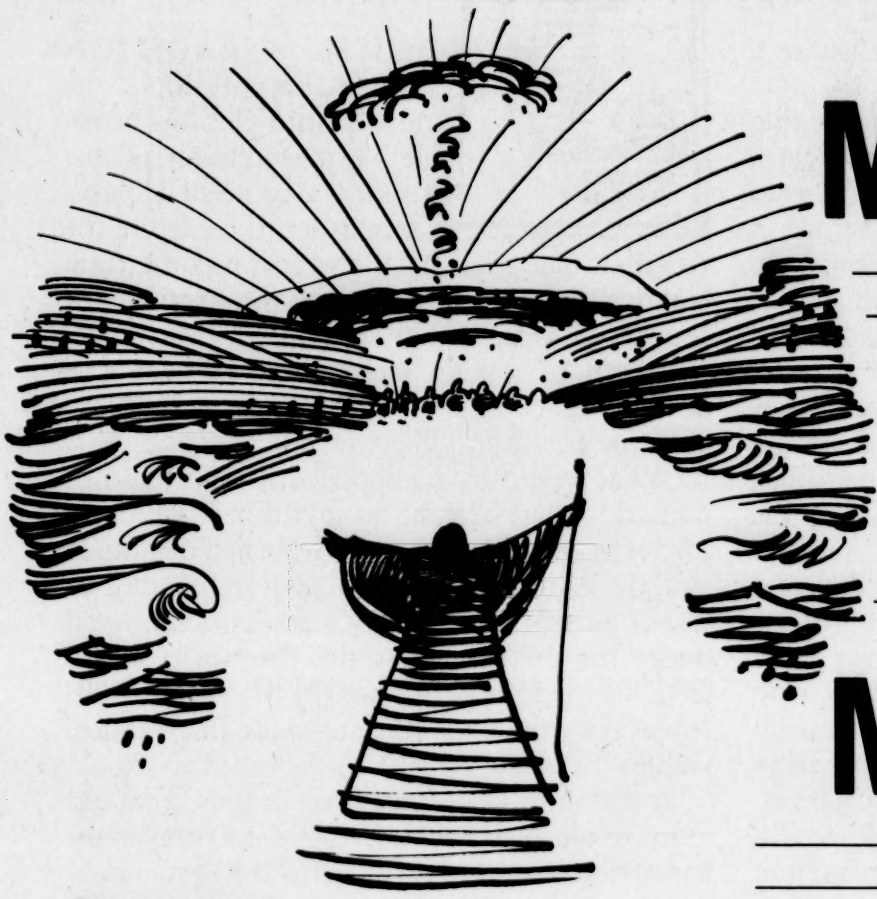
Q. Have there been actual book burnings?
A. Yes. There have been numerous public burnings of books, records, posters, and other artifacts that ultra-fundamentalist congregations consider satanic and occult. The burning rituals are intended to "drive out the demons" that allegedly inhabit the books and other materials. Some of the recent burnings include:

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, 1982. About 150 members of the First Assembly of God smashed records by Frank Sinatra and Barry Manilow and books by James Michener and Harold Robbins. Rev. Ken Kashner told his parishioners that Deuteronomy 7:25 justified the burning: "The graven images of gods shall yet burn with fire."

Virginia, Minnesota, 1981. A crowd of 250 people burned an estimated $3,000 worth of books, magazines, and record albums in what was called a "destruction celebration." Among the items destroyed: a ceramic Buddha, children's Halloween stories, and Beatles albums. The crowd sang "In the Name of Jesus."

Liberty & Justice for Some
(Defending a Free Society from the Radical Right's Holy War on Democracy)
David Bollier
1982; 324 pp.
$8.95
postpaid from:
People for the American Way
1015 18th Street NW
Suite 300
Washington, D.C. 20036





MYSTERY

A RELIGIOUS APPROACH

NOT

TO PREVENTING

MASTERY

NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST

by Arthur Waskow
Illustrated by David Wills

IN OUR GENERATION, what can those who walk religious and spiritual paths say to the world of politics and power? For me, this question becomes richer if I make it more specific: Do religious communities and traditions have anything different from modern secular mind-sets (like science, medicine, law, social science) to contribute to the efforts of the human race to prevent its own suicide through worldwide nuclear holocaust?

I believe that the danger of nuclear holocaust is itself the most powerful critique of modern secularism. It is not that secular mind-sets are totally wrong or evil; they have contributed much that is valuable to the human enterprise. Their value has sprung from their excitement about the unfolding powers of the human race to change nature, history, and even its own consciousness as it chooses. *But the dangers of modern secularism spring from the same excitement about the same unfolding powers, seen as an Absolute.*

When secularism asserts that the human race is now Master of the Universe, and that in principle there is no more Mystery — only temporary ignorance — it is asserting a partial truth as if it were an Absolute Truth. That assertion is what many religious traditions called idolatry — and as the Psalms say, those who make idols will become like them: dead. The deadly idolatry of asserting human Mastery and denying Mystery is well on the way to destroying the human race — well on the way to a universal death.

The religious response to this danger cannot and should not be a simple-minded rejection of modern secularism and the newly revealed power of the human race. It is true that humankind now possesses powers once known to be Divine: the powers to create new life and to blot out all existing life, for example. In that sense, an atheist

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For many people the words "tradition" and "ritual" are almost always linked with the adjective "dead." And in all honesty, this prejudice is too often borne out by real experience — I'm sure you can supply your own examples. All the more reason to welcome articles like this which take familiar religious elements millennia old and cast them in a new light quite relevant to our current political crisis.

Arthur Waskow is director of the Shalom Center, a National Resource Center for Jewish Perspectives on Preventing Nuclear Holocaust, and editor of ***Menorah: Sparks of Jewish Renewal*** *(see page 46). From 1963 through 1977 he was associated with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, DC, analyzing U.S. foreign policy and military strategy, domestic race relations, and theories of violence and nonviolence. His book on the movement for Jewish renewal,* ***These Holy Sparks,*** *will be published by Harper & Row this fall.* —*Jay Kinney*

secularism is an authentic religious response to a new history. But it is not enough.

The religious communities must accept that God has taken a giant step toward immanence: toward suffusing, permeating, the human race with Divine powers. This has occurred before, in the experience of my own Jewish community and tradition: in the great transformation and renewal of Judaism at the end of the Biblical and beginning of the Talmudic/Rabbinic age. If we look at what the rabbis codified as the Hebrew Bible, we can see a great shift in the action and perception of God. At the beginning of the Bible, everything is God — doing the Creation. By the end, in the Scroll of Esther and the Song of Songs, God does not appear at all, but has become totally immanent. And the rabbis of the Talmud refused explicitly to obey a Voice from Heaven siding with one of their number who stood in the minority in making a legal judgment, saying to God: "You Yourself have taught us in the Torah that it — the Torah — is not in Heaven, but in our own mouths and hearts. So we will judge according to majority vote!" The Talmud further reports that God laughed and said, "My children have won a victory over Me" — "won a victory" from the Hebrew root *netzach*, which could as well be translated, "My children have made Me eternal." For when your children internalize your own basic values enough to challenge your decisions on a particular point, they have indeed *both* defeated you and made you eternal.

The Torah had not fulfilled itself — had not fully come forth from out of heaven, *into* the world, into the hearts and mouths of the people — until the Talmudic rabbis took this step. When they did, it was because God had taken a step toward immanence. And now, during the last 400 years of human history, we have been in the struggles and wrestles, the joys and horrors, of God taking another step toward immanence.

So shall we simply relinquish the religious traditions, embrace secularism, and accept that the human race is now God — that there is no God but us?

No: God has become us, but we are not God. The transitivity of that intransitive verb "to be" counts. The God who is us is more than us humans. The immanent God is the Unity — the conscious Unity — of all the Infinite Universe. Including us, us humans — but more than us. When we are capable of knowing that Unity consciously, then God is fully present. When we are not, then God is absent. And until now it is only at moments, in glimmers, that we have been able to know and acknowledge ourselves as part of the Infinite Unity of the Universe.

What would it mean for us to act fully as if God had become us? Let me take a specific that seems to me enormously important.

JEWISH TRADITION teaches that in doing the most fruitful God-act possible — the creation of the world — God needed to not-act in order to complete the creation. The seal of all creation was the final creative act of deliberately not-creating: of resting, or God's catching a breath (*shavat vayinafash*), of making Shabbat, the Sabbath. The ultimate teaching of the limits of creativity — even the best and holiest creativity.

What would have happened if God had not paused — had become so joyful in the process of creating the Six Days that S/He had continued straight on, into a seventh and eighth day of work? Surely the world would have shattered under the unbearable strain, the world would have buckled under the weight of overcreation. It was only the Sabbath that made the creation viable.

A lesson to us — taught us in the command to make our own Sabbath — not only the Shabbat of the seventh day, but also the Shabbat of the seventh month, the seventh year, and the year after the seventh seventh year — the fiftieth, Jubilee year.

But the human race, in its celebration of secularism, has taken no Shabbat for these 400 years. We have become intoxicated with our own powers of creation, of production and consumption, and in our intoxication have not paused. What we have been able to create has been good — tools to feed the poor, clothe the naked, heal the sick. But *because* we have not paused to contemplate, meditate, share, reevaluate — our creativity is on the verge of decreating the world. On the verge of drowning it in a Flood of Fire, a nuclear holocaust, returning it to the primordial void and chaos.

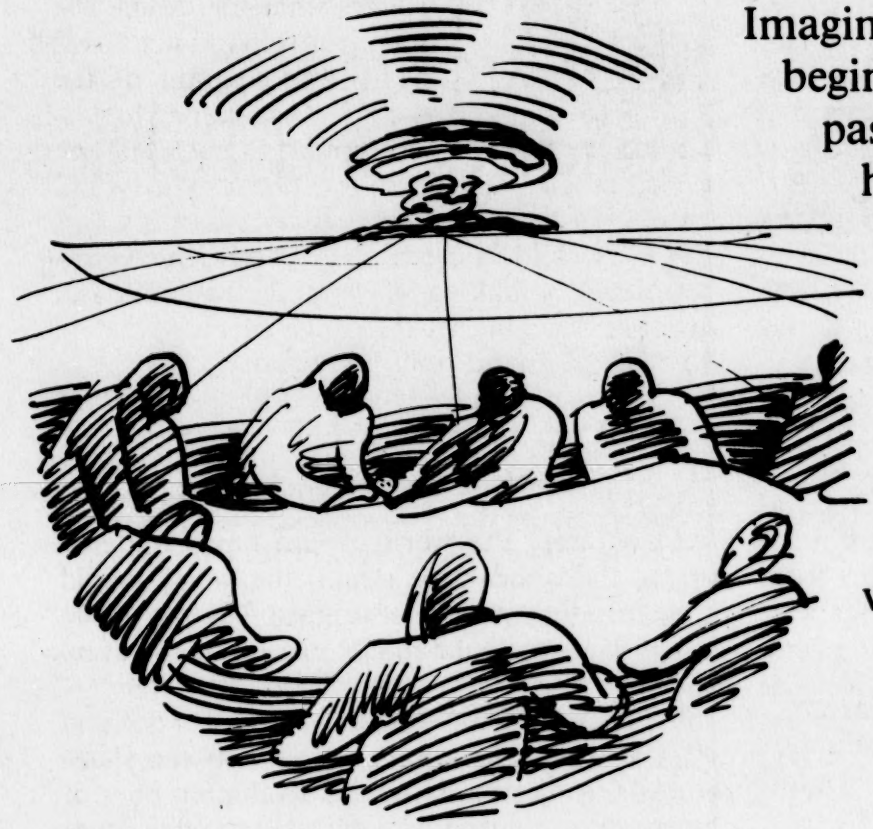
We need Shabbat; and Shabbat is the acceptance of a Mystery, the celebration of a Mystery rather than of Mastery. It is the acceptance of the mysterious truth that our own Mastery cancels itself out, is most self-destructive when it is most complete.

So the one great word the religious traditions have to say to the human race and its nuclear arms race is: MAKE SHABBOS! Pause. Rest. Reflect. Catch your breath. Meditate. Reevaluate what you have done. In the tradition of the sabbatical and Jubilee years (Leviticus 25), pause; be at peace with the rest of the created world; renew the society by redistributing wealth so that all households start out again as equals; celebrate.

This does not mean cursing technology, work, production, consumption, accumulation. It means putting them in their proper place: within the framework of Shabbat.

In practical terms, what would this mean?

• It might mean calling a periodic moratorium



Imagine that as work is about to begin, a one-month-old baby is passed around the room from hand to hand, and each scientist, scholar, student, administrator says aloud: "What we are about to do, to think, to plan, to learn, we do simply in order that you should grow up to be as old as we are."

— once every seven years — on "R&D" — technological research and development that is intended to speed up technological advance still more. The moratorium would be a time for reevaluation of the R&D we are doing. Is it in the right direction? Is it guided toward giving life?

• It might mean providing for a periodic dissolution, divestment of ownership, or super-heavy taxation of the oldest and biggest concentrations of corporate wealth, the capital to be reinvested in worker — and community — controlled productive enterprises (co-ops, neighborhood businesses, etc.) rather than in the dole or welfare.

• It might mean providing for periodic communal celebrations of (say) a week's duration, where *all* commerce would stop and people within walking distance of each other would share food, stories, crafts, sports, dances, and songs — and would learn about democratically controlled, locally based economic groupings.

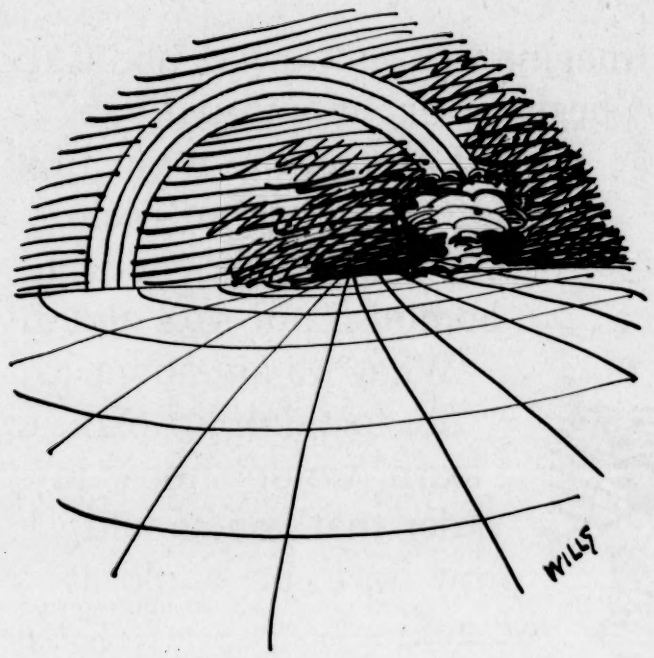
These may seem surprising responses to a question about religious communities and nuclear disarmament — since only one of them, the first, seems to have any direct implications for the world military systems. I think, however, that one aspect of a *religious* approach to the issue is to understand that the H-bomb arises from the context of an unbridled modern secularism — and to create a different context.

The second basic approach that a religious outlook would encourage is to remake the way we view and create "knowledge." In Hebrew, the word for "knowing" and the word for "making love" are the same: *yodaya*. In the year 1600, that was not a strange notion to speakers of English, and that is why the King James translation of the Bible could without embarrassment say that "Adam knew Eve, and she conceived." In the four centuries since then, however, our notion of "knowledge" has changed. In what modern university is the process of "knowing" like the process of making love — that is, passionate, caring, responsive, interrelational? If it were, could physicists have invented the H-bomb?

An "exercise" or a ceremony that the religious traditions might teach us to do: Imagine that in every laboratory or social-science seminar or class in business administration, as work is about to begin, a one-month-old baby is passed around the room from hand to hand, and each scientist, scholar, student, administrator says aloud: "What we are about to do, to think, to plan, to learn, we do simply in order that you should grow up to be as old as we are."

Would knowledge again become *yodaya*?

Finally, the religious traditions teach us to permeate all of life with conscious holiness. In our generation there is no aspect of life that is not affected by the possibility of world-wide nuclear holocaust. Our politics, our prosperity, our child-rearing, our games, our dreams are all affected by it. Therefore, we need to permeate our lives with our determination to choose life rather than holocaust. At every wedding, every birth, every Passover or Easter or Al-Idha, we need to



focus our attention on this danger, and on the possibilities that lie beyond it. For example, at such moments we could light a torch or a candle that has many wicks, and say aloud:

"I light this fire of warning. Warning that we might by fire turn all Earth, all life, to smoke and ashes. May this fire give not universal death but universal light, light to see beyond our wars and hatreds. Light to see the many different colors that make up the Rainbow of universal hope, universal peace."

All the religious traditions that stem from the Hebrew Bible see the Rainbow as the universal symbol of life emerging from disaster, hope emerging from fear and despair, renewal emerging from exhaustion. Everyone who has seen an H-bomb explode talks of the terrifying beauty that boils up in the mushroom cloud: the beauty of a thousand sparks of color. For in the H-bomb cloud are all the colors of the rainbow. The H-bomb *is* God's Rainbow — shattered. It is the task of all religious traditions to bring to full consciousness and full practice the knowledge, now buried in our species, that with all our colorful variety — *because* of it rather than in spite of it — we are one. We of the religious traditions have a technology of our own, a technology of breath and song and chant and dance, a technology which teaches that the body is the spirit. It is our task at this moment to be no longer embarrassed as we have been these 400 years, no longer ashamed as we have been of our own ineffectuality, no longer deferential before the technology of matter. It is our task now to teach the technology of spirit so as to save the planet, so as to make manifest the immanent God. ■

Keeping Track of the Arguments: Religion and Politics in Print

by Jay Kinney

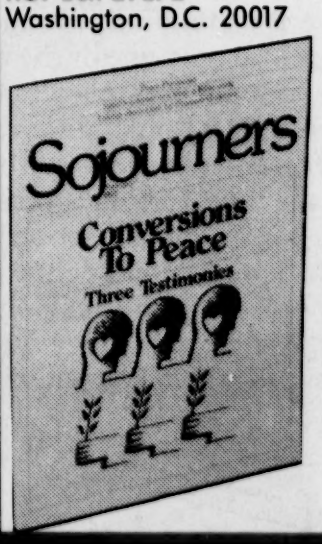
I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the idea that the best way to keep tabs on what's up in any field is to seek out its journals, magazines, and newsletters. Television may be good — especially for checking out the religious right, who utilize that medium above all others — but the real hashing out of ideas and strategies takes place in print, where both the writer and reader can pause to savor a comment or observation without losing the thread of a discussion.

Tracking the vagaries of religion's interplay with politics is made easy by the abundance of periodicals dealing with all aspects of the issue. But finding those periodicals is tough, because few of them ever make it to newsstands or bookstores, much less supermarkets. One magazine reviewed below, **Liberty**, published by the Seventh Day Adventist Church, has a circulation of 300,000 (!), but I'll lay odds you've never seen a copy. Other journals, like the lay Catholic **Commonweal**, are public-library staples. Most publications here survive because they serve specific religious audiences with political agendas. Investigating a cross-section of them gives a fascinating glimpse into the many facets of spiritual politics.

☆ ☆ ☆

One of the surprises about the recent growth of the U.S. peace movement has been the presence (and central organizing significance) of evangelical Christians — a category usually pigeonholed as diehard conservative. One of the most influential such groups has been the

Sojourners
Jim Wallis, Editor
$12/year (11 issues)
from:
Subscription Manager
Soujourners
P.O. Box 29272
Washington, D.C. 20017



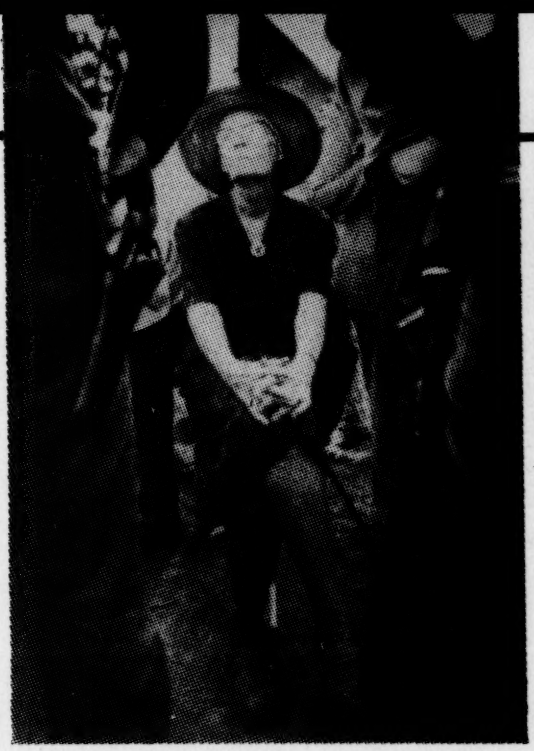
The Other Side
John Alexander and
Mark Olson, Editors
$16.75/year
(12 issues)
from:
Jubilee, Inc.
300 West Apsley Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144

Sojourners Fellowship, a Washington, D.C., religious community which is active in peace actions and publishes **Sojourners** magazine monthly. **Sojourners** started during the Vietnam War and the issue of peace has remained a main priority in the 13 years since. This is a handsome, intelligent journal whose recent special issues have focused on civil disobedience, Nicaragua, the Middle East and the Russians. It's important to note that **Sojourners** is decidedly ecumenical these days, with a multi-denominational pool of contributors, including Catholic liberation theologian Gustavo Gutierrez, Senator Mark Hatfield, writer Garry Wills, and Reverend William Stringfellow.

A few hours' drive away in Philadelphia is the office of **The Other Side**, another monthly which has developed out of similar evangelical roots and now addresses Christians of all varieties who are working on social-justice issues. **The Other Side** dates back to the Civil Rights movement and perhaps has a bit more range (though shorter length) to its articles than **Sojourners**. The difference between the two magazines seems more stylistic than anything else. Recent **TOS**'s have featured an outstanding comparison survey of 34 philanthropic organizations, an in-depth investigation of the controversial Wycliffe Bible Translators, and a look at how churches across the country have been offering refuge to illegal refugees fleeing repression in Central America. Both **The Other Side** and **Sojourners** run mail-order book services whose catalogs list hundreds of books exploring spiritual politics.

Also from Philadelphia comes **Menorah**, a bimonthly newsletter edited by Arthur Waskow (see page 43 in this issue). **Menorah** brings together a lively love of Judaism and a left political commitment in a simple 12-page format. The newsletter is also associated with Rainbow Sign, a group of peace activists at work in U.S. Jewish communities.

No aspect of Jewish political activity in recent decades has been more successful and less understood than Zionism. **Midstream**, a monthly Zionist journal published by the Theodor Herzl



Catholic Worker leader Dorothy Day engaging in civil disobedience.
—Sojourners

Foundation, is a good place to start figuring out Israel's role in Middle East politics. In comparison to neoconservative Jewish journals like **Commentary**, **Midstream** is not easily pegged on a left-right scale. It may have one article criticizing Marxism, another pleading for Israel to liberalize, and a third memorializing Kabbalist scholar Gershom Scholem. **Midstream**'s approach is serious and scholarly.

Equally serious, though hardly Zionist, is **Free Inquiry**, a three-year-old journal founded with the intention of championing "secular humanism" in the face of attacks from the religious right. Secular humanism, with its confidence in the unaided ability of humanity to transform the world for the better, is probably the reigning philosophy in most current intellectual circles, though it is not often consciously articulated. **Free Inquiry** makes the implicit explicit, with some pointed writing from the likes of Leslie Fiedler, Martin Gardner, and Sidney Hook. Of special note is the summer 1983 issue devoted to "Religion in American Politics," which has some strong articles exploring the history of Church-State separation.

Two other magazines make religious freedom their beat, the previously mentioned **Liberty** and the aptly titled **Church & State**. **Liberty** is the

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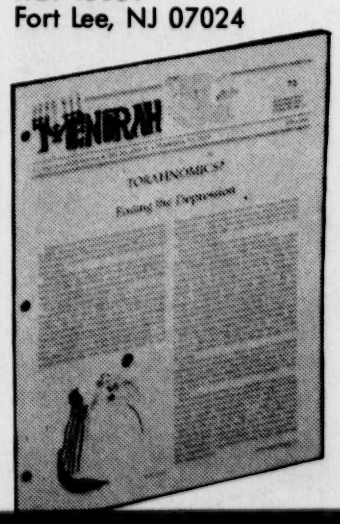
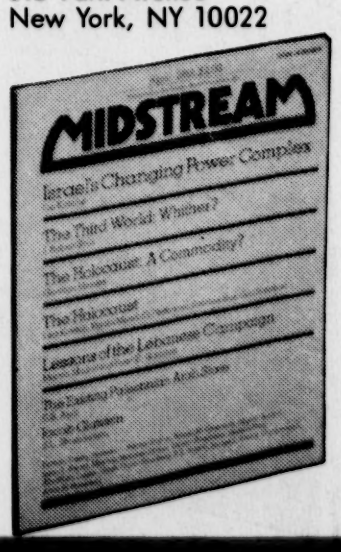
Menorah
(Sparks of Jewish Renewal)
Arthur Waskow, Editor
$24/year (12 issues)
from:
Menorah
P.O. 1308V
Fort Lee, NJ 07024

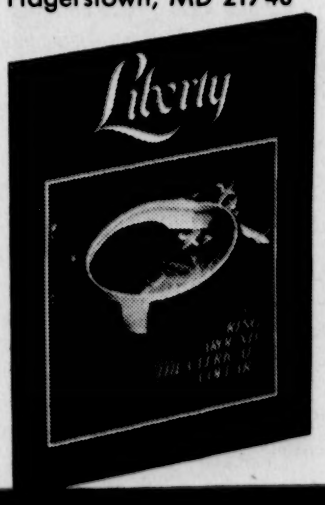


Midstream
Joel Carmichael, Editor
$15/year (10 issues)
from:
The Theodor Herzl Foundation
515 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10022



Free Inquiry
Paul Kurtz, Editor
$14/year (4 issues)
from:
Free Inquiry
Box 5
Central Park Station
Buffalo, NY 14215

Liberty
Roland R. Hegstad, Editor
$5.75/year (6 issues)
from:
Review and Herald Publishing Assn.
55 West Oak Ridge
Hagerstown, MD 21740



Moslems at prayer in Pakistan —*Arabia*

best-produced magazine in this survey: coated paper, color printing throughout, tasty and imaginative graphic design. Since unorthodox religious groups have often suffered the most from discrimination, it isn't too surprising that the Seventh Day Adventists have sponsored this journal, which defends all religions from State (or other) interference. The news coverage is international (blue laws in Canada, Catholic persecution in Lithuania), and first-person accounts alternate with more analytical pieces.

Church & State is a more modestly designed publication put out by Americans United for Separation of Church and State, a public-interest group concerned about you-know-what. With 24 pages monthly, **Church & State** provides the most complete news coverage of incidents of domestic religious/political controversy. If, for obvious reasons, **Liberty** tends to play up the interference of the State in religious life, **Church & State** has its own priorities, which tilt toward covering incidents of religions trying to influence government.

In many Islamic countries the belief is widespread that the more religious influence on government the better. **Arabia** is the best periodical I've discovered for familiarizing oneself with this worldview. A new mosque in Lisbon, Portugal; archeological finds in Syria; Islamic party feuds in Malaysia; Islamic banking in South Africa . . . there's plenty going on that you're unlikely to hear about from regular American news media. **Arabia** also has a series on basic concepts in Islam which is helpful for Western readers. Published by the Islamic Press Agency in England, **Arabia** is a straight news magazine in the **Time** and **Newsweek** mold — but with a difference!

Also originating abroad is **Latinamerica Press**, a weekly newsletter published in Lima, Peru. At a time when the U.S. government seems intent on pulling us ever deeper into civil conflicts in Latin America, **LP** is a valuable source of regional news with special coverage of church involvement and human rights, as well as translations of important documents. **LP** is funded by both Catholic and Protestant sources (including the U.S. National Council of Churches) and has an ecumenical staff of journalists and 30 correspondents. A Spanish-language edition, **Noticias Aliadas**, is also available.

Another resource for translations of documents and articles on religion and politics from around the world is the monthly **IDOC Bulletin** out of Rome, Italy. The International Documentation and Communication Center provides xeroxes (at 25¢/page, plus postage) of important articles and pamphlets from both left and right. IDOC sympathizes with ecumenism and left Christian activism, and some of its bibliographical summaries are ironic in tone (and fractured in English!).

Back in the U.S., the New York Circus, "a center for social justice and international awareness" that works with the Latino community in New York City, publishes **Lucha (Struggle)** bimonthly. Each issue, **Lucha** provides 40 pages of speech and article translations from sources like liberation theologians and "peoples' church" activists in Nicaragua and El Salvador, as well as factual and advocatory articles on economics and politics. This is the most revolutionary religious magazine in the survey and its tone reminds me of numerous left sectarian papers, i.e. a bit too strident and too uncritical of its own assumptions.

More to my liking is **Religious Socialism**, the quarterly newsletter of the Religion and Socialism

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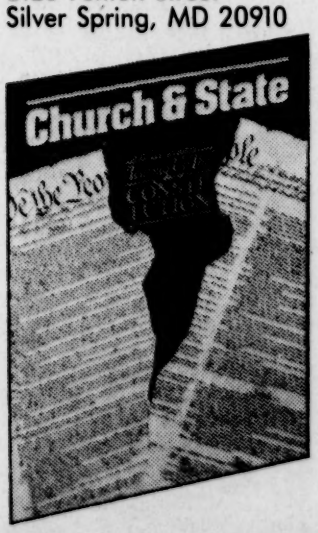
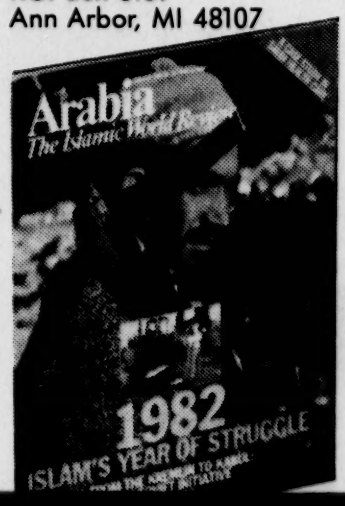
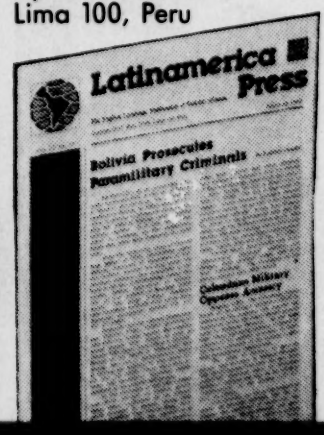
Church & State
Joseph L. Conn, Editor
$10/year (11 issues)
from:
Church & State
8120 Fenton Street
Silver Spring, MD 20910



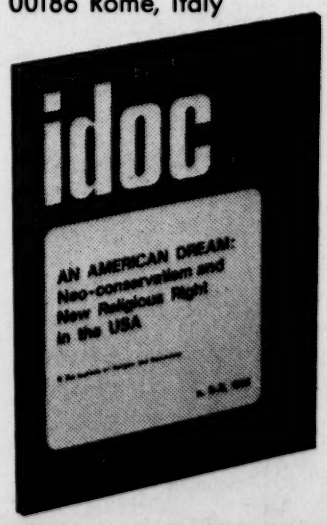
Arabia
(The Islamic World Review)
Fathi Osman, Editor
$25/year (12 issues)
from:
Islamic Press Agency
P.O. Box 8139
Ann Arbor, MI 48107

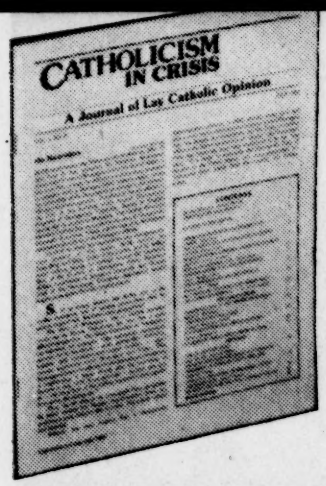


Latinamerica Press
Noticias Aliadas
(Spanish Language edition)
Each
$40/year (48 issues)
from:
Accounts Desk
Apartado 5594
Lima 100, Peru



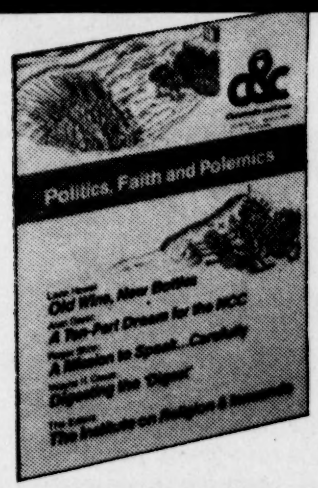
IDOC Bulletin
$15/year (12 issues)
from:
IDOC International
Via S. Maria
dell' Anima, 30
00186 Rome, Italy





Catholicism in Crisis

$20/year (12 issues)
from:
Catholicism in Crisis
Jacques Maritain Center
P.O. Box 491
Notre Dame, IN 46556



Christianity and Crisis
Wayne H. Cowan, Editor

$19.75/year
(26 issues)
from:
Christianity and Crisis
Subscription Dept.
P.O. Box 1308-C
Fort Lee, NJ 07024

Committee of the Democratic Socialists of America (DSA). DSA is the largest left group in the U.S. (over 6000 members) and, interestingly enough, its vice-chair is Rosemary Ruether, noted Catholic theologian. In **Religious Socialism** one can see a variety of religious radicals trying to work out their agreements (and debate their differences) in an informal 12-page format.

Coming into the home stretch, there are two conservative and two liberal magazines deserving mention. **Commonweal** is the distinguished biweekly lay Catholic "Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts," the oldest magazine in the survey, and the least specialized. Its cultural coverage is eclectic, its political commentary is liberal, and some issues its Catholicism is low-key indeed. I think of **Commonweal** as similar to **The Nation** but less predictable. (For the most complete coverage of Catholic news from a left-liberal perspective, see **The National Catholic Reporter**, reviewed in Summer '82 **CQ**.)

It's fitting, I suppose, that the new magazine surveyed here is a conservative mirror-image of **Commonweal** called **Catholicism in Crisis**. Michael Novak, a Catholic lay theologian who spent much of the sixties and seventies in the Catholic left, has shifted rightward in recent years, and was instrumental in **CiC**'s founding. The journal gives voice to those Catholics who agree with the Pope that the post-Vatican II experimentation has gone too far and are appalled by liberation theology and pacifism making inroads into the Church. **Catholicism in Crisis** is still in its infancy and plagued by slack editing, homely design and scrambled type-speccing.

Catholicism in Crisis shouldn't be (but inevitably will be) confused with **Christianity and Crisis**, a longtime ecumenical journal of similar format. **C&C** was founded in 1941 by liberal theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, and has long been in the thick of the controversies generated by the Christian "social gospel." When **60 Minutes** aired its program critical of the National and World Council of Churches funding programs last January, **C&C** devoted a whole issue to the controversy, both criticizing the critics and suggesting changes of its own for the NCC and WCC.

Finally, rounding things out is the **Moral Majority Report**, the monthly tabloid sent out to Moral Majority members. I was surprised to discover that the **Report**'s focus is almost entirely political, with nary a drop of theology or scripture-citing in its pages. Though there are articles like "Pastor Fights Porn, Homosexuality" or "Clergy Oppose Genetic Engineering," spiritual questions are hardly an issue here. Rather, one is presented with a clear-cut conservative morality which doesn't entertain bothersome ambivalences or ambiguities, and doesn't even explicitly refer to a religious rationale, at least in print.

Who'd have thought it? The political group with the biggest religious reputation downplays religion the most, while some of the most radical religious people can quote you letter and verse like a street-corner preacher. As usual the truth is stranger than fiction and some of it lurks in magazines. ■

(Thanks to Gilles Poitras, Graduate Theological Union Seminary Library, Berkeley, for his help on this survey. **Church & State** was suggested by Peter J. Sabatini, Jr.)

Lucha
(Struggle)
New York Circus

$10/year (6 issues)
from:
New York Circus
P.O. Box 37
Times Square Station
New York, NY 10108

Religious Socialism
Jim Cort, Editor

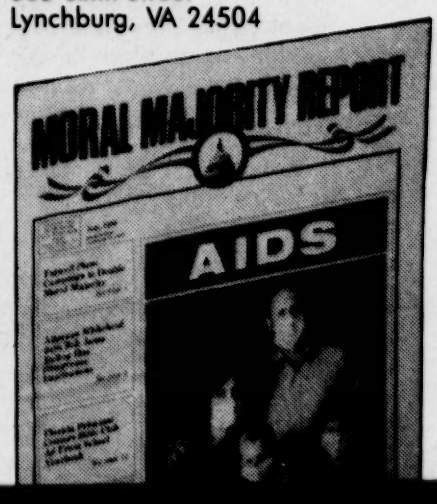
$3/year (4 issues)
from:
Religion and Socialism
Suite 801
853 Broadway
New York City, NY
10003

Commonweal
James E. O'Gara, Editor

$24/year (22 issues)
from:
Commonweal
232 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

Moral Majority Report
Harry M. Covert, Jr., Editor

free (bimonthly)
from:
Moral Majority
305 Sixth Street
Lynchburg, VA 24504



Buddhists Concerned for Animals

If you hang around Buddhists at all, by and by you hear yourself making an interesting pair of statements:

"Sentient beings are numberless."

"I vow to save them."

When I was about ten, I and some buddies were visiting a farm and found a big old rusty piece of farm equipment down by the frog pond. Soon the game was to capture frogs and feed them into a large pair of gears hind legs first. Halfway through, the frogs would open their mouths and burp out all their guts. I think the game was my idea. If I die Christian I expect to hear about the episode from Saint Peter. If I die Buddhist I expect to be reborn as a frog.

Meanwhile I'm especially interested in perceptive new Buddhist attention being paid to the torture of animals. The Brits have long been exemplary in animal protection. In this country the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has prevented a lot of cruelty, but they still are treated as a fringe group — powerful, but with less power, and no more moral authority than, say, the National Rifle Association. Let there be more voices, more organizations, on the case. This one is just starting, is working to toughen the "standards" of legal animal care, to educate actively, to put out a sharp little newsletter, to sell books, to investigate and sue, and to organize. All breathers welcome. —*Stewart Brand*

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In the U.S. alone *70 million* animals are burned, blinded, crushed, driven insane, electrocuted, irradiated, poisoned, suffocated, and dismembered in laboratories each year. Two-thirds of these unfortunate beings (dogs, cats, rodents, monkeys, birds, and others) die in grisly toxicity tests of commercial chemical products. These items include cosmetics, household cleaning products, automotive fluids, food additives, and paint removers.

•

The Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute (AFRRI) in Bethesda, Maryland, specializes in high-dosage radiation studies. Here again, the point of the experiments is the death-watch, so no therapy is ever attempted. Monkeys are put in a treadwheel, able to avoid shock only by running. Once a monkey has "learned" to run for several hours (ten minutes running, five minutes rest), he is irradiated and put back in the wheel to run his way into eternity.

A watching psychologist counts the number and duration of each monkey's "incapacitations" (periods when the hapless monkey crumples into a vomiting mass on the treadwheel floor, accepting repeated shocks rather than trying to continue running for his human masters).

Buddhists Concerned for Animals
Membership **$5**
(includes quarterly newsletter)
Information
free from:
Buddhists Concerned for Animals
300 Page Street
San Francisco, CA
94102

This monkey receives electric shock at regular intervals. Monkeys can be kept in these "restraining chairs" for over a year.

The Miracle of Mindfulness!

There are many clever teachers who instruct with words. Only a few teach with their body, breath and life. In this small book, Thich Nhat Hanh is limited to words. But they are backed by a lifetime of intense practice. During the Vietnam War, he formed a cadre of followers under a Buddhist sect that was an amalgam of Mahayana and Theravadan traditions, the first of its kind. Members would minister to the wounded between enemy lines, often shot at by both sides. He lost friends, students and relatives, witnessed the basest cruelties, torture and pillage. The war was his test of "mindfulness" — his life, utterly devoted to the cause of peace, the result. He is a gifted poet, and would tell the reader that this is a weak translation, "christianized" in its use of language to make it more acceptable. The translator needn't worry. The book is universal, useful for anyone, anywhere. Simple, practical, direct. It offers specific examples and practices toward becoming aware. Thich Nhat Hanh is a Zen Master, head of the Buddhist Peace Delegation to Paris during the Vietnam War, and a monk. His book is not about passivity. He opposed the Americans, the Communists, and finally the pirates preying on boat people. This is his manual. —*Paul Hawken*
[Suggested by Mark Zimmermann & Paulette Dickerson]

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Eating a tangerine

I remember a number of years ago, when Jim and I were first traveling together in the United States, we sat under a tree and shared a tangerine. He began to talk about what we would be doing in the future. Whenever we thought about a project that seemed attractive or inspiring, Jim became so immersed in it that he literally forgot about what he was doing in the present. He popped a section of tangerine in his mouth and, before he had begun chewing it, had another slice ready to pop into his mouth again. He was hardly aware he was eating a tangerine. All I had to say was, "You ought to eat the tangerine section you've already taken." Jim was startled into realizing what he was doing.

It was as if he hadn't been eating the tangerine at all. If he had been eating anything, he was "eating" his future plans.

A tangerine has sections. If you can eat just one section, you can probably eat the entire tangerine. But if you can't eat a single section, you cannot eat the tangerine. Jim understood. He slowly put his hand down and focused on the presence of the slice already in his mouth. He chewed it thoughtfully before reaching down and taking another section.

Later, when Jim went to prison for activities against the war, I was worried about whether he could endure the four walls of prison and sent him a very short letter: "Do you remember the tangerine we shared when we were together? Your being there is like the tangerine. Eat it and be one with it. Tomorrow it will be no more."

The Miracle of Mindfulness!
(A Manual on Meditation)
Thich Nhat Hanh
1976; 108 pp.
$5.95
postpaid from:
Beacon Press
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108

Breakthrough

At first glance Meister Eckhart, the great Dominican mystic of the thirteenth century, seems an unlikely resource for anyone immersed in current struggles for social justice. The sermons of Eckhart which have survived the centuries are absolutely giddy with a sense of unity with the divine; moreover, it's a contagious giddiness that can leave the reader swooning. But behind that ecstasy was a disciplined mind which had some important points to make.

With these new translations of 37 sermons and accompanying commentaries, Dominican author Matthew Fox does a yeoman's job of making Eckhart accessible. Fox makes clear Eckhart's love for the world and shows how it culminates in a compassionate concern for justice. This is a polemical reading of Eckhart to be sure — Nazi ideologue Alfred Rosenberg liked to cite Eckhart in support of wholly different notions — but one that seems both fair and true to Eckhart's own intentions.

Meister Eckhart was branded a heretic by his own church shortly after he died and slipped into historical obscurity until fairly recently. This book is a significant attempt to reclaim him for our own time. —Jay Kinney

•

The just person does not seek anything with his work, for every single person who seeks anything or even something with his or her works is working for a why and is a servant and a mercenary. Therefore, if you wish to be conformed and transformed into justice, do not intend anything in your work and strive for no why, either in time or in eternity. Do not aim at reward or blessedness, neither this nor that. For such works are truly fully dead. Indeed, I say that even if you take God as your goal, all such works which you do with this intention are dead and you will spoil good works.

—Meister Eckhart

•

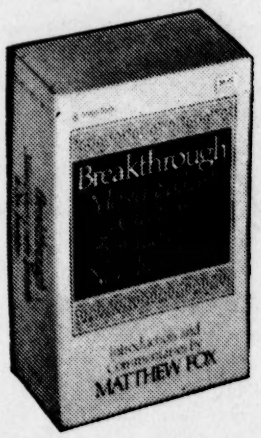
Eckhart defines justice as "a certain rightness whereby every person receives his or her due." We do the work of justice when we bring about this "certain rightness" among persons. Indeed, it is our just works that make us live. "For the just person as such to act justly is to live; indeed, justice is his life, his being alive, his being, insofar as he is just." Like life itself, justice is its own reward. "The just person lives and works without reason of gain. As much as life has the reason for living in itself, in that same way the just person knows no other reason for being just." Justice is the reason for justice. Just work is the reason for work.

To work without a why is to work from one's inner self. Therefore Eckhart advises the person interested in good work to *enter into your own ground and work there, and these works which you work there will all be living.* Living works come from where life is: from our inner core where no why or wherefore enters, where all is one.

•

The distinction between God and Godhead is an effort at the *via negativa*, the God beyond God. The Godhead tradition is an effort to restore the transcendence of the name God to an ineffable Deity. It is also noteworthy that the "Godhead" is feminine gender in both languages in which Eckhart thought. In German it is *Gottheit* and in Latin, *Deitas*. At the same time, the word for "God" is masculine in both languages (*Gott* and *Deus*, respectively). Thus "Godhead" is also an effort to undo an overly masculine gender that a culture and its language have projected onto God — an effort to go beyond the all-male God.

Breakthrough
(Meister Eckhart's Creation Spirituality in New Translation)
Matthew Fox, Editor
1980; 579 pp.
$8.95
postpaid from:
Doubleday and Company
501 Franklin Avenue
Garden City, NY 11530



Blessed Simplicity

Raimundo Panikkar is considered by many (inside and outside traditional religious communities) to be the successor to Thomas Merton. Panikkar's is probably the clearest voice calling for dialogue and cross-fertilization both between the world's religions and between the sacred and the secular (politics, science, ecology, etc.). Lots of people these days talk about pluralism . . . Raimundo Panikkar embodies it. He is a Catholic-Hindu-Buddhist with European Ph.D.s in the sciences, philosophy and theology, whose previous books have included ***The Unknown Christ of Hinduism*** *and* ***The Intra-Religious Dialogue****.* ***Blessed Simplicity*** *is a transcription of the 1980 symposium "The Monk as Universal Archetype" at Holyoke, Massachusetts, and includes discussions between Panikkar and other participants, including Paolo Soleri and M. Basil Pennington. In it Panikkar describes "the new monk" and outlines monasticism's ongoing transformation as it confronts the modern world. —Scott Eastham and Jay Kinney*

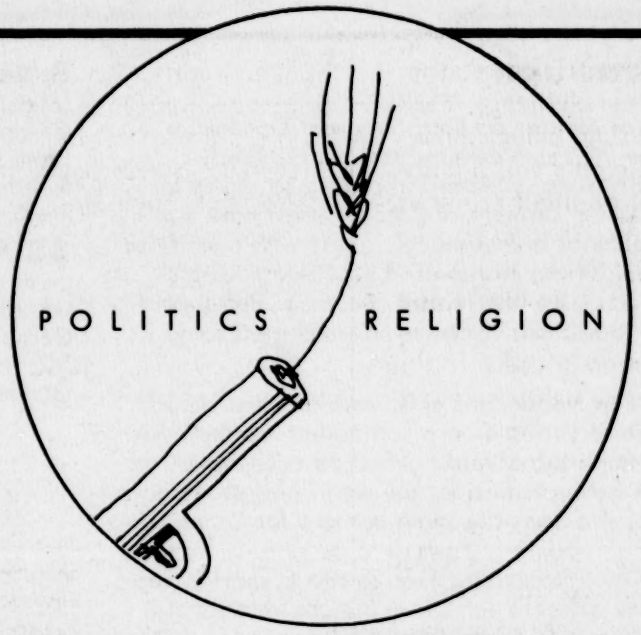
•

Let me make a general statement: *Thinking leads to intellection.* And that is one approach — you think of something, and then finally you may understand. Contrariwise, *contemplation leads to action.* If I think that so many people are dying of hunger, or whatever, I may finally find the causes and the whys and wherefors, and I may be able to explain why this whole thing has happened. But if I contemplate the very same case, I cannot leave it at that. I will have to do something. I will have to dirty my hands or plunge into action. The real criterion of true contemplation is that it leads to action, even if that action consists only in transforming one's own life and immediate environment. If this is the case, the monk has the strictest moral obligation — to denounce, to cry out, to speak, and to act. And this action ought not to be just a reaction — like throwing a bomb, or writing a letter to the editor — but something more effective. Contemplation is a dangerous activity.

Blessed Simplicity
(The Monk as Universal Archetype)
Raimundo Panikkar
1982; 202 pp.
$17.95
postpaid from:
The Seabury Press
815 Second Avenue
New York, NY 10017
or Whole Earth Bookstore

OUTRO

by Jay Kinney



DAVID WILLS

I'm sure this has happened to you: You'll be writing or talking to someone, and you'll use a word several times in the course of a few sentences. With each repetition the word becomes more and more meaningless until you find yourself uttering it as if it were a strange word in a foreign language.

I'm writing this on the last few days of **CQ** production, after having gathered, pruned, massaged, and sweated over the preceding material for a good six months. At some point, early on, the words *religion* and *politics* started inexorably turning into Swahili, and it's only been through a multi-phasic program of homeopathic remedies, rigorous volleyball, prayer, and sheer editorial necessity that I've managed to keep them associated in my mind, with the barest shred of meaning.

A week ago, a xerox of a page out of some newsletter appeared on the wall of the **CQ** communal washroom. At the top was the sentence, "I'll be a lot more spiritual **AS SOON AS** . . . ." On the page below was peppered every excuse under the sun ("As soon as I get a car," "As soon as I get laid," "As soon as the kids grow up"). I immediately added "As soon as I finish editing this special section" to the list, and returned to my desk. Since then I've been thinking of other excuses that should make the list: "As soon as we finish this Holy War," "As soon as I kill this heretic/pagan/infidel," "As soon as we turn the tables on our oppressors and get to push them around for a few decades," etc., etc.

While the contributors we've heard from here have all managed to balance their religious and political concerns in a benign and thoughtful fashion, the question remains — what about the innumerable instances in the news which seem to be anything but benign? Are there common elements that recur? In the intro I mentioned the notion of one true belief or philosophy as a culprit. But there's more.

Take the example of repeated words rendered meaningless. In most religions there is an ethical core from which right actions proceed (and are judged). Residing at this core is the religion's Spirit, which by its very nature invariably overflows the definitions and boundaries we put on it. If those core ethics can be called "the law," (and my anarchist friends will have to bear with me here) we can begin to see the crucial difference between "the letter of the law and the spirit of the law." In a sense, a word which is repeated into nonsense has lost its spirit (its meaning), and we are left with only its letter(s). Similarly, I've a hunch that the first casualty in conflicts where both sides invoke religious sanction is the Spirit, which is soon forgotten in the shuffle.

The same thing seems to occur with political theories. What begins as a vital idea, (hopefully) grounded in practical experience, is rendered into an ideology which sooner or later embalms its original spark. Susan Griffin described this process wonderfully in "The Way of All Ideology" in **Evolutionary Blues Vol. 2** ($6 postpaid from P.O. Box 40187, San Francisco, CA 94140):

> When a theory is transformed into an ideology, it begins to destroy the self and self-knowledge. Originally born of feeling, it pretends to float above and around feeling. Above sensation. It organizes experience according to itself, without touching experience. By virtue of being itself, it is supposed to know. To invoke the name of this ideology is to confer truthfulness. No one can tell it anything new. Experience ceases to surprise it, inform it, transform it. It is annoyed by any detail which does not fit into its world view. Begun as a cry against the denial of truth, now it denies any truth which does not fit into its scheme. Begun as a way to restore one's sense of reality, now it attempts to discipline real people, to remake natural beings after its own image. All that it fails to explain it records as dangerous. All that makes it question, it regards as its enemy. Begun as a theory of liberation, it is threatened by new theories of liberation; slowly, it builds a prison for the mind.

I fear that this process has overtaken most of the politics of both left and right. And more often than not the religion that is wedded to ideological politics is of the dogmatic "letter of the law" variety. It's not surprising when stubborn confusion and strife result.

Yet these are the risks of striving for wholeness, and just because most efforts sorely miss

the mark is insufficient reason to abandon the challenge. Perhaps for the time being, most successful attempts will mainly be individual or small group victories: syntheses that work because their vitality still resides in the heart. It's the heart (not the body or the mind) that has room for paradox, and effecting a working relationship between the spiritual and political is nothing if not paradoxical.

Politics by its very nature deals in contradiction: the battle between us and them, oppressed and oppressor, left and right. Spiritual consciousness asserts that the underlying reality is one of the unity of all life. Both seem true, but to reside in either realm while excluding the other is to take a half-truth for the whole.

In meditation and/or prayer that which is impossible in the "outer world" happens: Contradictions are suspended for awhile, which has a profound healing and centering effect on our mind and soul. Perhaps a simple practice such as this is one approach to synthesis, as it allows us to dance with the dogmas, not be trampled by them. For this is the paradox at hand: We exist amidst a universe of eternal contradictions — yet the resolution of all contradictions coexists and is perceivable at all times as well. That's a tough one to build a political platform around, and tougher still to keep in mind while undergoing interrogation at the hands of a Salvadoran death squad. Maybe as paradoxes go it's not the light at the end of the tunnel — rather, it's the tunnel you enter into at the start of the journey. ■

NEXT?

The Politics OF Religion

by Stewart Brand

This is an invitation for letters and articles to publish in CQ.

The reason that political relations within religious groups are so often warped is that there is not supposed to BE a politics of religion. The aspiration of the group, the practice of the students, the wisdom of the leaders are supposed to be above such preoccupations of a dualistic world.

Many of us, many of our friends, have joined the followings of worthy spiritual teachers in recent years. Good teachers, good teachings, but something going sour made us wander out as uncertainly as we wandered in. The sourness was undefinable, so we doubted ourselves. Maybe we just weren't practicing sincerely enough.

What if we were fine, and the teacher was fine, and the teaching was fine, it was the system that was fucked?

Imagine yourself the founder or head of a religious group. You know you've got hold of a wonderful piece of truth (and you do). Others are working with you to live this truth. To use your role as teacher to lever them into difficult new behavior whose value will be apparent to them only later, you encourage them to respect and obey you. It is, after all, the truth which they are learning to respect and obey. You are incidental. You remind them of this, and they love your modesty. Inwardly, and sometimes outwardly, you laugh when followers refer to you as "O Revered Master," and they laugh with you.

The truth is not easy to live. You set harsh rules, and the group grows and learns and prospers under them. Because you are the rule setter, you have a different relation to the rules, so you follow them in a different way. Everybody understands this. Probably it is the rules about money and sex which you follow differently, as well as some of the esoteric niceties.

How, under this system, will you know when you've gone too far? Know in a way that you have to respond to, cannot silence by shame or command.

Americans take checks and balances for granted, because our Constitution built them into the government. Built them in along with complete, and correct, separation of Church and State. That separation is mutual. The spiritual leaders render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's — namely government. (Actually they don't. Most seek and get, by denying, great worldly power.) Checks and balances (executive, legislative, and judicial branches distrusting and offsetting each other) are based on suspicion. Suspicion is exactly what a religious group must not encourage — internally.

I doubt if there is a solution to that one outside of serious case study. **CQ** is seeking reports on real life and real politics within religious groups. Not the official version, but how it actually works and actually feels. Good stuff and bad stuff all mixed up, but seen clearly. It's got to be specific to get beyond cheap generalizations such as I've indulged here. Specifics, THEN analysis, if you want. There's a sourness maybe growing at Stephen Gaskin's Farm; what's going on there lately? The Quakers seem to have successfully designed around leadership pathologies; how do they do that (and do they)? What is the structure and function (or dysfunction) of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh's 27 Rolls Royces?

Honest insider accounts, in public, are a nuisance no doubt to holy practitioners. What if, without such accounts, any spiritual practice is bound to decay? ■

The Joy of Arms Control

by Evan Eisenberg

Cartoons by Jack Ziegler

AS A SUPERPOWER you will find it necessary, in the interest of public relations, to engage in disarmament talks. It may seem an odd idea — after going to so much trouble to acquire your nuclear arsenal, why on earth would you want to give any of it up? You wouldn't, of course, and that is why, instead of the term *disarmament*, you will use the term *arms control*.

Since 1945, American and Soviet diplomats have met over 6000 times to talk about arms control and disarmament. Their skill has been such that, apart from some unreliable relics, not a single nuclear weapon has ever had to be dismantled. More important, these negotiations have never stopped any really promising new weapon from being produced. Though this track record was achieved by seasoned professional negotiators, you can match it by following a few simple rules.

● **Negotiate from strength.**

Your first task is to prove to the enemy that you don't really need arms control, whereas he desperately does. He will try to prove the reverse to you. Each of you will therefore work very hard, as negotiations proceed, to produce the most menacing weapons imaginable.

Naturally, you will want to convince him that your purse strings can stand this tug of war better than his. President Reagan has said of the Soviets, "They know that if we turned our full industrial might into an arms race, they cannot keep pace with us. Why haven't we played that card?" At present the U.S. has fewer than 30,000 nuclear weapons — a sum that could be doubled in a matter of months if American industrial might were not being squandered on cars, televisions, and vaccines.

● **Build lots of weapons you don't need, so you can (theoretically) bargain them away.**

These weapons, better known as *bargaining chips*, are supposed to be traded for concessions from the other side. In practice, it is often difficult to take so dispassionate a view: once in production, these abstract chips become real live weapons with their own nicknames, quirks, and arcane destructive powers, and it is very hard to part with them. Cruise missiles, for example, were adopted by Henry Kissinger as bargaining chips for the SALT II talks. "Henry sold Cruise missiles to the Pentagon," a former colleague has said, "and then he couldn't buy them back." As the game wears on, then, you will find your bargaining chips transformed into non-negotiable *building blocks* of your arsenal — and, in due time, of the other side's arsenal as well.

To refine our rule, we can say that successful arms control requires the buildup of two kinds of arms: (a) those which are useless for defense but useful for frightening your opponent, and (b) those which are useless for

Chapter Four from "The Joy of Nuclear War," a sardonic and entirely factual unpublished text that has wowed some 30 publishers, none of whom have been willing to print it so far. Evan Eisenberg is an essayist and music critic completing a book on the aesthetics of recorded music for McGraw-Hill. Jack Ziegler normally cartoons for the New Yorker; his "Valley Executives" drawing ("Gentlemen, I'm afraid our current financial picture is grody to the max") was posted on office bulletin boards everywhere. Ours too. —*Art Kleiner*

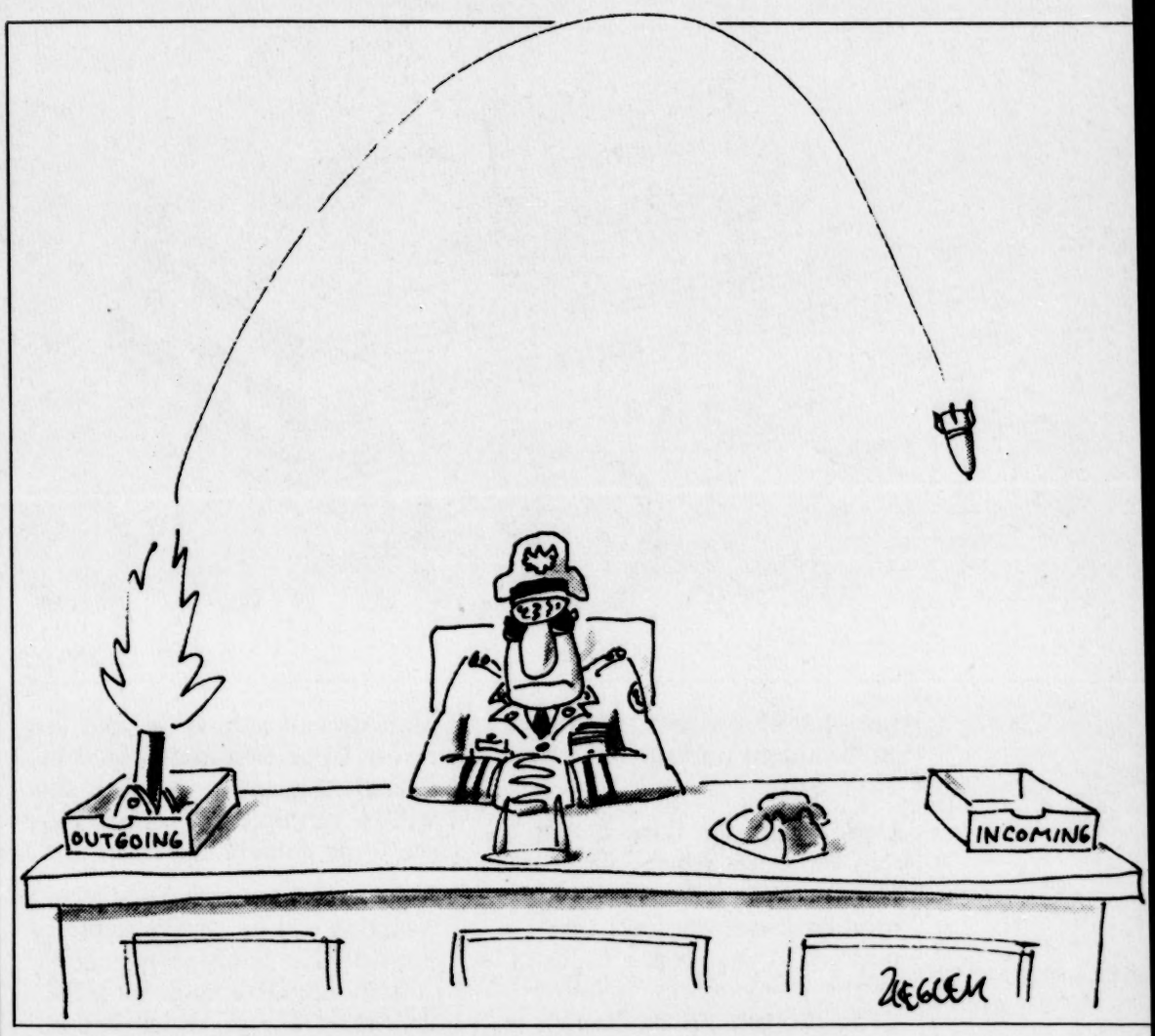
any purpose whatsoever. It is important that only those which are completely useless be given up at the bargaining table. The rule, says MIT physicist Bernard Feld, is that "only those weapons or activities can be eliminated or banned that are of *no* interest to any substantial fraction of the military in the United States or the Soviet Union." Thus, the ABM Treaty became possible when scientists on both sides gave up on the ABM, and the Threshold Test Ban's threshold — 150 kilotons, or about 12 Hiroshimas — was set, in the words of defense consultant Joel Wit, "not to conform with U.S. seismic monitoring capabilities but rather to allow completion of ongoing weapons programs."

Thus, the negotiating process may be compared to a game of strip poker in which the players remove only the occasional collar pin or sleeve garter but, just to be on the safe side, keep putting on more clothes. There is discomfort, there is some danger of suffocation, but no one will be caught with his pants down.

Clearly General Edward Rowny was being a bit coy when he said in 1980 that "we have put too much emphasis on the *control* of arms and too little on the *provision* of arms." Arms control and the arms race go hand in hand; President Reagan showed that he understood this when he made General Rowny his chief arms-control negotiator.

● Propose only those measures which you are certain your opponent will not accept.

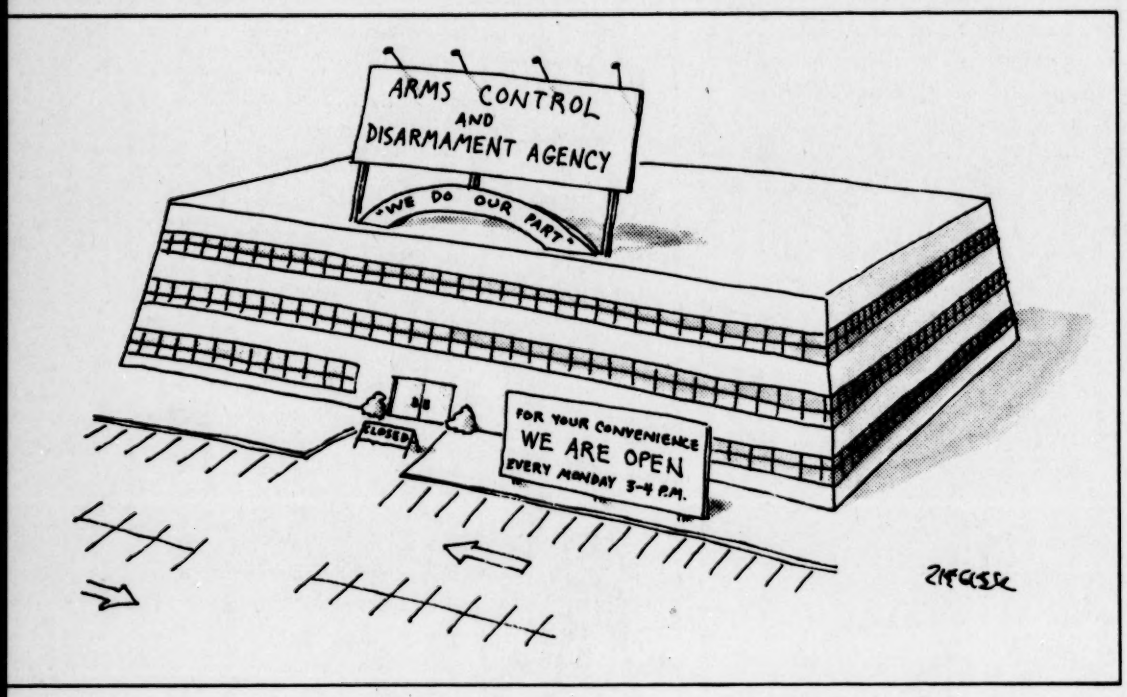
This way, you can make proposals with fairly sensational P.R. value and never have to worry about carrying them out. Now you may say, "Surely the public would see through the bluff." Not so; it has been the standard practice of both superpowers for 30 years, and no one has been the wiser. In fact, it is official U.S. policy to this day. NSC 68, a 1950 National Security Council policy memo only recently declassified, puts it delicately: "It is still argued by many people here and abroad



that equitable agreements with the Soviet Union are possible, and this view will gain force if the Soviet Union begins to show signs of accommodation. . . . The free countries must always, therefore, be prepared to negotiate." But negotiation "is not a possible separate course of action but rather a means of gaining support for a program of building strength. . . . If, contrary to our expectations, the Soviet Union should accept agreements promising effective control of atomic energy and conventional armaments, without any other changes in Soviet policies, we would have to consider very carefully whether we could accept such agreements."

NSC 68 was drafted by Paul Nitze, now senior U.S. negotiator at the Theater Nuclear Force talks in Geneva. His colleague, General Rowny, hinted at this same principle in October 1981: "In the interest of getting some ground-launched cruise missiles and some Pershing IIs into Europe, this Administration agreed to a two-track approach" — that is, negotiating while preparing to deploy. And Mr. Reagan's recent nominee for director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Kenneth Adelman, said in an interview two years ago that he considered arms negotiations "a sham" and added, "My policy would be to do it for political reasons."

The Soviets have not made public their own version of NSC 68, but its existence is not difficult to deduce. In fact, it is a nice question which side can claim credit for inventing the technique. In 1946, when the Socialist Bomb was just a gleam in Stalin's eye, the West proposed a plan for United Nations control of the atom devised in part by J. Robert Oppenheimer — the Father of the Bomb, who unnaturally disowned it. The plan was generous and thorough and threatened to end the nuclear arms race while most of the runners were still in the crouch. But Bernard Baruch, a great pioneer of nuclear diplomacy, managed to present the plan in a way that stressed those elements most odious to the Soviets: the lack of a big-power veto, the abrogation of



national sovereignty, the threat of "condign punishment" for violators.

Denouncing the Baruch Plan as "an elaborate scheme for making . . . the United States monopolistic combines the masters of the atomic industry of the whole world," Andrei Gromyko one-upped Baruch by proposing, to great fanfares of propaganda, a much more spectacular nonstarter. This was a plan to "Ban the Bomb" that lacked even the semblance of verification — that would have amounted, in effect, to unilateral and unconditional disarmament by the U.S. The UN disarmament committee soon spluttered to a halt, and the arms race was off and running.

In 1955 — the Soviets now had the Bomb — the West made a more moderate proposal and, after a long spell of immobility, Mr. Krushchev amazed everyone by accepting it. Untutored in the science of arms control, the new premier threatened to destroy in moments an impasse that had taken years to build. In the nick of time, the U.S. restored stability by withdrawing its own proposal — in accordance with the last sentence quoted above from NSC 68, which we might simplify as follows:

- **If your opponent accepts a proposal you were sure he wouldn't, withdraw it.**

Note, however, that the about-face is rarely a dignified maneuver: it should be your last resort. Your first aim should be to make plausible proposals that will be certain of rejection. Here are some guidelines.

A ban on a given class of weapons will be unacceptable to the side that is ahead in that department. Example: In 1978 the Soviet Union, which had an early lead in antisatellite weapons, rebuffed U.S. suggestions of a ban. Now that Yankee microcircuitry is turning the tables, the Russians are suddenly eager for a ban and America has as suddenly lost interest.

A freeze on a class of weapons will be unacceptable to the side that is behind — or rather, to the side that is about to leapfrog ahead. In 1979, taking a breather after a major modernization of the U.S. arsenal (*modernization* is the technical term for an escalation of the arms race), President Carter bounced off Chairman Brezhnev the notion of a nuclear freeze. But the Soviets were busy deploying some new weapons of their own — the Backfire, the SS-20, the improved SS-18 and SS-19 — and so were cool to the idea. Now, having completed their modernization, the Soviets want a freeze; the Reagan Administration, which is working on some dandy new weapons just now — the Cruise, the Pershing II, the MX, the B-1B, the Stealth — condemns the freeze as a Communist fraud. (The American *people*, however, are in favor of a freeze, which shows you what they know about the rules of the game.)

Limitation or reduction of a class of weapons is the safest bet of all, since it is generally unacceptable to both sides. The classic example here concerns Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicles. When SALT I got underway in 1969-70, the U.S. was five years ahead of the U.S.S.R. in MIRV technology and had no desire to slow down. The Russians, for their part, wanted to test their own MIRVs before talking. By the time of the SALT II agreement it was too late to keep the MIRV limit low. As a result, strategic menus in Moscow and Washington may soon make the tantalizing first-strike option so cheap that someone actually orders it.

With the above guidelines in mind it should be easy to generate, for any given strategic situation, any number of arms-control proposals that will be unacceptable to one side, the other side, or both.

- **Be picky about verification.**

If your opponent insists on stringent procedures for checking whether anyone is cheating on the agreement, accuse him of seeking a license for espionage. If, on the other hand, he objects to strict verification, accuse him of having — or planning to have — something to hide.

Here, once again, much can be learned from the pros. In the salad days of the arms race, many hours were whiled away as Russian negotiators toasted *periodic* inspection and Americans stood up for *continuous* inspection. More recently, a useful distinction has been that between *national technical means* and *on-site inspection*: The Soviets have claimed that the superpowers' spy satellites, which can take down the license plate number of a terrestrial car, are enough to detect any monkey business. The Americans, mindful that mobile SS-20s (like KGB staff cars) don't have license plates, have made a case for the unaided human eye deployed at point-blank range.

Another nice thing about the verification requirement is that it is directly at odds with survivability (the capacity of your forces to survive a first strike by the enemy). A shell game like Mr. Carter's race-track plan for the MX may disguise not only the location of your missiles, but also their number. And the Cruise missile, which many amateur arms-control fans have applauded, is small and mobile enough to elude the canniest inspector. Thus technology, by devising sneaky, accurate counterforce weapons, and even sneakier counterforce weapons to counter them, comes to the aid of the beleaguered negotiator.

Even without these complications, the bare bones of the verification problem should suffice to block most agreements. Where national security is at stake, trust — of one's countrymen, never mind the enemy — is treason. The Russians, being atheists, will (as Mr. Reagan reminds us) cheat, lie, and commit any crime to achieve their objective. The Americans, being Christians, follow the Jesuit principle that the end justifies the means. It's true that the Soviets, like the Americans, have an excellent record of keeping to the letter of their arms agreements; this shows how clever they are at finding loopholes and evading detection. Thus, opponents of the unratified Threshold Test Ban Treaty, finding no clear evidence that any Soviet test has exceeded the 150-kiloton limit, conclude that U.S. seismic monitoring techniques are inadequate and the treaty should be abandoned.

(A simple modified elephant joke may help the beginner grasp this logic: *Have you ever seen a bear hiding behind a scrap of paper?* No. *They hide well, don't they?)*

Above all, remember that a verification must not simply be good enough to *deter* cheating. It must be able to *detect every single instance of cheating.* If the technology to do the former, fairly unobtrusively, already exists, the technology to do the latter never will. Paul Ehrlich, the biologist, has written: "At present the risks of a thermonuclear arms race are considered by most Americans as ones that must be accepted . . . . In contrast, no risks are considered acceptable in the direction of disarmament — only a completely fail-safe system will do."

This fearful asymmetry plays right into your hands. It is simple prudence: One does not jump from a burning building without first determining the tensile properties of the firemen's net.

● **Insist on linkage.**

Suppose you and your neighbor are chatting by the garden fence, and suppose you are pointing loaded pistols at each other. He suggests that the two of you try to arrive at an agreement for putting down your guns. You reply that you will be happy to discuss the matter as soon as he agrees to paint his house, keep his dog off your lawn, and stop beating his wife. This is linkage.

Since it would seem to be in both your interests to discuss disarmament, your neighbor might find your demands impertinent. Your job is to convince him that disarmament is more in his interest than in yours. You might argue, for example, that as your pistol is a .45 and his only a .38, you can blow out some 20 percent more of his brain than he can of yours. If he remains unconvinced, you might pull out a still larger gun (see rule **Negotiate from strength**).

Linkage — a linchpin of U.S. strategy long before Dr. Kissinger popularized the word — has done much to keep the arms race from getting bogged down in a morass of pacts and conventions. In 1980, for example, the U.S. punished Soviet intervention in Afghanistan by indefinitely tabling SALT II, which had been on the negotiating table for eight years. The moral was clear: No power which indulges in aggression shall be allowed to curtail its military buildup.

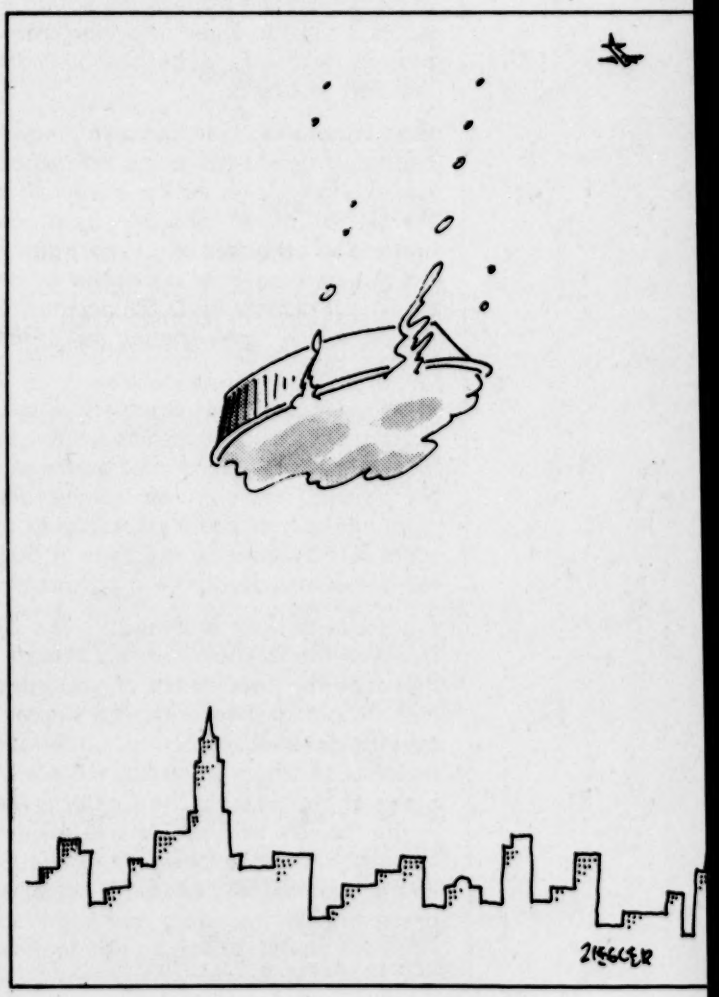
Interestingly, linkage need not be used only on the enemy. The U.S. Senate (according to Herbert Scoville, a former senior official of the CIA) once used it on President Carter: in 1979, a number of senators intimated that they would not support SALT II unless the Administration went ahead with the MX. More recently, Mr. Reagan has attempted to use linkage on Congress, suggesting in a letter to Representative Jack Kemp that he might suspend the Geneva arms talks unless Congress went ahead with the MX.

In the unlikely event that the above rules are not enough to ensure you against having to throw out a perfectly good weapon — or a blueprint for one — there is always this last, foolproof rule:

● **Insist on superiority.**

Do not, however, use this word, which is frowned upon in diplomatic circles. The preferred term is *parity*.

You may at first find it difficult to interchange two words that do not, in ordinary use, mean the same thing. But even Mr. Reagan, who made military superiority over the Soviets a plank of the Republican platform in 1980, has now learned



to speak of parity as his goal. Of course, this has forced him to claim, in defense of his $1.5 trillion arms buildup, that the U.S.S.R. now has "a definite margin of superiority" — a claim that has drawn a great chorus of throat-clearing from his military experts.

The smoke screen is an important item in any superpower arsenal, and the Reagan Administration has made good use of such terms as "window of vulnerability," "margin of safety," and "assured second-strike countersilo capability." Only occasionally have spokesmen lapsed into clarity — as when Eugene Rostow, at his confirmation hearing for the directorship of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, noted that "we had a good second-strike capacity in 1962, with an entirely different arsenal, at the time of the Cuban missile crisis." (What the U.S. had in 1962, of course, was an overwhelming first-strike capacity, with which it could unnerve the Soviets in times of tension.) Mr. Rostow's habit of clarity got him sacked two years later when — despite his hard line — it threatened to produce progress at Geneva. *Nota bene*.

The Russians, lacking the handicap of a free society (their military is so secretive that NATO has to name their weapons, and arms talks are sometimes held up while Soviet negotiators seek clearance to learn facts about the Soviet arsenal that Western negotiators already know), are hardly less adept at this game. When the Theater Nuclear Force talks opened in Geneva last June, the U.S. count showed a Soviet advantage of 3825 to 560 in intermediate-range delivery systems. This was an exaggeration (French and British missiles were formalistically ignored) but got the general valences right. The Soviet tally, which counted U.S. fighter bombers but somehow ignored their Red equivalents, neatly yielded a NATO-Warsaw Pact balance of 986-975: instant parity. (To be fair, we should admit the possibility that Russian translators confused the word *parity* with its homonym, *parody*.)

A last word, to the penny-wise. It might seem that meeting more than 6000 times for arms-control negotiatons would entail expenses which the negotiations, no matter how negligible their results, could not justify. On the contrary: a negotiating agency large and expert enough to be completely ineffectual can be had for very little money. In fact, the staff of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is somewhat smaller than that of the Battle Monuments Commission, and its annual budget is less than half what the Defense Department spends on marching bands. ■

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The full impact of [Executive Order 12356] can be glimpsed by listing some of those now writing and speaking who would have been required to clear their material if this program had been in affect in the past:

• the speeches and writings of Richard Allen, Alexander Haig, and Eugene Rostow would be subject to censorship by their successors;

• political candidates such as Walter Mondale would have to clear political speeches and position papers with the White House;

• the memoirs of Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Hamilton Jordan and Jimmy Carter would be subject to censorship by their successors.

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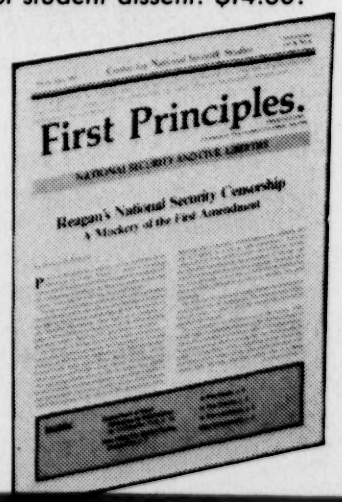

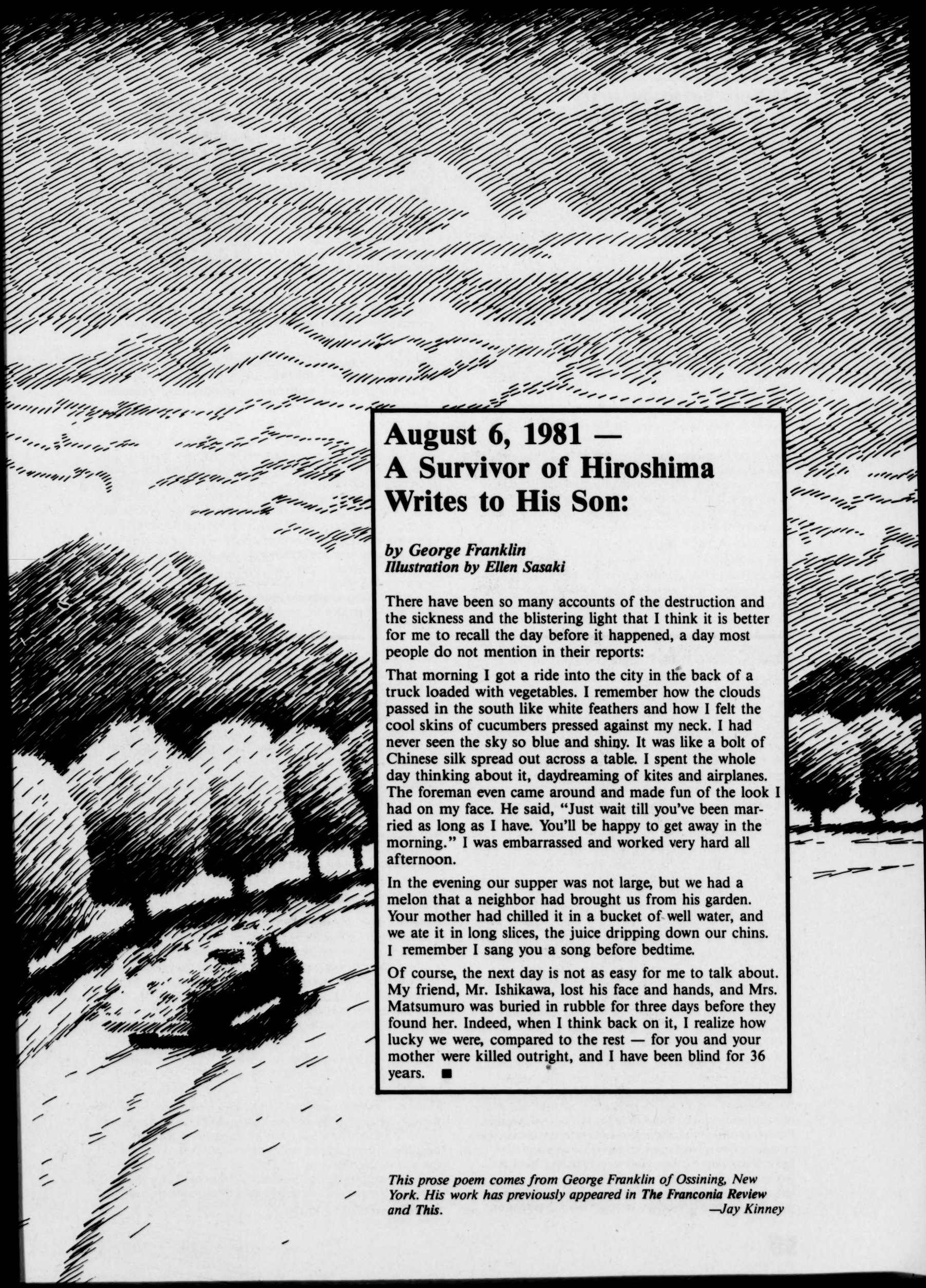

August 6, 1981 — A Survivor of Hiroshima Writes to His Son:

by George Franklin
Illustration by Ellen Sasaki

There have been so many accounts of the destruction and the sickness and the blistering light that I think it is better for me to recall the day before it happened, a day most people do not mention in their reports:

That morning I got a ride into the city in the back of a truck loaded with vegetables. I remember how the clouds passed in the south like white feathers and how I felt the cool skins of cucumbers pressed against my neck. I had never seen the sky so blue and shiny. It was like a bolt of Chinese silk spread out across a table. I spent the whole day thinking about it, daydreaming of kites and airplanes. The foreman even came around and made fun of the look I had on my face. He said, "Just wait till you've been married as long as I have. You'll be happy to get away in the morning." I was embarrassed and worked very hard all afternoon.

In the evening our supper was not large, but we had a melon that a neighbor had brought us from his garden. Your mother had chilled it in a bucket of well water, and we ate it in long slices, the juice dripping down our chins. I remember I sang you a song before bedtime.

Of course, the next day is not as easy for me to talk about. My friend, Mr. Ishikawa, lost his face and hands, and Mrs. Matsumuro was buried in rubble for three days before they found her. Indeed, when I think back on it, I realize how lucky we were, compared to the rest — for you and your mother were killed outright, and I have been blind for 36 years. ■

This prose poem comes from George Franklin of Ossining, New York. His work has previously appeared in ***The Franconia Review*** *and* ***This****.*

—Jay Kinney

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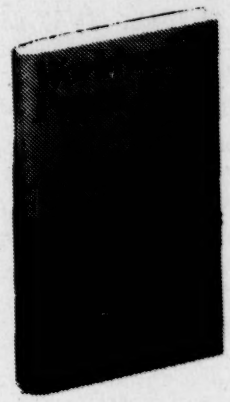

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With the advent of planetary warmaking, security strategy has been based on the militarization of the commons — the ocean depths, the atmosphere and orbital space. With the enclosure of the planet by warmaking systems, security itself has become indivisible, a commons in its own right. Common security has ceased being utopian and unnecessary and become both possible and necessary.

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The four most telling characteristics of the geopolitics of space are its proximity to all points on earth, its empty vastness, its ascendancy over the rest of the earth and its unity. Space is so alien that it is easy to forget how close it really is. The atmosphere trails off to almost nothing within a hundred miles of the ground, meaning that space is closer to most people than they are to their national capitals.

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The far-flung military reconnaissance, sensing, command and communication systems that have sparked the transparency revolution are a literal wiring of the earth, a planetary-scale web of electronic intelligence that alters the potency of weapons as well as the incentives for using them. This revolution has shifted the strategic balance away from the power or speed of weapons to the ability to detect and target the enemy's forces and to hide and communicate with one's own. The transparency revolution means that the traditional struggle between offensive and defensive military force has been transformed into a competition between the visible and the hidden — between transparency and stealth. Transparency technologies make possible both the coordinated, highly accurate targeting of weapons and the comprehensive verification of arms limits. Planetary-scale information systems bring the strategic competition between the superpowers to its least stable and most dangerous state. At the same time these systems make planetary-scale security possible for the first time in human history. Within the planetary war machine at its most advanced, unstable state may lie the embryo of a new security order.

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One U.S. Department of Defense psychologist notes that the mind-set necessary for the automatic battlefield will resemble that needed to survive torture as a prisoner of war. To maintain peak performance and motivation in such daunting environs, military psychologists are mining the "human potential movement" — Transcendental Meditation, EST and psychoactive drugs. Military pilots and electronics officers may be among the first to receive direct brain-machine connections.

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The arms control process has stimulated weapons innovation by encouraging the search for new "bargaining chips" to be traded off at the next round of negotiations. Less able to express itself with quantitative growth, the military turned with renewed vigor to qualitative growth and to areas of weapons technology beyond the existing restraining treaties. Superpower arms control to date is like treating an infection with just enough antibiotics to make the grosser symptoms disappear, soothing the patient's worries, but driving the remaining, now strengthened contagions into more vital, less accessible organs.

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Central to a new security order is Edward Teller's two-decade-old call for "a gradual and well-planned abandonment of all secrecy concerning technical and scientific facts."

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Space today is much like the atmosphere in the early days of World War I, when artillery shells passed through it and reconnaissance pilots carried handguns. Controls established now can prevent deployment of weapons in space and avoid the vastly more difficult task of regulating them once they are there. A ban on weapons in space would put a literal ceiling on the arms race. Neutralization of space would not only prevent a costly and destabilizing new theater for arms competition, but — perhaps more important — it could preserve the incomparable vantage points of space for the monitoring platforms and joint scientific enterprises that form the core of an alternative planetary security system.

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Annual summit meetings between the heads of state that include private discussions as well as public events should be held regularly, whether relations are good or not. Indeed, summits are more important when relations are strained than when an agreement has been reached. Richard Nixon, the U.S. president with the most success in controlling nuclear weapons and dealing with the Soviets, has strongly urged increased summitry. As long as the leaders of the superpowers are holding civilization hostage to their differences, they can at least sit down together each year.

•

Because civil defense planning is perhaps the only part of the Reagan administration's preparations for protracted nuclear war that can be resisted at the local level, it has been a prime target. Yet a democratic government has the responsibility to actively inform its citizens of their hostage role in its nuclear gamble. Civil defense exercises involving tens of millions of otherwise uninformed, uninvolved individuals could be a hard-to-ignore lesson in the reality of nuclear war. People cannot escape nuclear war by not thinking about it, nor can cities escape nuclear annihilation through civil defense planning. But civil defense could prod a passive public into the political awakening that can alone secure civilians, cities and civilization.

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Humans increasingly live in a world they have created but do not control, a world designed but not known.

•

The next several hundred, if not thousands, of years of human history could be decisively shaped in little more than an hour. The time span of decision making has become shorter at the point of inception and longer at the point of consequence. Only by dismantling the technical apparatus of planetary holocaust can the scale of consequence be brought into line with the responsibility.

When the Wind Blows

Simply the single most convincing book yet about the numbing consequences of nuclear war!

Presented in comic-strip fashion by Raymond Briggs of ***Father Christmas*** *fame, it's the tale of a decent, upstanding English couple named Bloggs. Retired and living in the country outside London, they spend three days preparing for a nuclear attack — all according to "The Householder's Guide To Survival," which sounds frighteningly similar to current civil-defense manuals. Up to this point there's humor and a little charm to be found in their fond memories of World War II ("Yes, it was nice in the War, really") and in their confusion about the present state of the world.*

But once the missile hits it's horror after horror — and it gets progressively worse. Long before I finished it, I found myself crying. It touched deep in the terror it evoked.

When the Wind Blows
Raymond Briggs
1982; 40 pp.
$10.95
postpaid from:
Schocken Books
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Bookstore

I've since given away a number of copies and would give more if I could afford them. A must book, especially for anyone who still holds to the fallacy of survival and also for those who have any questions about what must and must not be done. —Steve Sanfield

Who really gives?

In the June '83 newsletter of the Rockefeller Foundation there is a summary of a report entitled "U.S. Philanthropy: Grantmaking for International Purposes" from the Council on Foundations. It has some interesting observations about the international activities of U.S. philanthropies, including U.S. corporations.

- In 1980 732 corporations made gifts totalling $1 billion. Less than 2 percent went overseas.
- Foundations in the U.S. made grants of nearly $100 million — five times the corporate rate.
- But international philanthropic activities are highly concentrated: three foundations, Ford, Rockefeller, and Kellogg, account for more than half the U.S. grant making.
- Separately, religious institutions raised more than $20 billion from individuals, of which $1.4 billion was spent overseas — more than ten times the combined levels of corporate and foundation giving.

Regarding the proportions, Richard Perry of World Concern, an evangelical aid agency headquartered in Seattle, says that people give not because of a highly developed understanding of the particulars of a situation, but "out of fear, love, emotion, or anger and, indeed, to belong." The message that needs to be conveyed is that one individual can affect the life of another individual.

That last is an interesting version of global interdependence: direct, visceral, largely non-intellectual.

—Kai N. Lee
Seattle, Washington

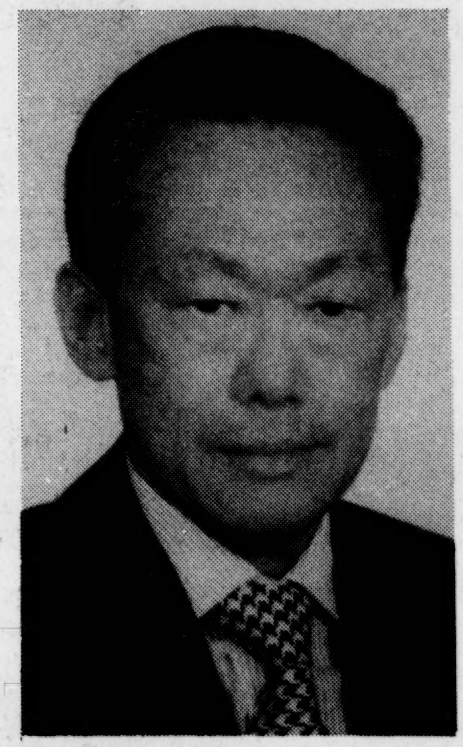
REAL INTELLIGENCE

The Philosopher King of Singapore

by Szanto

THE END OF colonialism was accompanied nearly everywhere by great hopes which have almost nowhere been realized. The international debt crisis and the growing war in Central America only reinforce the widely held view of the failures of the Third World. The failures have taken nearly every form imaginable, from the personal grotesqueries of Idi Amin to the ideological swings of Chile. Failure seems to be independent of natural resources: rich countries like Argentina and Zaire fall backwards by almost any measure. Singapore, with no natural resources at all, stands out as a remarkable success story. That story is the tale of a man of vision, Lee Kuan Yew, and of a resourceful population. They began with little and have created an economic giant while nearly every country around them struggles just to hang on.

In Singapore's capital city, in the midst of pastel rows of new high-rise buildings, squats a ramshackle old hotel. Raffles is a bit seedy now, but the ceiling fans still turn over in its long bar. All our old images of Singapore come from a literature whose threads are intertwined with the rich history of Raffles. Somerset Maugham drank Singapore slings at the bar. The less literate may remember that comic-strip hero Terry would regularly meet up with the Pirates at Raffles. Raffles' only concession to modernity is air conditioning in the rooms. The hotel draws its name from an earlier man of vision, Sir Stafford Raffles. It was he who saw the potential importance of Singapore to securing the British Empire in the Far East. Raffles leased the island from the sultan of Rhio-Johor in 1819 and negotiated full sovereignty with the Dutch five years later. At that time the island was called Singha Pura — City of the Lion. With the typical arrogance of the British colonialist, Raffles changed that to the easier-to-pronounce Singapore (today the official name is again Singapura).



Lee Kuan Yew

Singapore remained a British colony until 1963. It became fully independent in 1965. Sitting at the very tip of the crooked finger of the Malay Peninsula, Singapore had grown into a great trading port. Even today the harbor is filled with countless ships with the whole world as their destination. There are hints of piracy among the small wooden lighters that flit from the shore carrying cargo to the anchored ships — and occasionally "misplacing" a load. But back when independence came, the colonial empires were dying and trade was fading with them. Unemployment was growing — about 15 percent officially in 1965 and probably at least twice that unofficially. Like most colonial cities Singapore consisted of a small wealthy class surrounded by vast numbers of poor living in the disarray and squalor of shanty towns. All the

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Last April "Szanto" wrote, "If the international bankers' confidence is weak now, wait till they find out that the Brazilians have no intention of paying their $90 billion debt on its current terms." CQ readers read his article in June, watched the newspapers try to catch up with Brazil's new version of an International Economic Order for weeks following. (The story is far from over, the moral far from understood — "Some form of global debt restructuring is needed.")

Szanto is a high international corporate poohbah. This time he is pleased to tell a happier story, one of the most influential business models of all time, conducted by a government, of all things. Many Third Worlders we know of are trekking to Singapore to see how to develop right, using a rich mix of vision and realism and an even richer mix of socialism and capitalism. And leadership by example instead of extraction. —Stewart Brand

Well, it was said of Mussolini that at least he got the trains to run on time, which is a kind of success story, too. I wish I could share Szanto's and Stewart's enthusiasm for Lee Kuan Yew. I suppose compared to, say, Pol Pot the guy does look like a genius and a saint. But dictators give me the creeps. Count me out on this one. —Jay Kinney

Lee Kuan Yew is a dictator who has not profited from his own rule. There are no trappings of power — no splendid palaces, no high posts for his family. Years after Lee came to power his father was still hawking bargain watches to visiting businessmen.

usual problems of poverty were present in abundance. Singapore was no better and no worse than dozens of other cities and countries like it around the world.

Not quite two decades later it is a very different place. Unemployment is effectively zero. Indeed, jobs are going begging. Seventy percent of the population live in modern publicly built housing. Half of those own their units. The literacy rate is 84 percent. Economic output per person is second in Asia only to Japan. When you walk the streets people look prosperous, comfortable and reasonably happy. Like many Third World cities Singapore faces awesome traffic jams, but in typical Singapore fashion, the problem has been addressed by charging five Singapore dollars to anyone who drives into the center of the city in the morning — and by building a modern mass-transit system.

Some of Singapore's neighbors — Malaysia, Thailand and Indonesia — aren't doing too badly, while others, like Cambodia and Vietnam, are familiar horror stories. What is it that distinguishes Singapore from the rest? While any single answer is obviously too simple, the greatest asset Singapore seems to have is the quality and adaptability of the vision that has guided it to success. That vision is embodied in Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew.

The seeds of Singapore's future could already be seen in the young student who managed to get a place on a troop ship returning to England at the end of World War II. (Rumors have it that he got on the ship by having been a spy for the British in Japanese-occupied Singapore.) Lee was a brilliant student at Cambridge, earning honors and two "first" degrees. Like their colonial masters, the Asian students began political clubs, among them the Malayan Forum to which Lee belonged. It had been started by Tunku Abdul Rhaman, who would become a prime minister of Malaya and a competitor of Lee's many years later. A speech Lee gave at the Malayan Forum in 1949 provides a hint of what was to come:

> How far these governments can counter the appeal and force of communism will depend on how far they are bold enough to carry out social reforms in the teeth of their own vested interests . . . whether they can, without the communist religion, do all that a communist state can do for the masses.

Ten years later, at the age of 36, Lee Kuan Yew was prime minister of Singapore. He has ruled as philosopher-king ever since. He is a dictator who has not profited from his own rule. There are no trappings of power — no splendid palaces, no high posts for his family. Years after Lee came to power his father was still hawking bargain watches to visiting businessmen. Lee's great strength is a combination of a clear vision, a profound understanding of the tools of socialism and capitalism, a realism about the weakness of both, an understanding of the virtues and flaws of his own people, and the moral courage to demand of himself what he demands of others. But as we shall see he was and is no democrat.

As Singapore was winning its independence from Britain, Lee's vision was of a Singapore federated with Malaya and parts

Bustling street market in Singapore. PHOTOS FROM **LEE KUAN YEW: THE STRUGGLE FOR SINGAPORE**, ANGUS & ROBERTSON

No elegant modern architecture. What is there are buildings capable of being transformed into any kind of factory. They stand a dozen stories tall, each floor made of reinforced concrete to carry the weight of heavy machines, electrical conduits in place, loading bays operational — all ready to catch the next fad. *E.T.* becomes a smash: set up a floor to make E.T. dolls with light-up finger tips. Bang, an instant factory, gone in six months.

of the Indonesian archipelago. In 1963 that federation was created, bringing together two strong leaders — Tunku Abdul Rhaman, now the gentle, slow-moving prime minister of Malaya, and the more aggressive Lee Kuan Yew. Lee's vision was of a great commercial center with the resources and markets of the Malayan hinterlands, but the federation lasted only 23 months. The divorce came about because Malaya rejected the dominance of Lee. He pushed his personal ambitions too far too fast. Singapore was expelled from the federation in the summer of 1965.

Lee Kuan Yew was remarkably flexible. His vision shifted from a country rich in resources to a city-state with the *world* as its hinterland. The original vision was one of using foreign capital to transform domestic resources into products to sell to domestic markets. After the divorce there were no resources and no markets. Yet during the next five years Singapore's economy grew at an annual average rate 13.4 percent, and unemployment was under 5 percent by 1971. How did they do it?

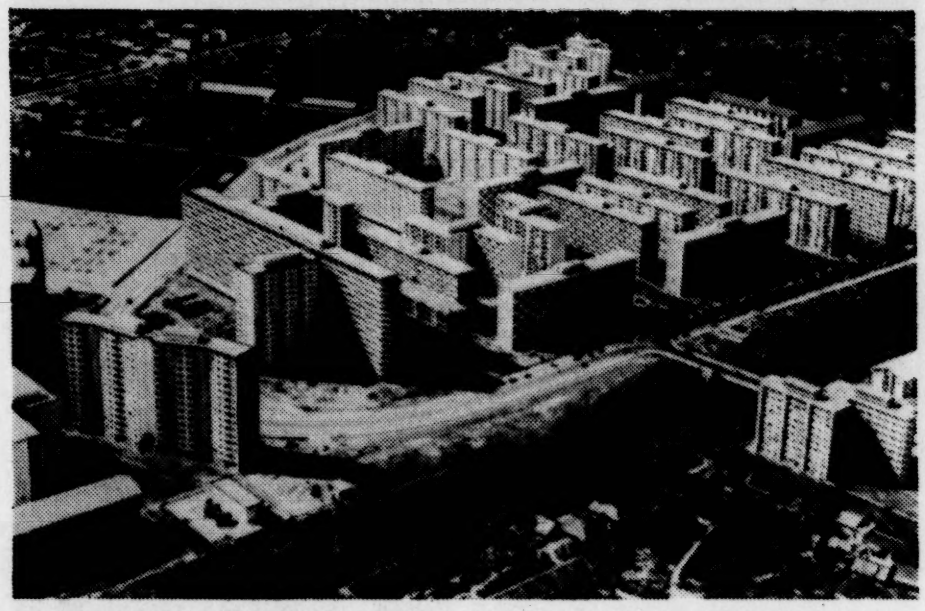
Singapore used its strengths. There was a hard-working, relatively poorly paid labor force. Lee drummed in the message that survival as a nation depended on the quality and cost of its labor. Lee, who had come to power as a leftist and turned on the left after he was elected, was not afraid to provide strong incentives to foreign investors. He reduced the bureaucracy, and what remained was highly efficient and honest. As a result foreign investment rose from 157 million Singapore dollars in 1965 to 1575 million in 1971. Where trade had been nearly everything, now manufacturing was the fastest growing part of Singapore's economy. Most of what was manufactured was for export. The sectors of manufacturing focused on were deliberately labor intensive — textiles, clothing, and simple electrical machinery. Employment rose at nearly 6 percent a year while new workers were coming on the scene at less than 5 percent a year.

A vast new industrial complex was created in an area called Jurong. It's ugly — miles of factories, steel mills, shipyards, and warehouses. No clean, humming industrial parks like Silicon Valley. No elegant modern architecture. What is there are buildings capable of being transformed into any kind of factory. They stand a dozen stories tall, each floor made of reinforced concrete to carry the weight of heavy machines, electrical conduits in place, loading bays operational — all ready to catch the next fad. E.T. becomes a smash: set up a floor to make E.T. dolls with light-up finger tips. Bang, an instant factory, gone in six months. Hula hoops, Elvis Presley key chains — bang, another instant factory.

Ever wonder where all that stuff comes from? This is it — the instant factories of Jurong catching the winds of any market opportunity in the world. You walk the halls of those factories and you see something remarkable. Are the workers happy? Who knows? They are relatively well paid, but more important, they are driven. When they look up from their machines they see a man in a corner room who "owns" the factory — the E.T. entrepreneur. A year ago he was running a milling machine. Now he's sending his kids to college. They know a year from now they can be in that corner room, making a fortune on "The Pope visits Mexico" T-shirts.

The people work hard and well, driven by fear as well as promise. They don't have to look very far to see the results of failure in nearby countries. To see diseased children with no hope. To see lives enveloped in perpetual violence. They only have to drive down Orchard Avenue in Singapore to see the Yves St. Laurent store, the hotel palaces, the Cartier shops, and know it's within their grasp. And it is. There is a hard-edged materialism about this vision, and little spiritualism.

Lee Kuan Yew's housing program is probably the best example of his nonideological willingness to gain from both capitalism and socialism. Virtually everyone is essentially forced to save in one form or another. The savings rate is the highest in the world — nearly 30 percent, compared to about 6 percent in the U.S. and 20 percent in Japan. The government pays interest on the savings. More important, it uses the pool of capital to finance public housing. It also lends the money back to the workers so they can buy their own apartments as soon as they are able. One of the ways of coping with the recent recession has been to accelerate the building of public housing, and the apartment blocks seem to go on endlessly. They aren't beautiful — but they also aren't the image of public housing in the U.S. They're well maintained — the people who live there own them and want to resell them. Some feel like worker beehives — impersonal,



Seventy percent of Singapore's population now lives in high-rise apartment blocks like these, built by Lee's government.

sterile and devoid of warmth. Others are thriving communities. Some people have been forced to move there as their "slums" (read communities) have been leveled for redevelopment — occasionally through what are known as "fires of convenience." Others see public housing as a route to independence and personal wealth.

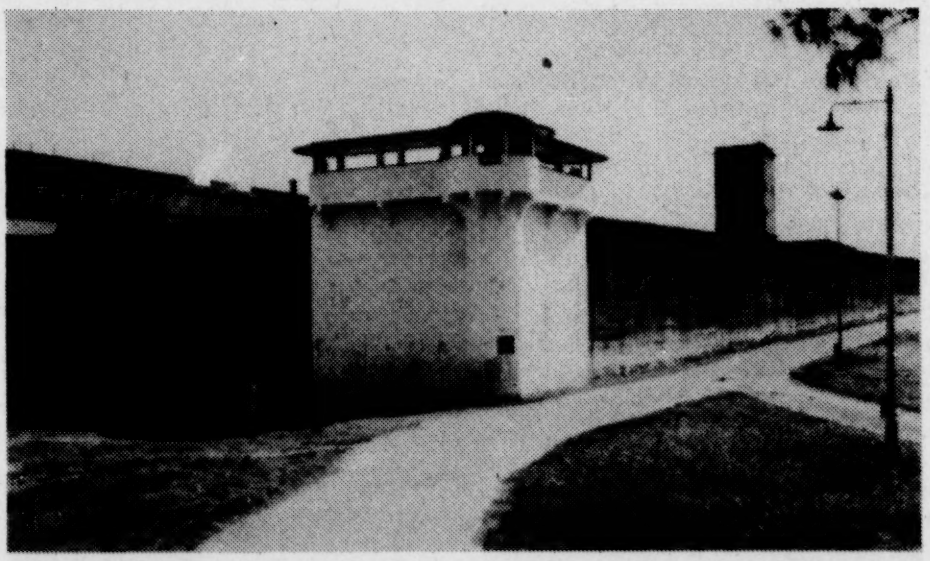
In the old part of town — around Raffles — the flimsy wooden-framed buildings still house thousands. On hot, muggy evenings the old men sit outside their doors drinking tea and beer, playing mahjong. The old buildings won't be there much longer. The force of Lee Kuan Yew's vision will turn them into vast new housing estates. Everything has its price.

From a western point of view, perhaps the biggest price people have paid is the lack of democracy. Lee's party, the People's Action Party, has totally dominated Singapore since his election. After coming to power he arrested his own left-wing supporters. Long hair is more than frowned on. The press is hardly free. When challenged, Lee always responds by saying that the real measure of his success or failure is effectiveness — do his policies work? Like many children of colonialism, he is an elitist. Lee believes he's more fit to rule than anyone around him. He's smarter, and harder working and has greater integrity. If you ask the shopkeepers in Change Alley — where you can get good deals on money — they'll all tell you the same thing: "He's right. Lee is the best we've got, so why shouldn't he rule? He delivers. Look at the corrupt capitalists of Korea and the inept communists in Vietnam. What do we need democracy for if it brings chaos and poverty?"

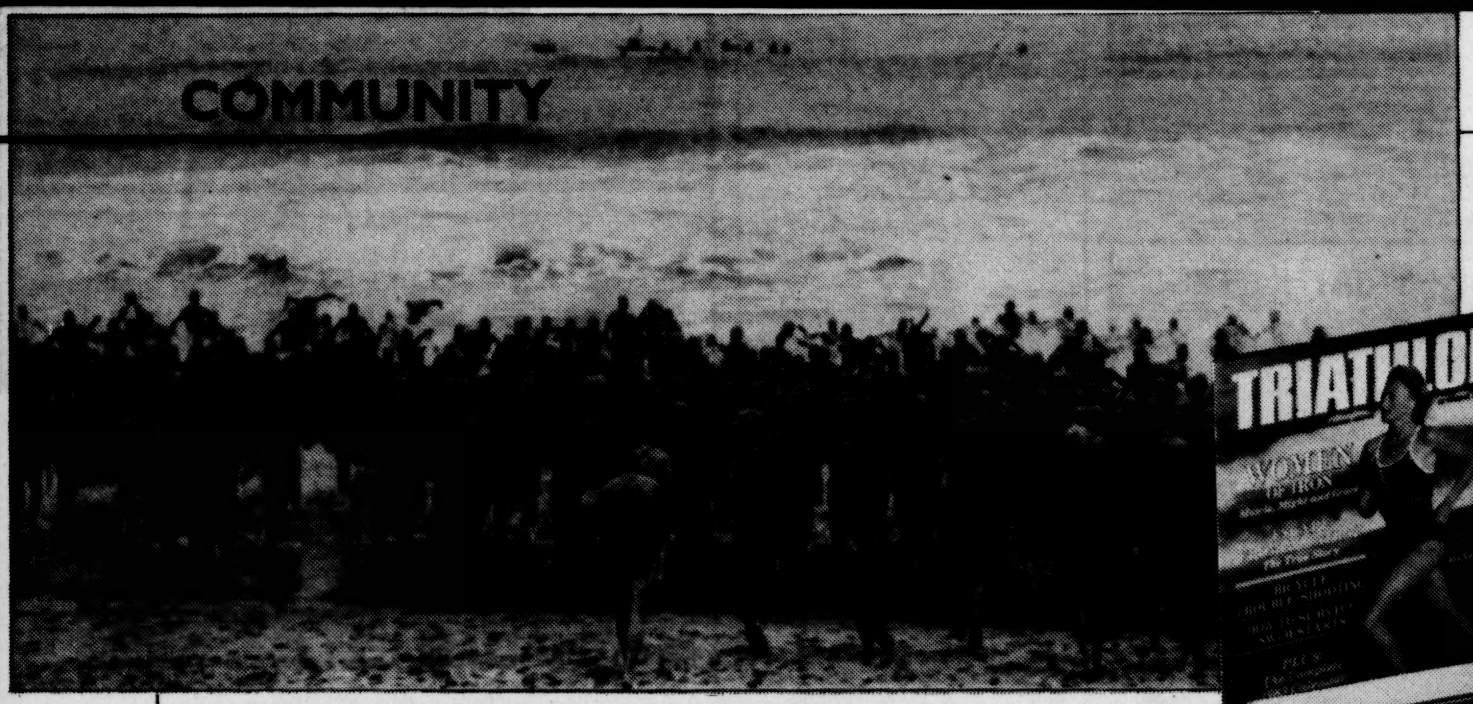
Faced with the reality that countries with even lower wage levels can now do simple manufacturing more competitively, Lee is changing tactics again. He's raising wages — they've nearly doubled in ten years — to push business into higher-level manufacturing (electronics, pharmaceuticals, aircraft) and services such as banking. No orders, no central plans; just change the economic rules of the game. Tax wages at 4 percent, paid by employers into the Skills Development Fund to sustain workers, especially the least skilled. Invest in human capital if that's all you've got.

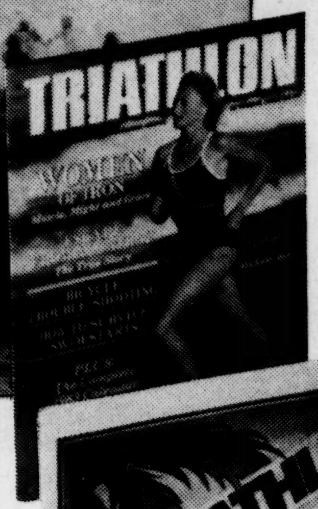
Two lessons can be drawn from the experience of Singapore. When vision matches reality it can work. Lee Kuan Yew had no illusions about himself or the situation of Singapore. He set a vision for his people and they worked to achieve it because it worked for them. He did not expect them to be any better or worse than they actually are. He promised no instant or painless victories. What was gained was hard won — but it was won. People will tolerate a great deal for that.

That points to the second lesson. When assessing the leadership of Third World countries, we have to see them on their own terms, not on the basis of our own aspirations and situations. For the merchants of Change Alley or the factory workers of Jurong, the measure of comparison isn't Mill Valley, California, or even Kyoto. It's Jakarta, Ho Chi Minh City, Kampuchea. By such measures they know Lee Kuan Yew's vision set them on a path where they live better and make more of the decisions that affect their lives than do the citizens of the more democratic countries. You and I might not want to live there, but — unlike a Vietnam that creates nightmare tales of desperate boat people — Singapore has to keep people out. No one flees the benign dictatorship of Lee Kuan Yew. Perhaps that's the best measure of all. ■



Changi Jail, where a number of Lee's political opponents still reside without benefit of trial





Triathlon • Tri-Athlete

Mention the word "triathlon" and the few who recognize it will respond with something about the Ironman, that maximum athletic event in Hawaii, which begins with a 2.4 mile swim in open seas. The swim is followed by 112 miles of bicycling, after which the basically robust but by now fading participants gallop/stagger away for a standard 26.2 mile marathon.

According to legend, the Ironman began when a group of inebriated Navy jocks laid out guidelines for an Ultimate Physical Test, which materialized in 1978 with 15 entrants, 12 of whom finished. With only a little imagination you can picture the blood, sweat, and toil that such agonies generated. Besides the human drama, or because of it, the Ironman was obviously a media event waiting to happen, and before long TV made the scene and the whole world was watching. Now the Ironman is in its fifth year and so famous/notorious that despite rather heroic requirements — a 2:50 marathon or a 1500-meter swim under 25 minutes — the entries must be thinned down to a field of 1200 for the annual October event in Kona, on the big island of Hawaii.

To explain this kind of behavior to anyone unfamiliar with the rewards of physical effort would be impossible, for the outsider sees only self-inflicted pain bordering on insanity. But those who have pushed beyond their physical limits learn that pain is quickly forgotten, while the rewards last much longer and leave a far deeper impression.

The Ironman is obviously a little too real for most of us, for its winning time of nine-hours-plus requires that literally all your waking hours be devoted to intense physical training, a kind of dedication generally reserved for saints or martyrs.

Fortunately there are easier doses available. This year in the U.S. there will be some 300 triathlons; five years ago there were virtually none. No standard distances exist yet, but a one-mile swim, an 18-mile bike ride, and a six-mile run might be called typical. Such an event is often called a Tinman, in deference to the founding occasion, and the winning time would be around two hours. There's a formal body, too, the Triathlon Federation USA, as well as talk of an Olympic event, which will be made difficult by the big bucks that some events are offering. An upcoming race at Lake Tahoe, California, features $25,000 in prize money and makes a person wonder what direction triathlons will take. Between the media focus and the financial temptations there is an unhappy potential for triathlon becoming nothing more than a passing fad sport, performed for the benefit of sponsors rather than participants.

Watching tris take off brings back memories of the running boom as it began to develop in 1976, but this time it's a whole new endeavor. There are methods, too, like cross training, which not only uses more muscle groups but, if pursued diligently, could made a person so aerobic you'd be in danger of ***exploding****. Cross-training also avoids the kind of continual pounding of one area or joint that has led to the early retirement of many long-distance runners.*

Publications to cover the new sport are appearing as fast as new races. There are two I like best. ***Triathlon*** *is a slick mag with color photos which comes out of Southern California. (Well, if you had to swim, bike and run 12 months a year to feed your habit, would you live in Vermont?) It's easy to go through, but I found more solid info in* ***Tri-Athlete****, a tabloid with less glamour but more solid reading. If you're serious about triathlons, you read both; if you're just curious, either will satisfy. And, if you'd like to test your limits, start training.*

—Dick Fugett

Triathlon
Penny Little, Editor
$10 /year (4 issues)
from:
Triathlon Magazine
P.O. Box 5901
Santa Monica, CA 90405

Tri-Athlete
William R. Katovsky, Editor
$12/year (12 issues)
from:
Tri-Athlete
6660 Banning Drive
Oakland, CA 94611

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The start of a triathlon never lags in excitement: the orange skullcaps inject that ingredient of rarity, a real spectacle, while the rows and rows of hardened muscular bodies speak total fitness. And when all those bodies are running pell-mell for the surf, the confusion is manic.

—Tri-Athlete

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On August 21, 1983, the first male and female finisher of the World Wildlife Triathlon will receive a solid bronze Centaurian trophy like the one pictured here. The exquisite trophy, designed by Kathy Irving, will be numbered and be awarded *only* to triathlon winners, this year and in the future Centaurian Triathlons.

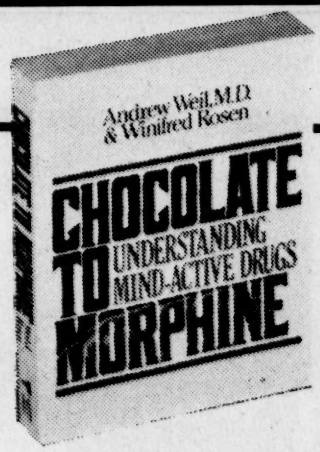
—Tri-Athlete

Chocolate to Morphine

Chocolate to Morphine *sits the cigarette-smoking, coffee-drinking housewife down at the table with her pot-smoking, M&M-gobbling children. It broadens the arena called "drug use" and questions America's somewhat humorously hypocritical definition of "drug user." No lame excuses: "Valium isn't a drug" . . . "black beauties are" . . . "booze isn't" . . . "angel dust is . . . ." Drug by drug, the authors catalog substances that, for better or worse, provide a welcome break from "ordinary consciousness." Weil and Rosen forcefully argue that reasonable drug use is not only instructive and fun, but has been and always will be a necessary part of the human condition. They close with a short chapter on getting high without mommy's little helpers, one more down the hatch, or another hit.*

If there is a book that will help heal the seemingly huge cultural gap between parents and children, this is it. It is humane, easy to read and forthright. Good enough to replace all drug-use books previously reviewed in the ***Whole Earth Catalogs****.* *—Peter Warshall*

This is the best source I have seen that lays out in practical, non-judgmental, and non-patronizing terms how to enjoy the benefits of drugs wisely without dependence, excessive consumption, or abuse. *—Michael Rotblatt*
Planetree Health Resource Center



Chocolate to Morphine
(Understanding Mind-Active Drugs)
Andrew Weil, M.D., and Winifred Rosen
1983; 228 pp.
$9.95

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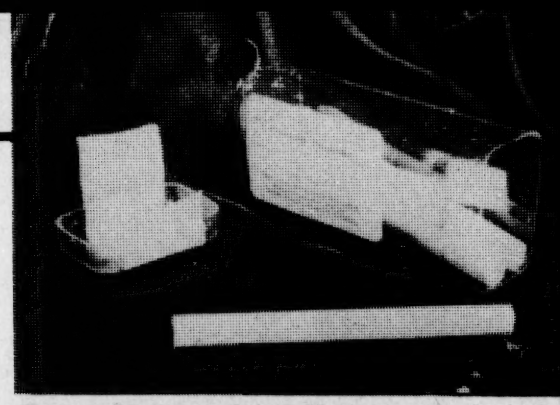


Government-manufactured marijuana cigarettes. A few patients with glaucoma have been able to obtain them legally for the treatment of that eye disease.

•

I have multiple sclerosis. About three years after it was diagnosed I discovered marijuana. A friend told me it was relaxing. My main problem then, aside from partial blindness, was tenseness and tremors in my muscles. Pot cured it, and I've smoked regularly ever since, about four to five times a week. If I go without it for a week, the muscle tremors come back. . . . Most people with MS have repeated attacks and keep losing body function. I'm convinced that pot has kept me in remission all these years.

—forty-one-year-old-man, part-time roofer

•

Speaking in tongues makes me high. It makes me experience an altered state of consciousness. It lets me glimpse another reality — infinite realities — beyond the scope of my "normal" state of consciousness.

—thirty-year-old housewife

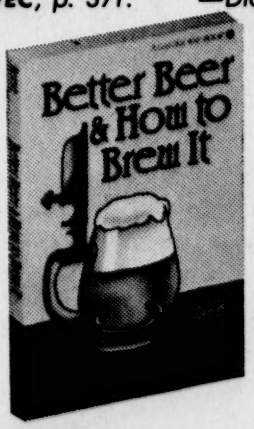
Better Beer and How to Brew It

I'd recommend this book to anyone starting out, for it has the feature that any beginner will appreciate most — pictures. It's loaded with illustrations of everything from yeast preparation to bottle capping. After you've brewed a batch or two you'll move on to more advanced books, especially those that don't give recipes with sugar in them. But for your first effort a picture of the event is worth a page full of words, and this book will be a worthwhile companion.

Know what can happen in Germany to brewers who use sugar? Jail, that's what! Barley, yeast, hops and water, that's all, any other ingredient is illegal. ***Use sugar, go to jail.*** *Those Germans* ***care*** *more about beer than we do.*

To brew up your first batch, figure on spending two nights in the kitchen, the first one cooking and the second, a month or so later, bottling. For your efforts you'll get five gallons of delightful homebrew. Most of the equipment is probably in your kitchen already, with the exception of the 50 or so bottles (no screw tops, they can leak) you'll need. For supplies look in the yellow pages under "Winemaking," or write to one of the suppliers mentioned in the ***NWEC****, p. 371.* *—Dick Fugett*

Better Beer and How to Brew It
M.R. Reese
1978; 127 pp.
$6.25
postpaid from:
Garden Way Publishing
1515 Ferry Road
Charlotte, VT 05545
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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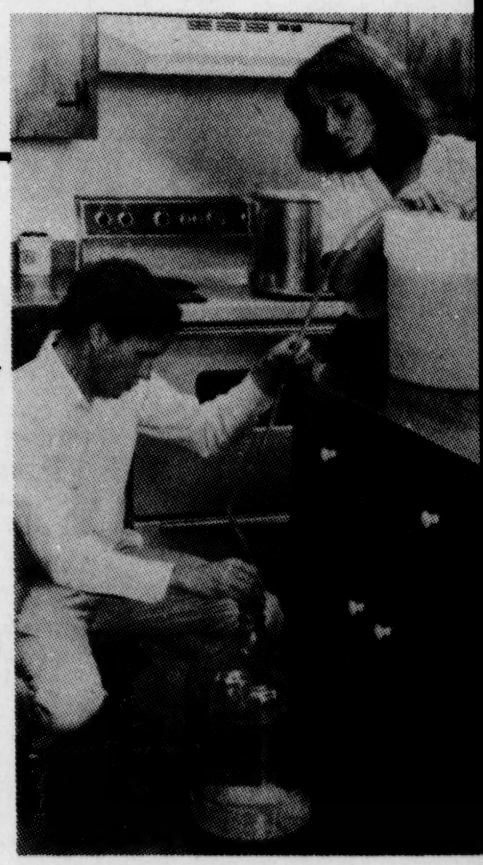
Yeast. Yeast is a single-celled organism belonging to the fungus family. There are many varieties of yeast, even including so-called "wild" yeast floating in the air around us. Some are well suited for specific uses, such as for making bread, for wine, or for beer.

There are two types of yeast used in brewing beer.

1. Top-fermenting yeast (Saccharomyces cerevisiae) has the same scientific name as the yeast used for baking bread, but the two strains are different. This yeast is used for making ales and stouts. The name "top-fermenting" is appropriate, since fermentation takes place on the top of the wort when this yeast is used.

2. Bottom-fermenting yeast (Saccharomyces carlsbergensis) is used to make lager and steam beers. . . .



With two-stage method, siphon beer into secondary fermenter (on floor). Run tube to bottom of fermenter so beer doesn't splash.

Don't use baker's yeast.
Whatever you do, don't spoil a good batch of beer by using baker's yeast. Bread yeast doesn't settle out properly and tends to give the beer a musty flavor and aroma.

And don't try a sample of brewer's yeast from that you bought at the health-food store to add vitamins to your diet. Nothing will happen if you do. The yeast bought for that purpose is no longer alive.

Mother Teresa distributing food at the Nirmal Hriday Home for Dying Destitutes in Calcutta, India, in the early seventies.

MOTHER TERESA'S FIRST LOVE

The Nirmal Hriday Home in Calcutta thirty years later.

by Joseph McClendon Stevenson

Is this an exposé? Harsh journalism in the temple? The complaint of a disaffected former believer?

If the subject weren't a famous do-good operation, if it weren't a respected religious practice, we wouldn't even ask. Taboo country: objectivity impossible, ambivalence not permitted, all motives questionable.

This account is not the one-eyed view of exposé journalism. Nor the one-eyed view of an embittered true believer. All life with eyes that isn't maimed sees with a minimum of two eyes. Joseph Stevenson reports that way on an exceptionally worthy activity that has slipped a bit, not too far for easy repair. This too is love, Mother Teresa. Maintenance and improvement is as inspirational as founding (especially these slipshod days), or what is the Church for?

—Stewart Brand

Photographs of Mother Teresa are by S.K. Dutt, from **Something Beautiful for God** by Malcolm Muggeridge. Copyright © 1971 by The Mother Teresa Committee. Used with permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.

YOU DON'T STEP OFF A CALCUTTA BUS, you come squirting out from the press of flesh like a wet watermelon seed squeezed between thumb and forefinger. In the summer it's hot and muggy even at 7 a.m., but after the bus ride it feels like heaven . . . for a minute anyway.

Up Kalighat Road there is no sidewalk — the street is a river of people and vehicles, the banks lined with shops and hawkers offering rice, fruit, vegetables, tea, tobacco, and sugar; household utensils of brass, aluminum, plastic, and earthenware; cakes and candies, tabla drums and harmoniums, sarongs and saris, rat and cockroach poison; pots and pans, pins, pens, and umbrellas. Many stalls sell incense, religious posters, and plaster statues of gods and goddesses with two arms, or four, or ten; some white skinned, some blue, some black. Old women sitting in the street make intricate garlands of red, white, and gold flowers, for two blocks ahead is Kalighat, the main Kali temple for Calcutta's eight million Hindus.

Kali is not one of your gentle-Jesus-meek-and-mild gods, but a holy terror, a shapely black-skinned lady with her bright red tongue protruding, one of her four arms brandishing a special decapitating sword, wearing nothing but her long hair, a necklace of severed human heads, and a belt of severed hands. My 1978 **Fodor's Guide to India** says of Kali's temple: ". . . once the scene of bloody sacrifices, now the offerings are all incense and flowers," but the day I wandered into Kali's courtyard, in the space of ten minutes I watched four goats beheaded with the same peculiar sword with the sickle-shaped tip that Kali holds high. One elderly Brahmin told me confidentially that in some remote places human sacrifice has not been totally eradicated.

In Kalighat Road a lovely brown-and-white cow stands lazily munching on a pile of slightly wilted red hibiscus, and a fat raven pecks at a dead rat. Children in rags laugh and skip down the street. The sound of a bell means you're about to be run over by a bicycle, a clapper means it's a rickshaw, and a horn is a taxi. Nobody looks back, nobody moves very much, just enough; clearances are in inches or fractions and collisions are a rarity. There are more than the usual number of beggars here because of the temple; pilgrims who come to worship acquire additional merit by giving alms. I always give something to beggars, except here. I walk this road four times a day; they understand and do not pester. They know I'm one of the crazy foreigners who works for Mother Teresa.

IN 1948, A 38-YEAR-OLD YUGOSLAVIAN nun working in Calcutta with the Sisters of Loreto order resigned her position as principal of a convent school for upper-class girls to devote herself to serving the needs of the poor. By 1950 she had been joined by other sisters inspired by her example, and a new order was formed: the Missionaries of Charity. The first permanent Missionaries of Charity care center was opened two years later in an abandoned pilgrim hostel next door to the temple in Kalighat and dubbed Nirmal Hriday (Immaculate Heart) Home for Dying Destitutes. In 1965, having by now established facilities all over India for the care of abandoned children, the mentally ill and handicapped, the indigent aged, and lepers, the Missionaries of Charity opened their first overseas house in Venezuela.

Mother Teresa is today acclaimed by many as a living saint, was given the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979, and has become an international focal point for people who feel called to work with and for the "poorest of the poor." In an age when religious orders are everywhere dwindling, the Missionaries of Charity are strong and growing, active now in some 66 countries on six continents. Mother Teresa herself, now 72 years old, spends much of her time these days traveling: visiting her missionaries at work abroad, accepting awards and honorary degrees, and spreading her message of loving service. In spite of the many honors bestowed on her and the obvious successes of her far-flung projects, she continues to live a life of austerity, and insists that "the work" is not hers but God's. In the poor and the needy, the Missionaries of Charity see the body of Christ, the Christ who said, "I was hungry, I was naked, I was sick, and I was homeless, and you ministered to me." Mother Teresa: "On these words of His all our work is based."

On April 2, 1982, three days after my arrival in Calcutta and suffering from culture shock, I walked in the front door of Nirmal Hriday, where it all began 30 years ago. In the three years it had taken me to work my way halfway around the world from Astoria, Oregon, to Calcutta, I had seen a lot of human misery, but never so much of it in one place. Along the way I had also been the recipient of a lot of kind hospitality, charity if you will, from all sorts of

strangers, including the very poor. I felt like it was time to give something back.

NIRMAL HRIDAY HOME FOR DYING Destitutes houses men and women in separate parts of the same building, in two long dormitory-style rooms with about 50 beds each. In the early days most of the patients brought here were really on their last legs and usually died within a matter of hours or days. The founding principle was that no one should be left to die alone in the street, hungry, sick, destitute, and forsaken. Indeed it is difficult to imagine a more bitter fate. This idea is expressed in a quote from Mother Teresa that hangs in a frame on the wall: "The greatest aim of human life is to die in peace with God."

Today conditions in Calcutta have improved noticeably, and there aren't as many dying destitutes as there used to be. According to the Gonzalez-Balado book **Always the Poor**, five years ago about 70 percent of the patients at Nirmal Hriday "soon died." I would say that today the percentage is no more than half that figure. Consequently the emphasis is shifting from comforting the dying to curing the sick, and though the sisters will stoutly deny it, Nirmal Hriday is looking less like a home and more and more like a hospital, with the Missionaries of Charity folk spending most of their time administering medicine and serving food. Most of the cooking and cleaning is done by other Indian helpers who live on the roof.

As you enter the building from the glare of the street, your immediate impression is one of gloom as your eyes strain to readjust. You stand at one end of the men's ward next to the main nursing station and look down the row of shadowy, skeletal figures sitting or stretched out on their low iron cots. What the lavish writers like to call "the smell of death" hits your nostrils, but mercifully the nose adjusts in time much as the eyes do. The novice sisters in their plain white saris float back and forth with an air of ethereal good cheer. No one pays you the slightest attention. If you have come to help, you don a green apron and wander down the aisle. A patient calls, "Oh brother!" and asks for *pani* (water). You take his cup and fill it from a bucket. Another wants "A bottle, brother," and you fetch an empty urine bottle from the toilet.

The food is brought from the kitchen in big steel buckets or aluminum bowls. A heap of rice is served onto each plate with a big spoonful of dahl (thick lentil soup), another of potato-vegetable curry, a piece of fish or perhaps some chicken soup, and the plates are delivered to the patients' beds. This one wants more dahl, that one more curry, or more soup or bread or milk. Special orders: no soup for this one, or no curry; another complains about the size of his piece of fish. Everyone gets pretty much whatever he wants if we've got it. They eat well, and often cannot finish what's on their plates. There are usually plenty of leftovers, and these are served to the beggars lined up outside, who eat from their own begging

Mother Teresa trimming the nails of a patient at Nirmal Hriday.

By the third or fourth day most new arrivals will already be finding fault with Nirmal Hriday . . . He doesn't want rice, he wants bread, his shirt has a hole, he doesn't like the soup . . .

cups, plates, tin cans, clay pots, or just a few leaves spread on the ground.

After breakfast there are shaves and haircuts to give, finger and toenail clipping, back rubs, and the never-ending trips for water. About half the patients can't make it to the toilet and require bedpans and urine bottles. Quite a few can't even manage these and we clean them up, changing the blue pajamas and bedsheets in situ. Distribution and administration of medicines — by pill, liquid, injection, and intravenous (i.v.) drip — is handled mostly by the sisters and brothers, sometimes assisted by foreign volunteers with some medical background. In the last hour of the morning, after lunch and before they run us out at noon, I take a seat on somebody's bed and play my fiddle. There is no other "entertainment" here, and the patients seem to enjoy my rough-hewn efforts. They show a distinct preference for fast American hoedowns, except for John Smith, an old Anglo-Indian suffering from tuberculosis, who always requests "A Bicycle Built for Two."

At noon everyone leaves except for the permanent resident-helpers, and the doors are locked. At 4 p.m. we return to serve the evening meal, a last round of medications, and at 6 p.m. the day is over for us. By the time we return at 7 a.m., one or two patients will probably be missing from the ward, now resting on a shelf in the dark room marked "I Am on My Way to Heaven."

Most people might imagine that working in such a place would be a gruesome business, and certainly it takes a while to adjust to the more disagreeable tasks, like changing patients who have soiled themselves, or even to the shocking appearance of men (I worked in the men's ward) who are little more than skeletons covered with skin. But as I learned what I could do and how to do it, I found a lot of joy, even humor, in the work. For starters, faced with a roomful of dying destitutes, it is virtually impossible to feel sorry for yourself. Life's little unkindnesses fade into insignificance when you are forced to consider these unfortunates, what they suffer now, and what they have been through in their lives. For most of them this is the best they've had in a long time, maybe the best they've ever had. It is good to be a part of this giving.

But it's a curious thing — and this used to keep me grinning day in and day out at Nirmal Hriday — that there seems to be a fundamental law where human beings are concerned that there is no such thing as "enough." No sooner do we get what we want but we want more of it, or something else. Contentment is a rare bird, and what passes for it usually could be better described as "momentary satiety." The wise ones teach that this insatiable craving is the root of all our unhappiness, afflicting the rich and poor alike. I have never seen this more clearly than at Nirmal Hriday. The well-to-do generally mask their frustrations and do not complain in public, but the poor have nothing to lose or hide.

Take someone who is dying in the street, a starving, naked human skeleton without enough strength left to stand up, suffering from wounds, dysentery, tuberculosis, gnawed by worms and rats, utterly helpless, destitute, and alone in the world. Take this person, wash and dress his wounds, give him clean clothes, three meals a day, a doctor's care and modern drugs, a bed cooled by a big ceiling fan, and the society of his peers — you might think that such a person would be counting his lucky stars at such a change of fortune, if not content, at least grateful.

To be sure, some of them are, but by the third or fourth day, most new arrivals will already be finding fault with their new situation. He doesn't want rice, he wants bread, his shirt has a hole, his piece of fish is too small, or he doesn't like the soup. I try to give them whatever they want, that's why I'm there, but I can't help being amused when a man who a couple of days ago was dying in the gutter is now upset because his shirt has a hole in it.

I shake my head and laugh — they eat better than I do actually. When I get a moment I search the closet for a shirt without a hole, or the kitchen for another banana or more bread. If he thanks me it will be a nice moment, and if he snatches it out of my hand with a scowl, the grin comes back and I scratch my head at the wonder of it, this unfathomable thirst. Like as not he's already got three pieces of bread under his pillow that he stashed there this morning and has already forgotten.

TIM AND I ENTER TOGETHER. TIM is an Australian chemist who worked here two years ago and then went to Bangladesh to help train workers in a new government pharmaceutical factory. Now between jobs, he has come back to Nirmal Hri-

"Sit down with him, nobody else will. They're always too busy with food and medicine to sit with the dying."

day briefly before taking a holiday in Darjeeling. Right away we notice that old John Dodson has been moved from his bed at the end of the room to another near the front door directly under the Madonna that sits in a glass box on the wall, a bed usually reserved for the current patient-in-crisis. Tim takes one look at John and says to me, "He's dying." He puts his hand on the old man's brow. "Yeah, he's getting cold already . . . he won't last an hour I'll bet. Sit down with him, nobody else will. They're always too busy with food and medicine to sit with the dying."

It's a bit of a shock to me. Only yesterday John had been so worried that they were going to discharge him since the wounds on his legs were nearly healed. Now John lies on his back gasping for breath, his eyes half open but rolled up, seeing nothing. I sit down at the head of the narrow iron cot and take the old brown hand that has squeezed mine so often in the past weeks. The hand is cold and so is his face. I fetch a blanket from the closet, but a sister stops me, saying, "Don't use that, brother, that's a new blanket." I climb the stairs to the roof, where they hang out the wash, and find an old one. As I cover John with the old blanket I wonder to myself what the new ones are for.

I take his hand again, stroke his brow, and say, "John, can you hear me?" No response. Tim passes and I ask him, "Do you think he can hear me?" "I think so, but it's hard to say." I try again. "John, I brought you the Sunday paper," I say, feeling somewhat stupid, but wanting him to know. He closes his mouth for the first time and does a bit of puffing before resuming the gasping rhythm, but slowing down a little now.

JOHN ERNEST DODSON, AGE 61, bed 49, of Anglo-Indian descent. His lanky body is really too long for these cots, and his toothless mouth lies like a ravine between the great beak of his nose and his long pointed chin. "Hello my dear friend," he used to greet me every morning, taking my hand in both of his and pulling me down next to him. Then I would hear his complaint for the day: Someone took his blanket, or the fan isn't working, or he hasn't a cigarette left to his name. "See, my dear friend, my little box is empty," and he'd show me his little tin cigarette case. "Well, we'll have to do something about that, John," I would say. "After all, you're our superstar." "Yes, superstar . . . superstar . . ." he'd repeat rapturously, smacking his lips and then chattering on and on like a lonesome housewife, always at a bit of a loss as to what to do with those long arms and legs in a world designed for smaller frames.

Sometimes I would see him waving at me frantically from the end of the room, and when I got to him he'd just hold his nose and point to some neighbor's unemptied bedpan. One of his nearest neighbors was a young man who was blind, deaf, mute, and had difficulty feeding himself. This fellow liked to get up occasionally and walk around very slowly with his arms folded across his chest, sometimes taking a minute or two between steps. Of course he couldn't see where he was going, and frequently collided with whatever part of John's anatomy was hanging off the bed at the moment. John's efforts to fend him off were hilarious and usually futile, but we generally took pity and pointed The Walker in another direction.

John was always asking for something, and I usually gave him whatever he wanted. He'd kiss my hands, touch my feet, and carry on like a supplicant. "The crafty old devil," I'd say to myself. I came to think of him as the wolf in the Little Red Riding Hood story, who put on an old bonnet, pulled the blankets up to his long hairy chin, and tried to impersonate Granny. To see John asleep, his pointy, wolfish face with its perpetual stubble of heavy grey beard sticking out from one end of the covers, and a knee or a foot or an arm inevitably poking out somewhere else, my imagination easily supplied the bonnet, and somehow I'll always remember him that way.

John's neighbor, The Walker, was a sad case. He was young, possibly still in his teens, with a sturdy physique, but couldn't seem to see, hear, speak, or deal with a bedpan. He tried to feed himself, but more food ended up in the bed or on the floor than in his mouth, so we generally sat down and fed him with a spoon. He did have an excellent appetite. The rest of the day he spent either asleep or staring fixedly into space. Once or twice a week he would take one of his walks. At first it seemed so pointless to me: pouring food into one end of this zombie, collecting the shitty pants at the other, and changing the urine-soaked bed several times in between. This process could go on for another 50 years.

My attitude changed in time. For one thing, it seemed clear that this boy was a victim. It seemed unlikely that he would have grown up so robust had he been crippled from birth, not in India. I theorized that he had suffered some

kind of brain damage fairly recently, perhaps from a savage beating, perhaps from an accident of some kind. He displayed not a bit of crankiness, fear, or hostility, and given his sweet and cooperative disposition, it was hard to imagine that he had brought such a fate upon himself. I also found that he was capable of learning new (or forgotten) skills. Instead of pouring the water into his open mouth, I taught him to hold the cup and drink without assistance. With practice he spilled less and less. One day I watched him make the mistake of fastening his lips on the far instead of the near rim of the cup, and when the water landed in his lap, he realized his mistake and corrected it.

By this time he had evolved in my mind from a vegetable, a bed-soiling machine, to a person, one I rather liked despite his shortcomings, especially when contrasted with some of the crosspatch patients in the ward with their senses intact. Then one day as I sat with him rubbing his shoulders, which he obviously liked, suddenly he blurted out "*Cha*!" — "tea" in Bengali, a beverage to which all Bengalis are wholeheartedly addicted. I felt a kind of a thrill I hadn't experienced since an occasion 15 years ago when I'd managed to teach a sadly neglected 16-month-old baby to walk. I hugged The Walker, and ran off to find some *cha*.

Gopal was another sad case, an incontinent madman who sat or snoozed on his bed, didn't like to be disturbed, and took no interest whatsoever in his surroundings. If handled gently he was usually, but not always, cooperative about bathing, shaving, bed-changing, medication, and meals. Sometimes he would start talking to nobody in particular, often working himself into a pitiful state with the tears streaming down his face. When I left Nirmal Hriday late in May, I left Gopal with a new haircut and a sporty moustache. When I returned for a visit in September, he was the only man remaining from before, but it was two days before I finally recognized him. He had been moved into a dark corner, had a month's growth of beard, and swung at me wildly when I tried to shave him.

One of the patients suffered from a condition in which there is a rupture in whatever seals off the scrotum from the lower abdomen, and consequently what he carried between his legs was nearly the size of a volleyball. This prevented him from walking, but otherwise he seemed relatively healthy, certainly not badly emaciated like most of the others. He had a bald head, a sweet face and a disposition to match, never made a fuss about anything, and spoke a few words of English. He seemed to have an uncanny sense of when food was about to be served. Quite often about five minutes before a meal, he would motion for me to sit down by his bed and then tell me earnestly, with great emphasis, "I have *not* rice!" or "I have *not* tea!" or "I have *not* bread!" One day he really bowled me over. It was not mealtime, and when I bent over to hear his words, he said, "I . . . am . . . melancholy." I gave him a vigorous back rub; he cheered up and went to sleep.

The most disagreeable patient in the ward I referred to as The Pest. He had been admitted with edema, which gave him a grossly swollen belly, and as he improved under the doctor's care, he began to gripe, wheedle, and beg. He had a stash of coins secreted somewhere and used to prevail on the volunteers to buy cigarettes for him. (The little conical Indian cigarettes called *beedies*, consisting of a bit of tobacco rolled up in a leaf and tied with a thread, sell in Kalighat for two *paise*, or nearly five for a penny.) I put a stop to this eventually when I noticed that not only did he hoard his smokes, never sharing with others, but he was developing a bad cough. I began to give him *khaine* (chewing tobacco) as I did to most of the others — a little bit every other day. I considered it a much lesser evil than smoking for these men, many of whom were suffering from lung diseases. A lot of them preferred *khaine* anyway.

The Pest was the worst beggar in the ward (also the only one with money). After I cut off his supply of *beedies*, he would beg for *khaine* every time I came by. I soon discovered that he often had a supply hidden away; begging was just a habit with him. If I came within arm's reach he would fasten onto me and amplify his pitiful pleading. He was ambulatory and would sometimes actually follow me around. Once when I was trying to comfort a patient in real agony, I had to beat off The Pest, who came slinking up behind and tried to pull me away. Like the squeaky wheel, The Pest got more than his share of grease, but no matter what you gave him, he was never satisfied, never grateful, and was universally detested in the ward for his constant griping and utter selfishness.

YESTERDAY WAS EASTER SUNDAY. John, a Catholic, joined Mother Teresa herself for Mass and Holy Communion. I had arrived in the morning to find all the patients decked out in the best the clothes closet had to offer, and each one wearing a garland of flowers. The Catholic patients (about a dozen), some of the volunteers, some tourists, and the Missionaries of Charity folk were gathered in front of the main nursing station, which had been converted into an altar for the occasion. I recognized Mother Teresa from photographs I'd seen, but it was the only time I was ever to lay eyes on her. She looked heavy, tired, and rather grim. I decided not to join the crowd of onlookers rubbernecking the old woman in her devotions, so I faded back into the ward and started shaving Hindus and Muslims. In the afternoon John complained of stomach ache and hardly touched his dinner.

Mother Teresa at daily prayer.

OLD JOHN'S STARTING TO LET GO now. The heavy breathing gradually slows. The fighting is over — for food, for blankets, for shade and cigarettes. I squeeze the wrinkled hand, smooth the wrinkled brow. By now I'm sure he knows I'm here; he knows it's me, and we both know the time has come. Back and forth the people rush with plates of food and loaded syringes. Over our heads Mother Mary looks down sweetly, wearing a few of Mother Teresa's decorations around her neck — but there is nothing more to be done for this one except to *be there*.

Tim comes by again. "Feel for the pulse in the neck." He shows me, but I'm not all that interested. "After they stop breathing it just slowly fades away . . . beautiful." He is radiant, which I don't really understand, but this is my first time; I have never seen anyone die before. John has been in and out of Nirmal Hriday several times; Tim had known him when he worked here two years ago. Now he is dying easy, slipping away quietly in a place he obviously considers home. There is no cause for sorrow.

John stops breathing, then starts again, then stops. Half a minute goes by. One last breath flutters the old cheeks, and then all is still. I sit there for another minute or two, but there is no change, only peace in the end, and the "spirit" of John Dodson, the mysterious factor that held all these molecules in that certain form for 61 years, ceases to dwell therein.

I find it hard to believe that this subtle spirit simply ceases to be. Nothing ever just ceases to be. The universe is a kaleidoscope of matter and energy transformations, but nothing is lost, nothing just disappears. What becomes of this sophisticated organizing and sustaining force, where does it go? Our instruments cannot detect its departure. The diaphragm gives up, the brain swoons, the heart rolls to a stop. What is the moment of death? No one can say.

We often speak of "the miracle of birth," but where is its mystery? We have watched the sperm and the egg unite, the embryo develop, and the baby emerge. We can observe growth and reduce it to biochemical equations, but its conclusion remains a mystery — our minds are not equipped to fathom it. In the end we disappear up the shirtsleeve of God, and none can unravel the trick.

To live, we kill the cow and pull up the carrot, swat the fly and poison the rat, and think nothing of it. Without love we cannot grasp it. If we feel anything, it's "better them than us," but to watch what we love, even a little bit, wither and die, we are compelled to look, to witness and to wonder, to feel the bonds that unite us with all that lives, and the majesty of our common fate. Where the intellect cannot go, the heart may lead us to a wordless understanding.

They dressed John in white and put a garland around his neck, and he lay there for most of the day looking quite stately except for the open mouth, which refused to be closed. A new volunteer who had come in late that morning tried unsuccessfully to rouse him for lunch.

THE NOVICE SISTERS, WHO MAKE up the bulk of the work force at Nirmal Hriday, are a sweet and cheerful lot. They live and eat at the "Mother House," where Mother Teresa also stays when she's not jetting around the world. They come to Kalighat in a bright blue Peugeot ambulance, and pay their respects to the Madonna inside the door before setting to work. Sometimes we ride home in the ambulance with them, as Tim and I live not far from the Mother House. All the way the girls chant their Hail Marys and sing simple songs in English. (English is the lingua franca of the Missionaries of Charity, who come from all parts of India, which has 14 major languages and countless dialects.) The driver is as wild and aggressive as any Calcutta taxi driver, weaving in and out of traffic and leaning on the horn, but with the prayers ring-

ing melodiously in our ears, Tim (a Catholic) assures me, "This is the safest vehicle in town — divine protection you know . . . ." Even the formidable Head Sister Luke tends to relax and smile a bit during the ambulance ride. She wears the blue-bordered sari these girls will don when they take their final vows after nine years of novitiate.

The novices are not saints or superwomen, and in the course of their work they must overcome the same fears and squeamishness that would trouble anyone else. For psychic armor they are given the doctrine that is central to Mother Teresa's philosophy: that each person under their care is, in fact, Jesus Christ Himself. When they feed the hungry it is Christ they are feeding, it is His wounds they wash and dress, His suffering they strive to alleviate. Thus armed, they go where others have feared to tread, but they do so with a strange detachment.

It seems as if, in the effort to see Christ in their patients, they fail to see them as they really are. They do what is asked, they perform their tasks with gentleness and good cheer, but they do not chat with the patients, do not know their names, do not relate to them personally, and most unfortunately, it seems to me, they leave them to die alone. A dying patient is nearly always put on an i.v., and life-saving drugs may be employed, last requests for tobacco and such will be honored, and I have seen them dip a finger in water and draw a cross on the forehead (this is a last-minute baptism, known in the trade as "giving a ticket"), but as far as sitting down with a patient who obviously has only a few minutes to live, it is not done.

I remember one case vividly. Late one morning I noticed a cot surrounded with people, and when I went to investigate, in the center of the crowd I found one of the brothers sitting next to a dying man, and a nurse injecting cortisone into his i.v. The man was trying to speak, and the brother told me, "I think he just wants somebody to stay with him," as if this were a rather strange and unreasonable request. He was obviously uncomfortable and said, "It's almost time for our lunch." I took the man's hand and he clung to me tightly as the brother hurried off to his duties. With my free hand I began to rub the man's brow, and when after a few minutes I paused to adjust my cramped posture, he reached for my hand and put it back on his head. A passing novice eyed my patient for half a minute, dipped her finger in his water cup, gave him "a ticket," and walked on. Ten minutes later as he breathed his last, all the novices were gathered nearby with their backs to us, saying their farewell prayers to Mother Mary. In peace the breathing ceased, the heart stopped, and it was over.

I rose and walked to the washing place to clean my hands and feet before leaving. When I returned to the ward I found the novices clustered around the dead man, staring in hushed wonder. I had just seen another man's life come to an end, witnessed that mystery towards which all of us are drifting relentlessly. It's a moment of paramount significance, for the patient and for the rest of us who care. To share this moment, to ease and witness this passage, has to be the whole point of a "Home for Dying Destitutes." "Do they really understand that?" I wondered. While the brother fetched a few last bedpans and the sisters said their prayers, the moment came and went, and nobody saw it but me.

THE SISTER-IN-CHARGE AT NIRMAL Hriday is Sister Luke. She is often the only fully ordained sister in the place, the others being novice sisters and brothers. I get the impression that Nirmal Hriday is considered one of the most intimidating of the various tours of duty in the Missionaries of Charity charitable empire, and it's a toss-up which is more intimidating: death or Sister Luke. Her bark is biting, and after being bitten a few times I dubbed her The Crocodile. Sister Luke has been at Nirmal Hriday for ten years now, and it could be she's due for a change of scene. (Normally sisters are shifted every two or three years to avoid personal attachments and dynasties.) The consensus among the veteran volunteers seems to be that while she is admittedly often disagreeable, short-tempered, and downright rude, as a last resort telling her to "stuff it" seems to work remarkably well to settle things down. Most of us, however, find it difficult to say this to a nun, and so we tend to lick our wounds and steer clear of The Crocodile.

The other point of conflict with Sister Luke stems from her fondness for employing heroic measures to drag patients back from Heaven's door: massive injections, i.v. drips, even violent scolding. This policy seems to fly in the face of the motto on the wall about dying in peace with God, and even the Western doctors and nurses who come as volunteers are often startled, if not dismayed, by her life-preserving zeal. She in turn accuses her critics of being euthanasia enthusiasts. "They just want to get rid of my patients," she declares, "just kill them off, get them out, out, out." In any case, at Nirmal Hriday today the only attention a dying patient is likely to get from Sister Luke is a poke with a hypodermic needle. The novices give them a wide berth and seem as frightened of death as any other schoolgirls would be. The brothers are more offhand about it, but they never have time either: there is the food and medicine to distribute, the bedpans and so forth. Comforting the dying is left to whatever euthanasia-loving volunteers happen to be around. Of course most

of Luke's heroics postpone the inevitable only briefly. After all, the "medical team" is there only eight hours a day at most.

I do recall one of Sister Luke's few "success stories," a fellow who spent nearly a week in the bed at the head of the room under the Madonna. He was constantly surrounded by people, the center of attention, hooked up to i.v.s and continually shot full of drugs. Every day I would figure him a goner, and the next day there he'd be, still hanging on. He was one of our "walking skeletons" (except he couldn't walk), all the meat gone, literally skin and bones. Then one day he asked me for a cigarette, and I knew he was getting better. The next day they took him off the i.v. and this time I gave him the cigarette.

As his condition improved he no longer got so much attention. They no longer got sweet curd from down the street and fed it to him with a spoon. Sarah, the pretty English nurse, no longer spent so much time fussing over him and poking him with her syringe. After a few more days he was moved from the place of honor and back into the ward. Was he glad to rejoin the living? On the contrary, he grew more surly and cantankerous every day. He complained loudly about the food, the clothing, and the bedding, and begged continuously for tobacco. His immediate neighbors would tell him to shut up — he became most unpopular. One day as he was sounding off about something, I was sitting with the patient who had "*not* rice!" He raised his head to locate the source of commotion and then shook it sadly, murmuring, "Idiot!"

Then came a day when lunch was rather austere: no fish, no dahl, only rice and vegetable curry, and not a great deal of that. We supplemented this with lots of bread and milk, but there was nonetheless a storm of protest, led by this character who Sister Luke had brought back to life. He was so angry and outraged that he refused to eat anything, threw down his plate, and made up his mind to leave. He couldn't walk, so he waddled along like a duck, in the crouching position, out the door and into the street.

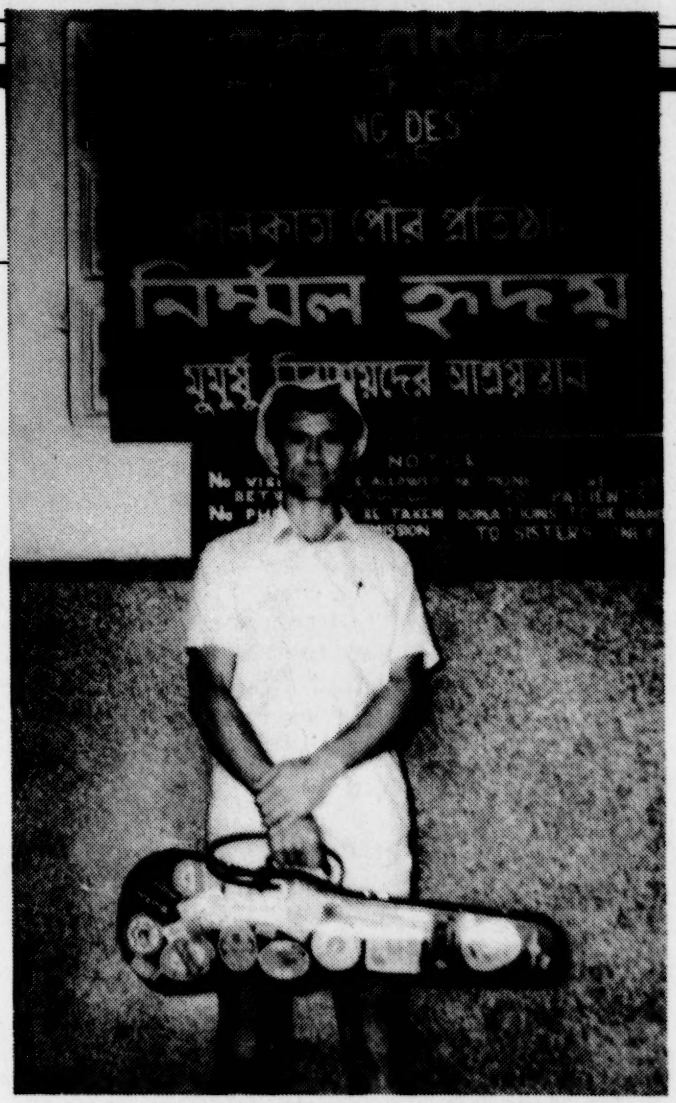
When Tim and I left at noon, we found him huddled in the gutter across the road. He waved to us, and after a bit of sign language we understood that he wanted us to carry him down the street to a bigger piece of shade. The noonday sun in May is broiling in Calcutta, and I wondered if he might already be reconsidering his impetuous exit. We moved him, gave him a couple of *beedies*, and left him crouched there with a scowl on his face. At four o'clock he was nowhere to be seen, but the next morning he came back to his bed under the fan, and if not mellow, he was at least quiet for a change, having lived through a night in Kalighat, where things go slightly berserk after sundown. Whatever hardships he may have suffered that night, it must have been a bit of a thrill, a last gesture of independence, and in that sense Sister Luke's efforts were fruitful, even if his gesture consisted mainly in thumbing his nose at her.

Sister Luke figures now that they have the drugs at their disposal, what can they do but use them? I guess what I wonder is, why can't they do both: cure the sick *and* comfort the dying? The latter was the raison d'être for Nirmal Hriday's creation — why has it been abandoned?

THE MISSIONARIES OF CHARITY (and the volunteers) only spend six to eight hours a day at Nirmal Hriday. A small resident clan of Indian helpers live on the roof, and the three most visible of these are James, Lucky, and the "Speaker of the House." If Sister Luke is the brains of the place, James is the brawn. Built along the lines of a gorilla, with broad, hunched shoulders and skinny, knobby legs, James is always smiling. Nothing can disrupt James's toothy grin, not Sister Luke's barking, not even 100 kilos of rice on his back. When heavy bundles arrive, like sacks of rice, flour, or sugar, or huge baskets of vegetables, it's James who brings them in. Anyone who can smile while staggering under a 220-pound sack of rice is a hero in my book. Contemplating some of the morbid and gloomy creeds loose in the world today, I have considered starting a new religion with James as the prophet — a sect dedicated to unperturbable cheerfulness.

Lucky Ram looks like an Indian version of Tweedledum or Tweedledee: well under five feet tall, chunky, and always combing his hair. He does whatever needs doing, including the worst of the dirty work: emptying bedpans and cleaning the toilet. When it's mealtime he helps serve the food, at morning bathtime he helps carry patients who can't walk to the washing place. It's usually Lucky who sweeps up all the spilled rice, rejected vegetables, fish bones, and banana peels after lunch, possibly because he's built so close to the ground. He can sometimes get deaf, but never grouchy, and has a good sense of who needs a bedpan right now and who can wait a minute.

One other Indian fellow who lives in the building, although I rarely saw him do any work, I call The Speaker of the House because the one activity that makes him impossible to overlook is his daily recitation. Every morning at about ten-thirty he takes a seat on an empty bed at the end of the ward and starts reading in a loud voice from a collection of technical manuals in English. He drones on for nearly an hour with a robotlike style of delivery: syllable by syllable, without punctuation, steady, monotonous, and loud enough to be heard all



The author, with trusty fiddle in hand, stands by the front entrance to Nirmal Hriday.

over the building. The effect is diabolical — a filibuster designed to drive you out of your everlovin' mind:

> . . . the-pow-er-train-must-be-a-ligned-with-the-trans-mis-sion-gears-be-fore-the-ma-chine-is-put-in-to-o-per-a-tion-the-clear-an-ces-must-be-checked-with-a-mi-cro-me-ter-and-the-man-i-fold-re-moved-for-in-spec-tion-care-must-be-ta-ken-not-to-dis-turb-the-high-pres-sure-re-lease-mech-an-ism . . .

Tim claims that two years ago The Speaker was reading the same stuff and doesn't understand a word of it. My fiddle playing never fazed The Speaker, and so "Oh Suzanna" and "Polly Wolly Doodle"were often accompanied by "How to Overhaul Your Bulldozer," along with the sound of conch-shell trumpets and drums drifting over the wall from Kali's temple. In India you learn tolerance or soon go bananas.

TUESDAY WAS A DARK DAY FOR Christianity at Nirmal Hriday. Occasionally we get groups of tourists — I don't know what else to call them. They come, look around, and leave. This bunch had a movie camera and a whole battery of lights. The sisters tend to discourage picture-taking in the home, but these visitors were permitted to make a few passes through the ward in a great blaze of light. Then most of them evaporated, leaving only a pair of young men who looked like they'd stepped out of the Sears catalog: handsome, clean-cut and coiffeured, and immaculately dressed in sporty polyester.

I was shaving patients as the men began to work their way down the aisle, stopping to chat with each patient. As they got closer to me I began to hear snatches of their rather one-sided conversations (few of the patients speak any English). I looked up and caught the following: (*hand on shoulder, eyeball to eyeball*) "Jesus loves you, did you know that?" (*no answer*) "Do you know who Jesus is?" (*no answer, polite smile*) "Do you speak English?" (*no answer, but enjoying all this attention*). As I turned back to my shaving, from the other side I overheard: (*hand on head octopus-style, bent over murmuring*) "Jesus . . . Jesus . . . health . . . Jesus . . . health . . . Jesus . . . ." Suddenly he straightened up and said brightly, "There! Feel any better?"

"%*@§★!!," I said to myself. "They're trying to heal our patients! Now how do you heal someone who's suffering from malnutrition? Not only that, they've brought along a movie camera just in case one of the old boys leaps out of bed and starts shouting 'Halleluja!"

As they neared Gopal, I looked up again to catch the action. I had learned only a few words of Bengali, working words for nouns like *water*, *bread*, and *blanket*, but the Indian brothers had told me that when Gopal got excited, which was not too often, he tended to use rather rude language. One of the Sears mannequins sat down next to Gopal, clamped onto his shoulder, and began to preach. Unfortunately he used his left hand, something of an insult in the East, where that's the hand you use to wipe your ass. Gopal flung off the offending hand and began to preach right back. The would-be healer retreated to the end of the cot and tried again, but Gopal matched him verse for verse in what must have been unprintable Bengali.

When the two of them had made the rounds of the entire male ward, having failed to effect any miraculous cures or conversions, they produced a 35mm camera and began taking pictures of each other with various patients (not Gopal). "I'll sit by this one. Be sure to get the window and the picture of Mother Teresa." "Put your arm around him . . . that's it." "Get one of me talking to him, okay?" "Now take his hand . . . right. That's good, but don't talk . . . . I finally stood up and asked them, "What *are* you doing?" They told me they were members of the "Celebration Singers," a gospel choir from the States, in Calcutta for a concert to be given at the YMCA. One of them asked me something about the work and then gushed,

"Well, it certainly is a wonderful opportunity to be used by the Lord."

Tim was away that particular morning, and when I described the action he said, "You should have run them out of there, or spilled a bedpan over their heads. They were just using the patients." I can just see them now, passing those photos around at the old prayer meeting, and all the sweet girls in their spotless gingham frocks shuddering with delicious awe at these brave young soldiers of the Lord, who ventured even unto the very gates of Death to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

When the evangelists finally decamped I finished up my shaving rounds. Some departing volunteer had left us half a bottle of 1117 after-shave lotion, and I splashed some on old John Smith. "There you go John, now you smell just like a ten-dollar whore." He grinned and raised his right hand to his forehead in the typical Indian salutation. I looked down the room of freshly shaved and perfumed men and thought, "Best looking bunch of dying destitutes I ever saw."

MOTHER TERESA IS OLD NOW, AND mortal like the rest of us. Starting off alone, faced with the staggering dimensions of poverty and human misery that have swallowed many a do-gooder in India, her work has prospered and spread to the far corners of the globe, encompassing even the "poor-in-spirit," who, despite material advantages, strive to end their lives with drugs and alcohol in the wealthy capitals of the world. Thousands have joined her, and millions have felt the touch of her love and concern. Today she is a media figure, a symbol of the helping hand extended to all. Though she denies that she is any more than the willing instrument of God's love and mercy, she no doubt understands the value of her image as a rallying point for those who wish to help the needy but don't know where to begin. Governments hang medals on her, and she in turn hangs them on Mother Mary, "source of our joy." Many, like me, have heard her name flashing across the wires and one day turn up on her doorstep to offer our services. Others donate money, food, medicine, and shelter.

Mother has her critics, even within the Catholic Church, who accuse her of a pre-Vatican II "pray, pay, and obey" attitude. She says, "I'm not trying to change anything. I am only trying to live my love, [meet] the need that the person has then, that moment. Somebody said to me, 'Why do you give them the fish to eat? Why don't you give them the rope to catch the fish?' And I said, 'Our people, they cannot stand. Either they're hungry or they're diseased and disabled. They cannot stand. Still less are they able to hold that rope. What I do, I give them the fish to eat, and when they are strong enough we'll hand them over to you and you give them the rope to catch the fish.' "

As with followers of every visionary, Mother's will not always see things in exactly the same light, nor be sustained by the same depths of faith, energy, and love. Time moves on, conditions change, and the original spirit is gradually diluted and mechanized. This is evident at Nirmal Hriday today, partly as a result of the inevitable effects of worldwide expansion and partly because of changes in Calcutta itself. As in government bureaucracies, when problems a body was constituted to attack are alleviated, the committee looks for other work to do. There is no one to fill Mother Teresa's shoes when she is gone. The institutions she founded will live on no doubt, but they have already begun to slip away from her direct control, and things will never again be quite the same. The sign just inside the door at Nirmal Hriday, "Welcome to Mother's First Love," becomes a poignant reminder that she no longer has time to come around, even though she lives only a few blocks away.

TO THOSE WHO LOOK TO HER FOR inspiration, Mother Teresa says: If you feel called to the work, begin at home and in your own neighborhood. Are those under your own roof truly bound together in a spirit of unselfish love and kindness? Many modern urbanites don't know their own neighbors, don't wish to know them, have no time to take from their own affairs. How much luck do these people, their families and neighbors, have in their quest for happiness? Is this not the root of human alienation and injustice?

Misery is a relative thing, the world will never be free of it. One day you are face-to-face with death, with the rats already nibbling at your toes; a week later your misery is no fish for lunch. American teenagers are miserable if they have no car, and their parents suffer if they have only one. The world is an open text, and if we would truly live and touch the highest peaks, we must look and learn. Loving service is an education, and teaches us the meaning of words we have always known.

The work at Nirmal Hriday is exhausting, every muscle is taxed: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. I discovered some of these muscles to be puny, others appeared that I didn't know I had. Sister Luke has to be forgiven her short temper, and the novices their discipline of studied detachment. I worked for two months; they have dedicated their whole lives to serving others. The last time I visited the Home, I saw Sister Luke, The Crocodile herself, sitting by the patient under the Madonna, peeling a large pink grapefruit, and popping the pieces into his mouth. ■

Living with Epilepsy

For the millions of us who have epilepsy, and for the millions more who live with, and are often baffled by, those who have epilepsy, this book has several advantages over others that attempt to speak to our concerns: Its author has epilepsy herself; she recognizes that doctors are often (whether they admit it or not) as mystified as the rest of us about the many causes and manifestations of this condition, and that we, not our doctors, have the ultimate responsibility for our health; and she explores epilepsy as a ***social*** *handicap, recognizing that closets and taboos are often more of an obstacle to "normal" existence than is the condition itself.*

The book's friendly and undogmatic tone has the liberating effect of personal peer counseling. Most people with epilepsy feel that "Nobody would ***ever*** *believe what I go through!" One feels that Margaret Sullivan would believe it. She validates our experiences, and reminds us all that, however much we feel our lives are circumscribed, we all have choices, and make them every day. To make choices is to live, and to do so with full awareness and responsibility is to live fully.*

—Eric Greening

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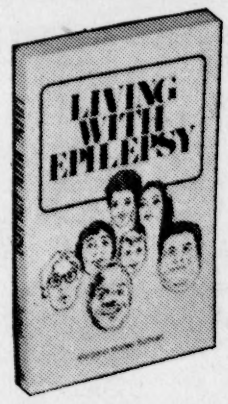
I know a young woman diagnosed as having psychomotor epilepsy who has a real problem with sleep. Every so often she jumps out of bed in the middle of the night, runs out the door and keeps running furiously for two or three miles before dropping to the ground from exhaustion. Then she comes out of the seizure and goes about the task of finding her way home. This was often a problem as she frequently woke up straight-jacketed in various hospitals and mental institutions. She tried nearly everything, including electrical brain stimulator implants, but nothing worked to completely eliminate these unusual nocturnal seizures. She finally came to accept the possibility of having to live with these seizures and prepared herself for them. She moved to a less populated area and notified local hospitals, police and fire departments as to her condition. She now sleeps in a jogging suit, wears medical identification and leaves her doors open at night so she won't crash around the house. With this she has had several seizures without injury or embarrassment, and has been able to continue her graduate studies and socially readjust herself to live with her unique situation. After years of trauma and heartbreak, she now says, "My biggest problem is athlete's foot because I sleep with my sneakers on."



Living with Epilepsy
Margaret Walker Sullivan
1981; 129 pp.
$7.95
postpaid from:
Bubba Press
P.O. Box 5215
Modesto, CA 95352

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Planetree Health Resource Center is a consumer health library, a place you can go to get straight answers to your medical questions. It's one of the most innovative health projects around (worth a visit when you're in San Francisco).

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—Tom Ferguson, M.D.

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Coping With A Hysterectomy
(Your Own Choice, Your Own Solutions)
Suzanne Morgan, Dial Press, 1982; 284 pages, $13.95 hardcover

An essential book if you have had or are considering a hysterectomy. The facts are presented clearly; more significantly the emotional and psychological aftermath of the operation is dealt with candidly. The first book to frankly discuss possible changes in sexuality following surgery.

Planetree Health Catalog
free from:
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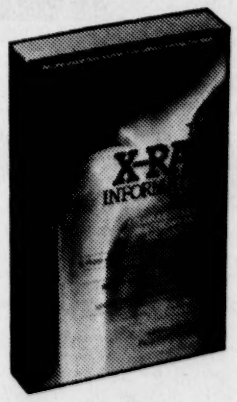
The X-Ray Information Book

I wish I'd had this book a couple years ago when a stressful job situation had me urinating about a dozen times a day. My urologist ordered an "intravenous pyelogram," and I went along with it: the biggest hit of radiation I'm likely to get short of a meltdown at my neighborhood reactor, with particularly heavy exposure to the reproductive system. Read this book and you'll be able to weigh for yourself the relative health risk vs. diagnostic benefit involved in most types of medical and dental X-rays. You'll be able to carry on an informed discussion with your doctor, check out his equipment for safety features, minimize your radiation dose when you are exposed, and — best of all — know when to say no.

—Michael Krugman



The X-Ray Information Book
(A Consumer's Guide to Avoiding Unnecessary Medical and Dental X-Rays)
Priscilla W. Laws, Ph.D., and Ralph Nader's Public Citizen Health Research Group
1983; 164 pp.
$7.20
postpaid from:
Farrar, Straus, Giroux
19 Union Square West
New York, NY 10003

or Whole Earth Bookstore

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Questions everyone should ask dental personnel:

- Do you use a long, open-ended lead cylinder?
- Can you provide me with a neck shield to protect my thyroid?

Questions for women who are or may be pregnant to ask medical and dental personnel:

- Do you know that I may be pregnant?
- Can this X-ray examination wait until later in my pregnancy or just after my next menstrual period?
- Will my uterus be in the main beam, and if so, can you provide me with lead shielding for it?

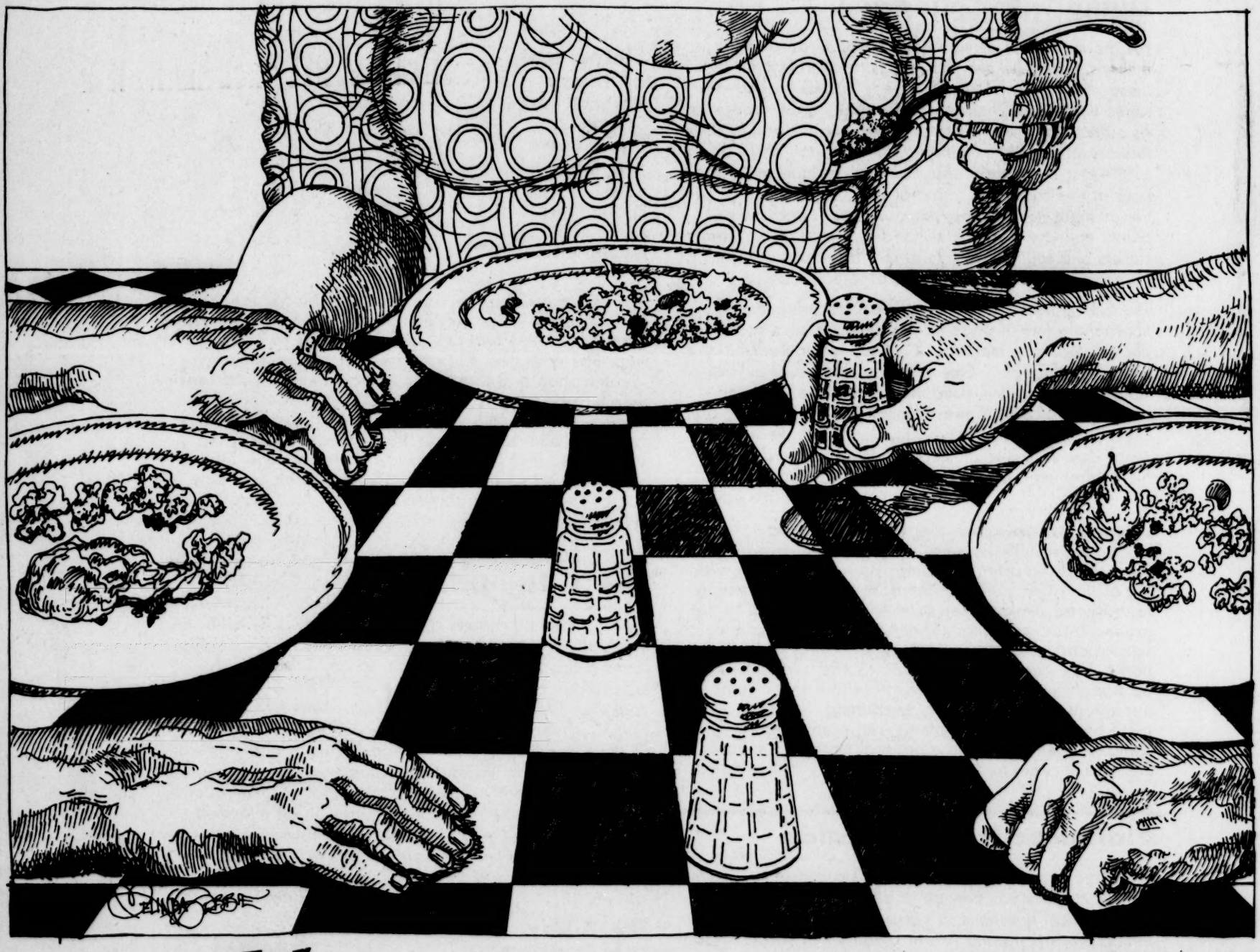

Illustration by Melinda Gebbie

Three-person Two-some

by Stellata

I LIVE IN AN OLD TWO-family wood-frame house on the edge of New York City. I share my half of the house with my husband, our son, and my lover. I knew that would catch your attention, but I resent the words. My husband Tomás is also my lover; and my lover Edward is also my partner and companion. We have lived together for ten years.

It has become important for me to write about this: to say that it is possible. We have resisted telling all but our closest friends. We have told none of our families. What people guess is their own business. No one has ever had the nerve to ask straight out.

Tomás and I met in college and were married in 1968. We had our son Sandro just before I finished college in 1969. The first of our college crowd to get married, we are the only

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Stellata (a pseudonym) sent us this account of her different and successful approach to marriage not long after CQ ran Wendell Berry's "Poetry and Marriage" (CQ, Winter 1982). Other than name changes for all the principals, the story is true.

—Jay Kinney

ones who still are. The brave — and not so brave — experimentation, sexual and otherwise, of that time is now a cliché. But then I was shocked by some of our friends, especially the one who lived openly with two women. He went with them everywhere together, and tried hard to convert all of us to his vision.

We tried a little "open marriage" of our own a few years later. It was painful. I was jealous and insecure. Tomás was not. I decided it was immoral.

I went back to graduate school after several years home with Sandro in 1971, when Tomás took over most of our son's nurture. At the end of 1972 I began working full time, and Tomás worked on his master's degree, a part-time job, and child care. At the end of 1972 also I met Edward. He was four years younger than I, new to New York, and very lonely. We adopted him immediately. We fed him on weekends, had Christmas together when he could not get home to his family in the southwest, and decided he would be a perfect nanny for Sandro. We needed another adult to juggle schedules and Edward liked being part of a family. He was with us whenever his school schedule would permit.

Then I fell in lust. Certainly I was wildly fond of Edward before, but I was happily married and still not used to the concept of desiring someone not my spouse. But there it was. Any number of things could have happened then. What did happen is that Edward and I slept together. Then, in terror and ecstasy, guilt and wonderment, Tomás and Edward and I sat down to see what had become of us.

Edward had six more months of graduate school, and then intended to leave New York, which he hated. We decided — Tomás decided? — whose voice was it, anyway? — to try to live together, the three of us. All of our family and friends already knew Edward as Sandro's nanny, so who would know but us?

After ten years one cannot entirely trust a memory, but I recall that first six months in a blur of sensual delight and emotional intensity. I felt incredibly sexy and affectionate and was quite neurotic about giving equal time to both men: in sex, in touching, in time, in conversation, I was exhausted, since I also had work and Sandro, but the high of that time seems in retrospect to have been continuous. Of course, we were expecting Edward to leave in the fall of 1973. I tried not to think about that. I loved him and wanted him with me.

That fall Edward finished school and was offered a job in the city. He moved from our small apartment where he slept on the living-room floor to one of his own in the same building. We all took a deep breath. It was okay so far. We told one or two of our friends. They thought we were quite crazy. Even the ones — *especially* the ones — who had occasional emotional and/or sexual relationships with people other than their spouses or partners could not believe we were living together more or less peacefully. I began to be sorry I had told anyone.

Until 1976, I was a seesaw. I continued to try to please everyone. I tried to anticipate everyone's needs and wants — superwoman with an added dimension. I was so grateful to them both for loving me. Edward still hated New York, and still occasionally applied for jobs in parts of the country he liked better. Each application produced an outrageous scene. I would weep and holler, he would get sullen and silent and depressed. He never got one of those jobs. Tomás got tired of hearing us.

In 1976 we had the chance to buy from my uncle half of the two-family house I grew up in. We wanted it, Tomás and I. Edward made his decision with love and grace. There would be no more applications to parts unknown. He was committed to New York, to the house, to us, to me. We all moved together into our house.

We told a few more of our friends. What did people think? I am not sure. Edward is reserved, and seems younger than he is. Some of our friends thought him gay, others just thought him asexual. Everyone — most especially his own family — thought it peculiar that a grown single person would choose to stay with a family not biologically his own. A very few people did inquire (of *me!*) why he did not seem interested in other women. I faked answers.

By 1976 we were a family. Many of our relatives and all of our friends invited all of us when they invited any of us. We worked

out financial arrangements — always argued over — for the house. Everyone did housework when we got to it. Edward had a garden at last. In fifth grade Sandro defined *forbearance* as "one more than three parents — I've got three parents!" I stopped trying to be Earth Mother at all times. My father died and I spent three months being a zombie. Edward's family visited. They like Tomás and Sandro; I don't think they like me.

Tomás and I are married. Edward and I are not. What does that mean? Tomas and I have a child, a joint checking account, insurance policies, the same last name. All of the legal, social, and financial support given to married couples is ours. It matters, and it makes a difference. I have often wistfully wished that I could be married to Edward, too. I want everyone to know that he is loved, that we belong to each other. Edward has from the beginning insisted that he never wants to be married, even to me. He says that he wouldn't marry me even if I were single, and he would leave me if I left Tomás. He has also said that he could never leave me alone if Tomás left me. Maybe such questions terrify him. Our whole triad relationship is structured from what we are. Perhaps it can only be threatened by our trying to define it. But we define it every day.

One friend has needled me to write about us for years. I was afraid that if I tried to analyze it, it would fall apart. I was laid off last year and suddenly had time. Sandro is in high school. Maybe I should talk about it.

I never confided in woman friends about sex, never exchanged confidences. I can't do that now either. We have never had sex the three of us together. The men have never had sex together. This pattern happens to be ours but any combination of loving adults could work, no doubt, with enough attention. Besides telling all of you it's possible, I guess I want to know if there are any more of you out there. I am not brave enough to be a revolutionary. Besides, there seems no point. We read a lot of science fiction and fantasy, and the only prototypes for permanent relationships different from heterosexual monogamous marriage seem to be there.

Tomás and Edward and I are "something." We are not a marriage, that is Tomás and I. With Sandro we are a family. We don't even have a word, a name. I wish we did.

If one of the men had written this, I am sure it would be another tale entirely. I have tried to present no one's vision but my own. Several years ago Tomás became involved with another woman. It nearly destroyed both our marriage and our triad. She does not live with us, but she is now part of us, too. But that is another story, and I am not the one to tell it. Here there is only the three of us. ■

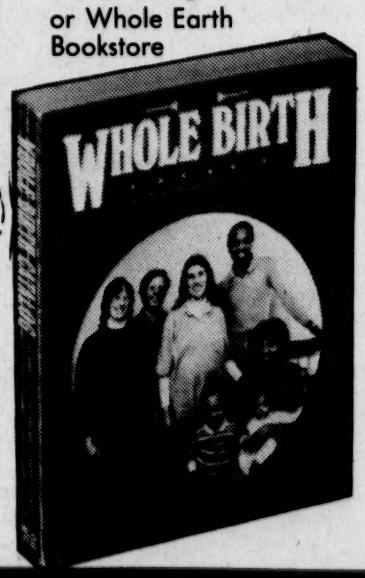
The Whole Birth Catalog

The title says it all — 300-plus pages about birth. A true panoply executed in the ***Whole Earth Catalog*** *format, it's the best source for* ***everything*** *on the topic I have seen. This book is advocacy as well as education for alternative and innovative birthing options.*

—Andrea Sharp

Ixcuina, the Aztec goddess of childbirth.

The Whole Birth Catalog
Janet Isaacs Ashford, Editor
1983; 321 pp.
$15.95
postpaid from:
Crossing Press
P.O. Box 640
Trumansburg, NY 14886
or Whole Earth Bookstore



PREMATURE BABIES: A Handbook for Parents

by Sherri Nance; 1982, 322 pages, Illus.

from Arbor House Publishing Company, 235 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017. $15.95 hardcover.

Sherri Nance, with the help of other members of her organization, Premature Inc., has written a desperately needed book and has done an excellent job of it. The book is the only one we know of that is specifically designed for the parent of a premature baby. Because it is written by other parents of prematures, the book focuses on exactly what a parent needs to know. In the first half of the book, Nance deals with the hospital experience after the birth of a premature child. She discusses some causes and effects of prematurity, and parents' role in the care of their baby. She gives detailed descriptions of the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit, its equipment, and staff — explaining everything briefly but clearly. She also provides a list of steps that can be taken to cope financially with the child's care. Nance recommends asking questions of the staff and giving the baby as much love and stimulation as possible (and/or permissable). In short, she tries to help parents feel as comfortable with the situation as possible through preparation and knowledge.

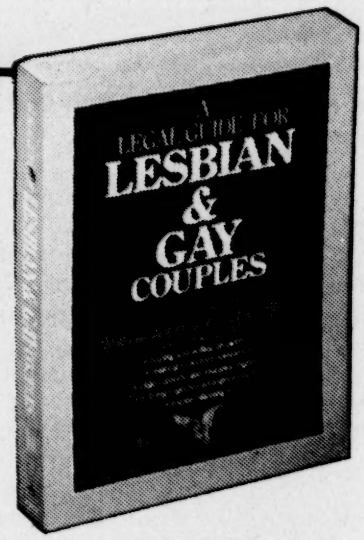
The second half of the book focuses on parenting the premature infant. She discusses the reactions of friends and families and the emotional state of the parents, including their fears. A large portion is devoted to feeding the child, with information on breast pumping, care of the breast, and switching from bottle to breast when the baby comes home. She does include information on formulas and instances when formula use would be indicated.

A Legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay Couples

Anyone who's entered into a business with a friend ***without*** *signing a contract knows what pressure that can put on a personal relationship. This book approaches lesbian/gay relationships with the same concerns — how to deal with money, time, and parental issues* ***before*** *they become problems. And its information on financial agreements, wills, and child custody and support is as useful for unmarried straight couples as it is for gays.*

Included are case histories, sample contracts, and established legal precedents (including, for example, what precedents the Marvin vs. Marvin case established). But the book is especially valuable for its simple language and tone of loving concern — it is about how to keep it together. *—Annette Jarvie*

A Legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay Couples
Hayden Curry and Denis Clifford
1980; 288 pp.
$10.95
postpaid from:
Addison-Wesley Publishing
Jacob Way
Reading, MA 01867
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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Law as it applies to lesbian/gay couples and children is changing with fascinating rapidity. After centuries in which it was impossible for a person both to be openly gay and raise a child, a few segments of American society have finally begun to understand that a person's (or couple's) sexual orientation need have no bearing on their ability to love and raise a child. In California, an adoption by an avowedly gay man, a partner in a gay couple, was recently approved by the superior court. Some foster parent agencies in major cities will now consciously try to place "gay-identified" teenagers with gay foster parents. So if you are interested in raising a child, it's a matter you should ponder and explore. There are many excellent articles on the emotional and financial realities that raising a child can create for a lesbian/gay couple. In the next several sections, we've provided the most up-to-date information we could gather regarding the different methods of gaining a child. But again, let us emphasize that this area is changing so quickly that there will certainly be new legal developments by the time you read these words.

Flea Market America

It's hard to think of a more colorful and public example of the current notions of recycling and the underground economy than swap meets. Or one that is more ancient, since they pre-date the invention of money. In our throw-away consumer culture they can be a lucrative service with the added psychological benefits derived from changing stuff that lives in boxes in the attic into money, or at least into new and more interesting stuff.

This book cheerfully explains how to be a savvy buyer or seller at everything from your own sidewalk sale to a giant weekly flea market. The author has been selling clothing at flea markets in California, New Mexico, and New York for nearly ten years and is wonderfully candid about her strategies and techniques. The one shirt in my closet that says "Calvin Klein" on the label came from one of her garage sales. Also included is a 30-page listing of swap-meet locations throughout the U.S.A.
—Richard Nilsen

Flea Market America
(A Bargain Hunter's Guide)
Cree McCree
1983; 173 pp.
$9.50
postpaid from:
John Muir Publications
P.O. Box 613
Santa Fe, NM 87501
or Whole Earth Bookstore

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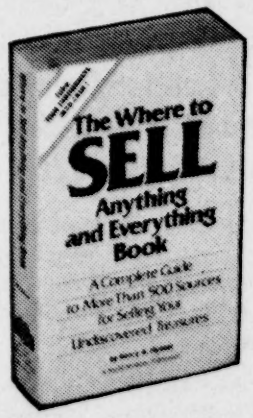
The day before your sale, be sure to visit the bank and load up on change: plenty of singles, fives and quarters will streamline your operation when the mass of morning bargain hunters descend. The hard core pros may arrive up to an hour before your scheduled opening time, so be ready for them. It's best to set up as much of your sale the night before as possible, unless you're a pre-dawn riser. If your sale is listed to start at 10:00, have everything ready to go by 8:30.

The Where to Sell Anything and Everything Book

Hold it! Don't throw away ***nuthin'*** *until you've read this! Did you realize that there are folks out there who actually want to buy your 1960 bottle of Avon lotion? Or your old valentines? Or your dad's 1935 driver's license? Or, for goodness' sake, old automatic sprinkler heads?! This book lists all manner of folks who are waiting to hear from you. Their desires are spelled out in detail. Their variety exceeds your wildest flea-market hallucinations. 500 sources, all different!* *—J. Baldwin*

The Where to Sell Anything and Everything Book
Henry A. Hyman
1981; 400 pp.
$9.30
postpaid from:
World Almanac
200 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10166
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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BUTTONS AND POSTERS FROM THE VIETNAM WAR: Jerome Fishkin, 1978 45th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94116, (415) 561-8342.

Jerome Fishkin wants items pertaining to the war in Vietnam, especially political buttons, but will consider books, posters, tracts, and military items. He also wants Vietnamese coins from the war years.

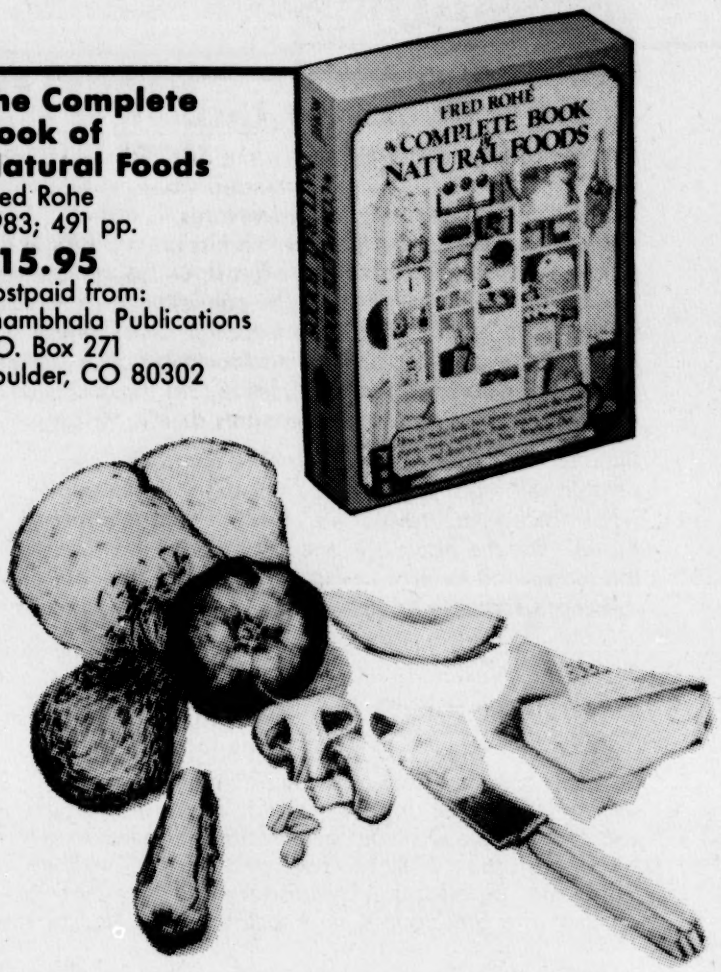
When describing buttons and posters give the size, text, colors and condition. For books, include the title, author, publisher, date, length, and condition. For anything else, describe it and state the condition.

He provides no "wants list" and does not make appraisals. He will, however, make offers on unpriced items. United California Bank, 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104 is his listed reference.

The Complete Book of Natural Foods

Fred Rohe has written the most comprehensive, intelligent and well-balanced natural-foods book to date. A pioneer in hip health-food stores in the mid-1960s (New Age Natural Foods and The Good Karma Cafe in San Francisco) Rohe has spent several years researching, thinking out and compiling this compendium. The book ***is*** *complete. It's not maniacal vegetarianism or overly ascetic or unrealistic. It's a kitchen workbook for the "New American Diet," which refers to moving — in stages — away from processed, devitalized foods toward natural foods, defined as those ". . . having nothing edible or nutritious removed and nothing unnatural added." The scope of the book will impress anyone who has followed natural-foods literature over the past 15 years and will be a welcome and logical evolution of good books like* ***The Tassajara Bread Book***, ***Laurel's Kitchen***, ***Mrs. Restino's Country Kitchen***, *and* ***The Sunburst Farms Family Cookbook***. *What you'd expect from the title is there: nutrition, recipes, making yogurt, bread, sprouts; canning, drying, freezing; vitamins, supplements and additives; dangers of fast foods. There's also data on food during pregnancy, for nursing women, for babies, and for the elderly. For the fast-foods enthusiast there's a chapter on making the "Big Three" (burgers, fried chicken, pizza) at home with healthy ingredients; for the homemade Big Mac and fries use good beef, whole-wheat buns, baked potato strips coated with good oil. It's a start! There are also interesting sections on the cholesterol controversy, the drinking water dilemma and foods for the athlete. Looks like the food book for the 1980s.* —*Lloyd Kahn*

The Complete Book of Natural Foods
Fred Rohe
1983; 491 pp.
$15.95
postpaid from:
Shambhala Publications
P.O. Box 271
Boulder, CO 80302



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Unconsciously, we all seek to establish biochemical equilibrium with our food choices. Because of the foods commonly and habitually eaten, balance for most of us is attempted by juggling extremes. Sugar in all its forms, as found in pop, desserts and processed foods; colorings, flavorings, preservatives and other synthetic additives; caffeine, alcohol, marijuana, cocaine and other drugs — these form the extreme on the side of erratic, expansive energy. Salt and meat and other heavy protein foods form the opposite extreme of stolid, contractive energy. When we drink coffee and eat sugared snacks between meals, we gravitate more towards meat at mealtime. When we drink cocktails before meals we hunger for meat, then after eating a lot of meat we hunger for a sweet dessert. Back and forth, we push ourselves between extremes in our instinctual effort to achieve balance. It always requires more force to achieve balance when pushing at extremes, creating more stress on the organism (another perspective from which to view our national epidemic of degenerative disease).

The Massage and Bodywork Resource Guide of North America

The burgeoning field of massage/bodywork has long needed a good reference book and this is it. Primarily aimed at the practitioner, this work contains an abundance of information on everything from schools to products.

The editors have done an exhaustive study of schools and colleges whose focus is bodywork related. In addition to the schools of massage and bodywork, also included are schools of osteopathy, naprapathy, chiropractic, kinesiology, etc. There is a section which lists foreign and defunct schools.

Important chapters on professional organizations and state massage laws are synthesized for easy use. The section called "Tools of the Trade" is great. It tells you where to find all the necessary massage accouterments: tables, rollers, lubricants, audio-cassettes, charts, etc. Prices and addresses are provided.

The authors have done such a good job with this book they now need to write a companion volume for the layperson which explains the pros and cons of the myriad types of bodywork.

—*Rochelle Perrine Schmalz*
Planetree Health Resource Center

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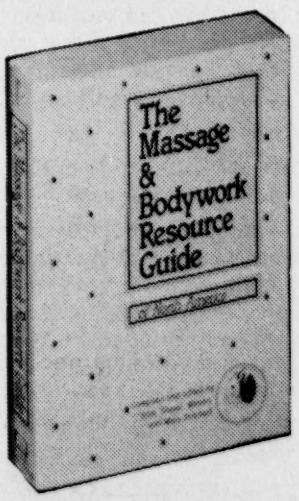
Battle Creek* Equipment
Address: 307 West Jackson Street, Battle Creek, Michigan 49016
Phone: (616) 962-6181
Manager: Paul M. King
Product: Tracing its beginning to 1880 with its founder, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Battle Creek has been one of the pioneers in health equipment, with many "firsts" under its belt. Some of their products include:

Exercise Cycles & Rowers	Scales
Walkers & Joggers	Massagers
Steam Baths	Exercise Tables
Sun Lamps	Moist Heating Pads

Also check TABLES and ROLLERS for other products.
**Trademark.*

The Massage and Bodywork Resource Guide
(Of North America)
John "Shane" Wilson, Editor
1983; 393 pp.
$14
postpaid from:
Orenda Unity Press
61 Camino Alto
Suite 100
Mill Valley, CA 94941



Globe

What the drifters of Europe in the 60s did was to invent a new form of education: extended world travel. At about $2000 per year, all adventures included, it is still the cheapest college there is. Admission is a plane ticket. As a guide to what's offered, ***Globe****, the newsletter of the Globetrotters Club, is consistently the most useful publication for full-term global travel. Ramblers just back from around-the-world-tours file brief, meaty reports on conditions and prices in, say, Timbucktoo or the Amazon or India.* ***Globe*** *prints them quickly and undiluted before they decay. And with genuine club spirit, authors reporting directly from the field supply their overseas addresses for on-the-spot inquiries. Gather no moss (or ivy).* —*Kevin Kelly*

Globe

$14/year (6 issues; includes membership in Globetrotters Club)
from:
The Secretary
Globetrotters Club
BCM/Roving
London WC2N 3XX
United Kingdom

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Hazards of the Brazilian Amazon

. . . although I've played it down, certain precautions should be taken.

PIRANHAS STING RAYS ELECTRIC EELS are potential hazards — but never stop the locals or me from having a swim. Don't swim if there is blood on you or in the water, avoid going far from the bank, and avoid stagnant water where the food supply may be scarce. When stepping out of the canoe into shallow water prod where you are going to step with the paddle first, and when wading shuffle your feet along to scare away any sting rays.

THE CANDIRU. A charming fellow this one — the size of a toothpick but which inserts himself up body orifices and then fixes himself there by spines. Can only be removed by surgery. Say no more . . . but you never see a local even urinating into the river from the bank because they believe that they can swim up against the stream!

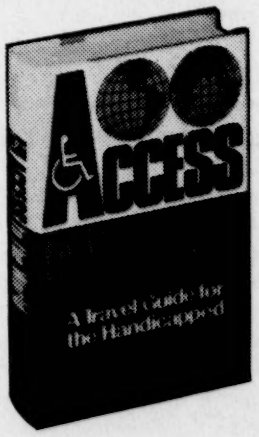
SNAKES. I only saw 8 in 11 months and 4 of them were swimming. Not nearly as common as you'd imagine.

INSECTS. The real scourge. Even in the dry season there can be plenty about. Take plenty of insect repellent, but it gets sweated off very quickly. Keep food well wrapped and off the ground because ants are prolific. Keep an eye out for a big one which loves plastic and nylon — they ruined my pack in one night.

Access to the World

Access to the World *tells disabled people everything they need to know about travel. Considering all the disabilities covered, that's quite a task. Weiss details the attitudes taken toward disabled people by the major airlines, cruise lines, bus companies and railroads, foreign and domestic. There's also information about hotels and motels, both chain and individual. Although Weiss has done a thorough research job, the thing I like most about this book is its humility. "Just because you read it in a book — even this one — doesn't mean you can take anything for granted." She warns disabled travelers to check out conditions* ***before*** *they go anywhere.* ***Access to the World*** *should make it easier for disabled people to travel. I hope it also makes people in the travel business more aware of the needs of disabled travelers.* —*Mark O'Brien*

Access to the World
(A Travel Guide for the Handicapped)
Louise Weiss
1977, 1983 2nd Edition;
221 pp.
$14.95
postpaid from:
Facts on File
460 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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Special Food Requirements

Back in the mists of airline history, someone asked for kosher food, someone else was a vegetarian, and the next thing anyone knew, the airlines were offering, among them, more than 30 types of special menus catering to various medical, religious and cultural needs. These include such genuine esoterica as gastrectomy, hypoglycemic and gluten-free menus. (A gastrectomy, in case you didn't know, is the surgical removal of all or part of the stomach. Such a passenger can have inflight repasts of poached and soft-boiled eggs and mashed and baked potatoes, all laced with butter, salt and sugar and served at frequent intervals.)

If you are on a special diet, always ask the airline if it can accommodate you. It's unlikely that you're the only person in the world with those special needs. If your specific diet is not available, the airline will tell you what would be closest to it so that you can select the foods you are permitted to have. The best time to order a special meal is when you make your reservation for a flight. Lead time necessary to board these meals varies considerably from one carrier to another and from one menu to another. Special requests at some stations may require up to 72 hours' notice. Usually 24 hours are sufficient to be sure of getting what you want, although certain lines can manage some meals on as little as four hours' notice. Remember that availability of special menus is subject to change.

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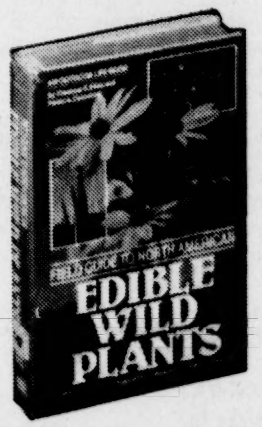
Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum: The Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, opened on July 4, 1976, is the first museum built from the ground up to be completely accessible. Wheelchair visitors can view the inside of the Apollo 11 space capsule and the Spirit of St. Louis. The visually impaired can hear descriptions of exhibits on tape cassettes, and the deaf receive written scripts of the movies and audiovisual displays. Elevators have Braille markings. Restaurants, rest rooms and shops are fully accessible. Oral and sign language interpreters are available, and there are prearranged tours for the mentally retarded and the physically, visually and hearing impaired. Write to National Air and Space Museum, Programs for the Handicapped, Education Services Division P-700, Washington, D.C. 20560. To request a specially designed tour or additional services, call the Education Services Division, (202) 357-1400 (voice) or (202) 357-2853 (TDD).

Field Guide to North American Edible Wild Plants

This book is most nutritious. It serves as a model: great photos of the plant and its edible part; clear description of its favorite growing spot; good range maps for the lower 48; great collection advice, recipes and, especially, an item called "Poisonous Lookalikes." Of course, no guide is perfect. The prose is impersonal and stodgy (especially compared to ***Edible Native Plants of the Rockies, NWEC****, p. 417); the price could keep you well fed for a week on the best Bigarreau cherries; and, with only 200 plants, you'll probably find only a handful nearby. I don't mean to sound toxic. If you're a real-life forager, you'll love their elderberry blossoms deep-fried in batter or their sassafrass/apple-juice jam.*

—Peter Warshall

Field Guide to North American Edible Wild Plants
Thomas S. Elias and Peter A. Dykeman
1982; 286 pp.
$23.95
postpaid from:
Van Norstrand Reinhold
Order Department
7625 Empire Drive
Florence, KY 41042
or Whole Earth Bookstore

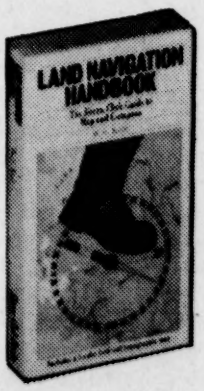


Land Navigation

We've run reviews of many "Where are we?" books over the years, but this one is easily the most clear and easy to use. Absolutely everything is explained in a way that does not subtly assume that you have a degree (so to speak) in advanced trigonometry. All those little symbols you see on maps are discussed, and after 25 years of trail experience I finally found out what those yellow square markers you see along trails are for. He even gets into navigation with an altimeter! And there's a good chapter on finding your way by the stars — even in the Southern Hemisphere in case you end up in New Zealand. All this stuff is presented in a commendably relaxed way that makes it easy to remember without the book. A sample topo map is included so you can try things in the safety of your own home. It'll be a long time before someone does this subject better.

—J. Baldwin

Land Navigation
W.S. Kals
1983; 230 pp. plus map
$10.70
postpaid from:
Sierra Club Books
530 Bush Street
San Francisco, CA
94108
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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Here's another nautical trick that may someday be useful to you. Suppose you are walking toward a distinctive landmark, say the monument on a peak. You are not quite certain where you are, but you surely want to avoid the mapped marshy area.

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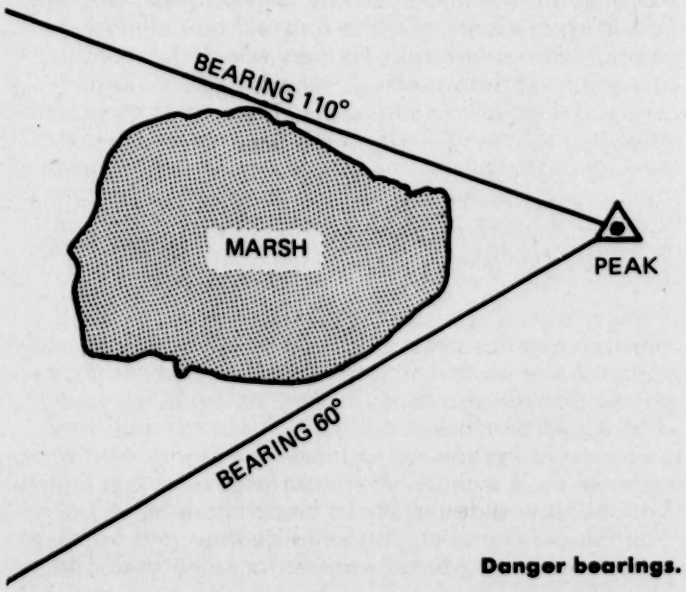
SUMMER

Marsh mallow *(Also edible autumn, winter)*
Althaea officinalis

Habitat: edges of brackish and salt marshes; introduced from Europe and now grows wild. **Identification:** *perennial herb* from 0.6-1.2 m (2-4 ft) tall, from thick, large taproot; stems upright, often branched, stout, hairy. . . . ***Flowers*** several ***in cluster at base of upper leaves in summer; each with 5 pink, spreading petals*** 2-3 cm (0.8-1.2 in) long. ***Fruit is dry, flattened disc, divided into 15-20 segments.*** **Harvest:** leaves in early summer, flower buds in summer, and roots from late summer through winter. **Preparation:** whole plant contains mucilagelike material; roots are best source. Use young leaves in early summer as okra-like soup thickener or as potherb. Pickle flower buds. Boil thin sliced, peeled roots for 20 min in enough water to cover them. Strain off roots; for candy sweeten the liquid and boil until very thick. Beat and drop spoonfuls on waxed paper to cool. Roll pieces in confectioner's sugar. For vegetable, fry boiled root slices with butter and chopped onion until browned. Use water from boiling any parts of plant as substitute for egg white in meringue or chiffon pies. Also used for hand lotion and cough syrup. Use leaves for poultices for infected wounds. **Related edible species:** other Mallow family species, especially those of genus *Malva*. Eat *Malva* fruits raw or substitute roots for meringue. **Poisonous look-alikes:** none.

Draw lines from the peak that just miss the edges of the swamp. Then measure with your compass the bearings along these lines toward the peak. Say you get 60° and 110°.

You can approach the peak from any direction and be certain to avoid the swamp as long as the peak bears less than 60° or more than 110° from you. You can see from figure shown here that you'd pass South of the marsh when the bearing of the peak is less than 60°. You'd pass North of the swamp when the bearing is more than 110°.



Danger bearings.

How to Keep Your Honda Alive

*Remember when you finally shaved your beard and got a straight job, how the old Bug was ready to die and you were tired of doing repairs on it so with the big paychecks you popped for a new Honda? But now the Honda has 65,000 on it, a dealer tuneup costs $75, and you'd do the work yourself but the manuals are intimidating, mysterious and dull, not like the old days when John Muir's "Idiot Book" (**NWEC** p. 406) made everything crystal clear for the VW.*

*Take heart my friends! John Muir's body has departed but his soul is with us still, as well as his publishing company, which sits out in the New Mexico sun painstakingly creating one little gem after another. Following a manual on VW Rabbits (**NWEC** p. 406) they plunged into Hondas, and after some five years of work a book has appeared, and it's good. It covers all the 1200s and CVCC models thru 1981, or about 98 percent of the Honda population here in the U.S. Thoroughly researched and well indexed, it gives solutions to every challenge from tuning or rebuilding the engine to fixing that cranky window mechanism or door lock that died. Besides reams of basic information the book excels in its attractive layout and design, which combine with the fine work of master illustrator Peter Aschwanden to make a volume so tasty that even the nonmechanics around the office here found themselves browsing through the pages. Hmm, so that's what a crankshaft looks like. . . .*

Regardless of your skill level you'll appreciate the book, and if you're at that most difficult stage of all — taking the first step towards mechanical self-sufficiency — then here's the best friend you and your Honda are ever going to meet.

(Reader feedback has brought to light a few lapses in the book, and Muir Publications has responded quickly with a one-page addenda. If your book doesn't contain one send them a stamped, self-addressed envelope and they'll mail you a copy.) —*Dick Fugett*

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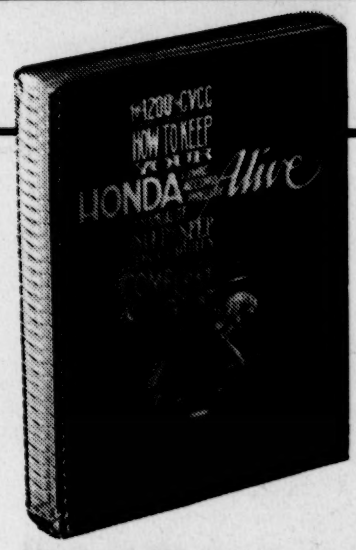
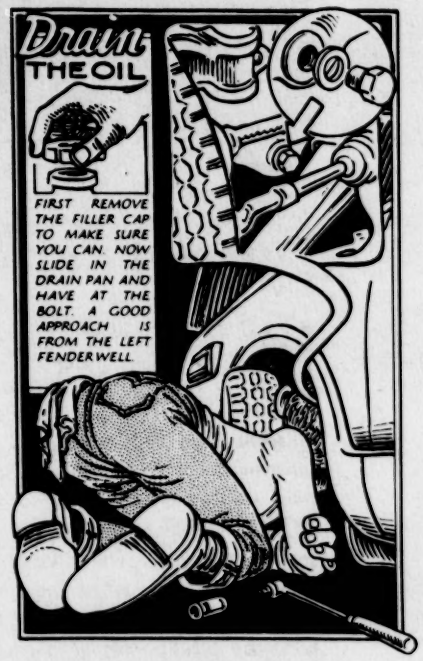
How often should you change your oil? The Honda people say every 5,000 or 7,500 miles. We say every 2,500 miles. The makers of some oils claim their oils are good for up to 25,000 miles. It ain't necessarily so. The oil *itself* may still lubricate, but over those miles it picks up dirt and grit, and that crud is continuously rammed into the finely machined and rapidly moving parts of your engine. You want *clean* oil in there. It's true that so-called synthetic oils wear out much slower than the ordinary oils that break down after 10,000 miles or so. But synthetics still get dirty. Oil is like a sock — you should change it when it gets dirty, not wait for it to wear out. And all oil gets dirty. So, whatever the brand, change it every 2,500 miles if you would like your Honda to achieve a ripe old age. At this interval you won't need to buy the expensive 'long mileage' oil.



How to Keep Your Honda Alive
(A Manual of Step-by-Step Procedures for the Compleat Idiot)
Fred Cisin and Jack Parvin
1983; 266 pp
$15.50
postpaid from:
John Muir Publications
Box 613
Santa Fe, NM 87501
or Whole Earth Bookstore



Practical Yacht Joinery

How to put that yacht together so it stays together and looks nice whilst doing so. It is assumed that you are reasonably smart, and that you have some skill, and that you speak a bit of yacht-talk. The whole yacht-builder's toolbox is discussed in great detail before getting to actual woodworking. The woodworking is discussed in such detail that just about anyone, including longtime professionals, is likely to find many useful tricks of the trade. Some of the details will be useful to landlubbing greenhouse builders who wish to delay Dreaded Rot by clever water-shedding joints, something not covered in carpentry books. The text is terse and encourages one to appreciate the finer things in yacht-construction subtleties. As you'd expect, illustrations and photos make things easier to see. Much more of this and pros will be a dime a dozen! And thanks to the publishers for printing it in a lay-flat format.

—*J. Baldwin*

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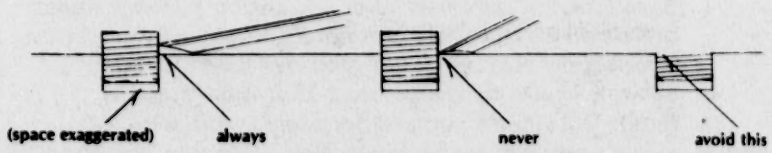
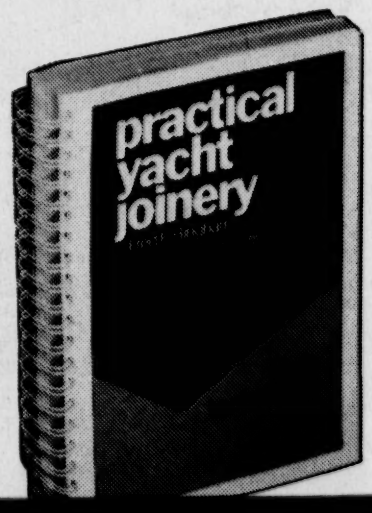
After a plug has been tapped in lightly with a small mallet (never to the bottom of the hole, for it may expand and then protrude), it must be cut off carefully after the binder has set. Use a slick or a fairly heavy chisel. Hold the tool blade bevel down with the cutting edge 1/16 to 1/8 inch above the surface, as shown in illustration. Now slide the blade along or tap it with a block or small mallet. This will slice the plugs off at a safe distance above the work surface. Go back and notice which way the grain runs. Take one or two slices with the grain so it does not crack off below the surface and ruin the appearance of the job. I used to cut off plugs in planking by walking along the hull quite rapidly. Then they were just sanded off flush with coarse paper on a block. Inserting plugs does not have to be a painstaking or time-consuming chore if you use your noodle.



Trimming Plugs



Practical Yacht Joinery
Fred P. Bingham
1983; 274 pp.
$34.50
postpaid from:
International Marine Publishing
21 Elm Street
Camden, ME 04843

The Official Survival Game Manual

This is a game, folks, and "survival" is not "survivalist." What we have here is a combination of capture the flag (did you play that as a kid?), a snowball fight, and chess. The board is a few acres, the players are people with minds, and the idea is to capture flags, either as an individual or as a member of a team, without getting splatted by paint blobs. The blobs are launched by the weapon-of-the-day, a pistol intended to mark cattle. Cleverness and markspersonship are gonna win. Being sneaky and underhanded helps. (One version of the game even has double agents.) The required cleverness covers a much greater range of possibilities than one finds on a chessboard.

It's satisfying — I've never heard of a player who didn't thoroughly enjoy the game. (The complaints come from those who don't play.) It costs money to play officially. The sponsors furnish the guns, ammo, acres and absolutely necessary goggles. The only real danger is whether your reputation can withstand being known as one who enjoys this sort of thing. Oh yes . . . the book. It's the rules, strategies, tips, sources of supply, and how to find a game. There is an effort made to furnish you with adequate justification for thinking the game is fun, or even acceptable. About the only nit I have to pick with the whole idea (it's no worse than any other sport to me) is the name. I'd have called it "Treachery."

—J. (The Painter) Baldwin

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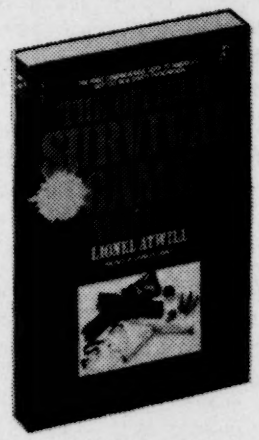
From time to time in almost any Game, someone either will accidentally release the gas in their gun — hence a loud *Psst* — or run out of gas and be forced to change cylinders. When a used cylinder is removed, the small amount of gas remaining in it escapes, again producing a *Psst*.

Hearing that sound, an experienced player knows that his opponent ain't got nothin in his gun. Nice guys then rush and shoot their victim. Really evil, slimy players just walk in slowly, jam their gun in their opponent's ribs (or neck, or . . .) and demand surrender.

Game player: Michael Foley, thirty, computer analyst. "I probably would think twice about shooting my wife, Sara. On the other hand, she hasn't crossed my sights as yet."

The Official Survival Game Manual
Lionel Atwill
1983; 158 pp.
$6.95
postpaid from:
Pocket Books
Attn: Order Dept.
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
or Whole Earth Bookstore



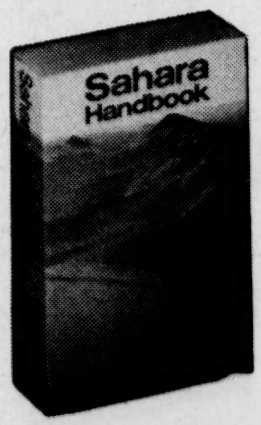
There is one thing to be aware of, however. A few old pros can do a fine imitation of a *Psst*.

Sahara Handbook

How to cruise your own vehicle through the Sahara, deal with nomads, choose autos with spare parts available, get unstuck, come back alive to tell about it. Roaming the desert is a lot like sailing the ocean — amateurs are not discouraged but casualness is. Sure, you can ride local public buses in some of the region, but we're talking here about the real McCoy: getting out into the crusty desert to map the advance of dunes, or to look for lost cities. Over two dozen possible routes are detailed, many of them hardly traveled by anybody. Vital supply sources and a map are given for each oasis. If you're thirsty for basic know-how that any desert rat with 25 years experience would own,it is nicely presented in this book. Useful for other deserts besides being the best in print for exploring the Sahara, which is the size of the U.S.

—Kevin Kelly

Sahara Handbook
Simon and Jan Glen
1980; 316 pp.
$20.80
postpaid from:
Bradt Enterprises
95 Harvey Street
Cambridge, MA 02140



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Never carry petrol in plastic jerrycans! Firstly, petrol can react with plastic and cause it to slowly disintegrate. Secondly, plastic jerrycans are not strong enough to contain the tremendous expansion that takes place when petrol, very hot and shaken up, changes to gas. They swell up and crack, allowing gas to escape. Any naked light or static electricity will cause an instant explosion: a tragic end to a Saharan holiday.

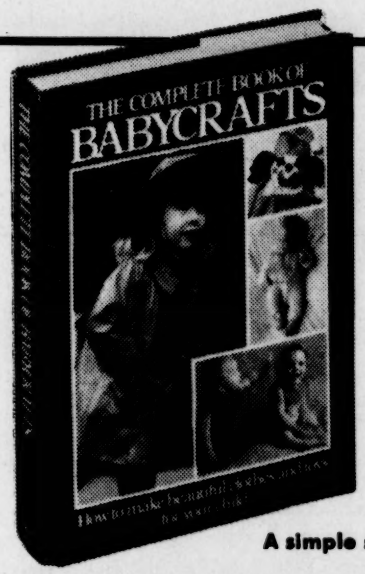
The best jerrycans are the steel 20 litre (4.4 gallons) ones originally designed for and used by Rommel's Afrika Korps in World War II. They gave the Germans an initial advantage over the British, who were unable to carry petrol as safely in Saharan conditions. The British soldiers called them 'Jerry' (their nickname for the Germans) cans. . . .

Wide spout U.S. Army jerrycans with the screw lids do not seal as well as the original design and don't pour as well. Generally, do not be afraid to stack or store a jerrycan on its side. If the seal is good it will not leak. If the seal is faulty it will leak standing upright as well.

Jerrycans can always be sold all over the Sahara, and they fetch higher prices there than in Europe. If you arrive on the edge of the Sahara with insufficient jerrycans, they can be bought at two places, at least: at the roadside stall between Touggourt and Square Bresson in N.E. Algeria and at stalls outside the supermarket, opposite the Family House Hotel, in Agadez, Niger.

The Complete Book of Babycrafts

This is the finest babycraft book I've seen. There are easy-to-follow instructions and patterns for warm- and cold-weather clothing, toys, blankets and other baby things. These are practical, wearable garments that won't get stuffed away in a drawer. Most of the clothes are very simple and many are made of stretchy yarn or fabric for longer wear while baby grows. Patterns are given in several sizes. There are projects for all skill levels. Great book for making a wardrobe for your child or for ideas for baby presents. —Marilyn Green



A simple sundress

The Complete Book of Babycrafts
(How to Make Beautiful Clothes and Toys for Your Child)
Eleanor Van Zandt, Editor
1982; 183 pp.

$18.95
postpaid from:
Arco Publishing
219 Park Avenue So.
New York, NY 10003
or Whole Earth Bookstore

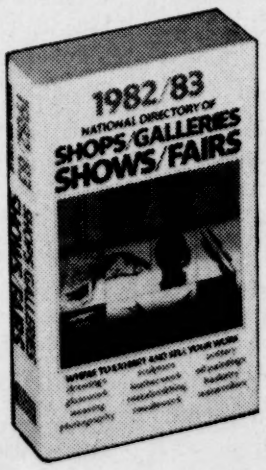
National Directory of Shops/Galleries/Shows/Fairs

A good resource for craftspeople who want to expand their marketplace. There are short descriptions of each shop and gallery to give you an idea of which ones to approach. The name of the buyer is usually included. Listings are arranged by region. Makes me want to pack up my quilts and hit the art fairs.

—Marilyn Green

National Directory of Shops/Galleries/Shows/Fairs
(Where to Exhibit and Sell Your Work)
Sally Ann Davis, Editor
1982; 572 pp.

$12.95
postpaid from:
Writer's Digest Books
9933 Alliance Road
Cincinnatti, OH 45242
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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CRAFTS FAIR, 11 Buell St., Hanover NH 03755. (603) 643-2258. Contact: Sally Page. Sponsors: Upper Valley Association For Retarded Citizens, Upper Valley Training Center and Friends of Hopkins Center. Outdoor show held 3 times/year for 1 day in June, August and September. Recent show sales totaled $19,000.

Media: Considers all types of crafts, limited amount of paintings/drawings and b&w and color photographs. No ceramic pumpkins.

Terms: Entries accepted until 1 week before the show. Entry fee: $7.50/artist. Display area: 10x6. Prejudging by photos, slides, etc. Entry fee due after prejudging. Work must be offered for sale; 15% sponsor commission. Artist must attend show. Demonstrations permitted. Registration limit: 80.

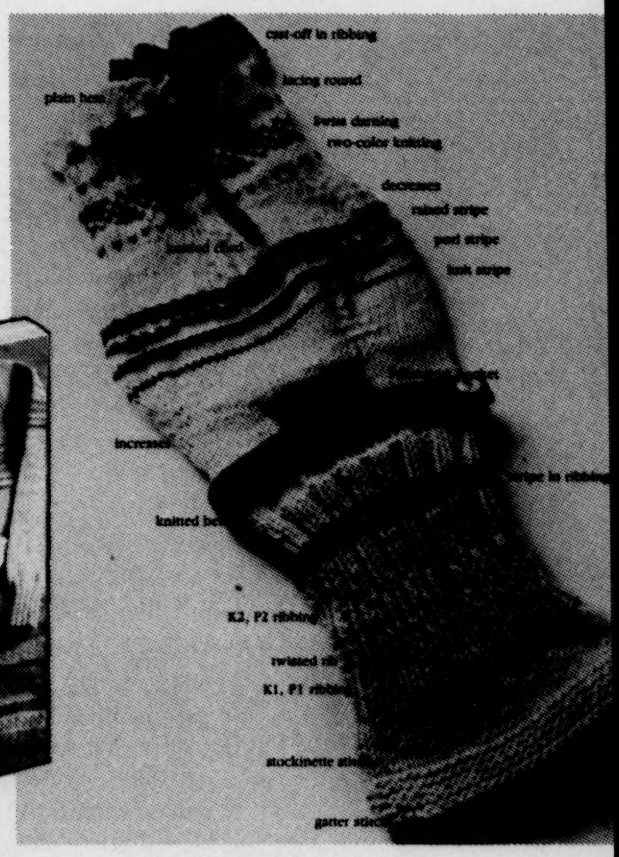
Profile: "Show held outside Hopkins Center on Slate Plaza and in grassy park area to the side. We count on and generally get sunshine. All proceeds go to non-profit agencies — mostly for the retarded."

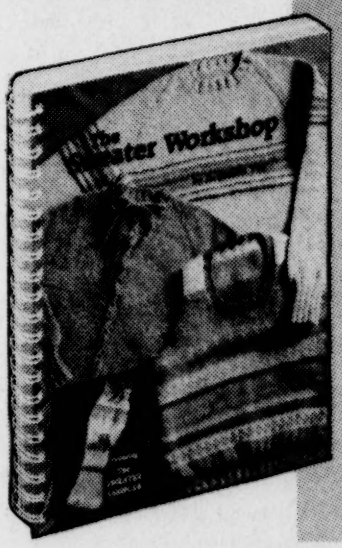
The Sweater Workshop

A real find for knitters who are tired of following patterns yet too timid to design on their own. Jacqueline Fee takes you by the hand and helps you gain confidence to design and knit well-fitting, seamless sweaters without a pattern. You knit a sampler to learn everything you need to know to knit a sweater, then progress to a basic pullover. This "pattern" can be varied to make a turtleneck, cardigan or whatever you need to stay warm. —Marilyn Green

The Sweater Workshop
Jacqueline Fee
1983; 181 pp.

$16.50
postpaid from:
Interweave Press
306 North
Washington Ave.
Loveland, CO 80537





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The sampler is worked basically in the round. However, directions for flat knitting are also included, where applicable, for the day you knit a cardigan, or start the neck shaping in a pullover — a move that requires back and forth knitting from that moment on. In the few instances where both round and flat directions are given, keep an eagle eye out for, and on, the ROUND — that is the method to follow in the sampler.

Carefully read through the comment and the ROUND method for each technique before following the actual instructions that will take you through the sampler. In no time at all, you will have completed your sampler and assembled the skills for many a sweater on your own.

AN ACID RAIN PREVENTION SYSTEM

by David Morse

THE WIDESPREAD phenomenon known as acid rain is solvable in terms of existing technology, but both the problem and its potential solution are obscured within the existing political and economic grid. In the first place, the term *acid rain* is a misnomer, since the stuff includes other precipitates such as snow, fog, dry particulates and aerosols; a more accurate term is *acid fallout.* Moreover, the phenomenon is typically portrayed as regional, when in fact it occurs in patches all over the planet, virtually anywhere downwind of heavily industrialized areas where sulfur-laden fossil fuels are burned. To persist in portraying acid fallout as simply rain, as an aberration, as a "mysterious" regional phenomenon, is an exercise in voodoo semantics which serves only to blind us from understanding it in context.

As it is popularly perceived, separated from the larger threat of global air pollution, acid fallout tends to pit one region against another. Ohio alone dumps more sulfur dioxide into the air than the combined output of all the New England states plus New York and New Jersey. On this continent acid fallout is heaviest in a broad plume extending northeast of the Ohio River Valley — in the direction of prevailing winds — across upper New York State and northern New England and southeastern Canada. In New England, deaths attributable to air pollution are about twice that in the rest of the country.

The cause-and-effect relationship between upwind polluter and downwind death is arguable. Experts testifying on behalf of the electric utility industry — which generates well over half of the national total of about 30 million tons of sulfur dioxide annually — point out the difficulty in tracing the movement of airborn pollutants hundreds of miles to a precise source and argue the necessity of pinpointing a "smoking gun" before spending the billions of dollars necessary to add desulfurization equipment to the offending smokestacks. Go slow, they suggest. Wait for the results of a ten-year, $20 million study recently initiated to track the flow of sulfur dioxide emissions — a study being carried out by an industry-supported group known as the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), based in Palo Alto, California.

OVERLOOKED in the confusion is the fact that today's problem is yesterday's quick-fix solution, a product of market forces and well-intentioned but myopic government legislation. In response to the Clean Air Act of 1970, which was geared toward improving local air quality, electric utilities and other big coal users raised the heights of their stacks to several hundred feet — most dramatically in the Ohio River Valley and the south Atlantic states, where some stacks tower a quarter-mile into the sky. The result was that although air became cleaner at ground level (a 24 percent reduction in local levels of sulfur dioxide between 1974 and 1980) pollutants were not eliminated but jettisoned high into the atmosphere, where they were carried off by prevailing winds. It was a case of a local problem being pushed onto the global

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Connecticut-based freelance writer David Morse has been writing on energy issues for the last four or five years. For much of that time he watch-dogged northeastern utilities in a regular column on energy for **Connecticut** *magazine. David first uncovered the information presented here in the course of researching an article on acid rain for an industrial association magazine. That article was deep-sixed by the magazine's editors when it turned out to be less comforting than they wanted. We're sure they'd find* **this** *new article even more uncomfortable.* —*Jay Kinney*

In the 1960s we all-too-often settled for cheap-shot blame-laying coupled with simplistic solutions to technical problems. That felt good, but it didn't usually help much except perhaps to assuage the infamous middle-class guilt. As this article shows, undesirable effects of various technologies are not necessarily undesirable to everyone, and resolving of the problems is not easy politically or technically. Even this essay is but one tiny part of an enormous amount of work that has to be done before the stacks are cleaned up and we can turn our attention to some other villain — and that's assuming this conceptually easy but practically difficult proposal will work as claimed. But it's a good start. Now all we need is a dedicated squad with about five years to work on it. —*J. Baldwin*

TED SPIEGEL / BLACK STAR

Sulfuric and nitric acids, dropped by rain and snow, cause brook trout in a wire cage in an Adirondack stream to turn belly up.

agenda, where it has become vastly more complex.

Beneath this complexity, however, lies some painfully elemental chemistry. We know that for every hundred tons of coal we burn containing 4 percent sulfur, we are sending four tons of sulfur into the atmosphere (as well as carbon and nitrogen oxides, water, and assorted trace elements such as arsenic and selenium). Virtually *all* of that sulfur first oxidizes and then combines with moisture to form sulfuric acid, which precipitates in various forms.

Acid fallout won't exactly chew holes in your umbrella or kill healthy adult fish, but in a matter of a few years a shift in the pH of snow from five to four (representing a ten-fold increase in acidity) can produce so-called "subtle" changes in the ecology — deformities in salamander embryos, for instance, and rapid declines in fish populations when spring run-off coincides with spawning. In areas such as the Adirondacks, where the soil lacks good "buffering" characteristics — such as abundant limestone — the gradual lowering of the pH has defoliated fir trees and ravaged hundreds of lakes, leaving them empty of aquatic life.

Other pollutants such as hydrocarbons, heavy metals and ozone may interact with acid fallout, with synergistic effects. Metals including lead and copper in pipes are more readily dissolved in acidified drinking water. Absorption of mercury in the tissues of fish and the uptake of minerals in plants may be affected, as well as the ability of forest species to resist the attacks of insects and disease. Recent studies suggest a geographic correlation between acidification and the incidence of abnormally high levels of aluminum found in the brains of individuals suffering from degenerative brain disease. In all likelihood the long-term effects of air pollution generally, and acidification in particular, will be far from subtle.

If we step back from the problem, we see that it results from two lags in thinking. The first lag grew from the sort of frontier attitude which perceives the buffering capacity of the ecosphere as inexhaustible. Implicit in the federal government's approach in the 1960s and early 1970s was the premise that "the solution to pollution is dilution," a premise which was demonstrably short-sighted: Building higher smokestacks compounded air pollution while retarding development of an adequate desulfurization technology.

The present lag appears, at first glance, to grow from an effort to save money by buying time. The result is that serious efforts at flue-gas desulfurization are being delayed. What is remarkable, however, is that the utility industry isn't seeking to deny that the problem exists, but rather to deny the problem its context.

Existing desulfurization technology has suffered what might be called a prolonged infancy. Smokestack "scrubbers" are expensive to install and maintain because the chemicals absorbed from the stack gases form sulfuric and other strong, corrosive acids. The whole process is based on a cumbersome, energy-inefficient "throwaway" system which consumes large quantities of ground limestone and produces big piles of unpleasant gray refuse which must be carted off to a landfill. Estimated costs for outfitting a single medium-sized power plant with scrubbers run to $200 million, with 300,000 tons of sludge produced annually. The aggregate cost of cleaning up the nation's smokestacks is estimated at $7 billion a year. Utility officials warn that such costs will be passed on to customers.

Given, on the one hand, the drawbacks of existing desulfurization devices, and, on the other hand, the impact of air pollution on the environment, including the cost in human lives, we might expect to see a wholesale effort to develop efficient alternatives. Logically, such efforts might come from both industry and government. Yet neither EPRI nor the Department of Energy (DOE)

has managed to come up with an intelligent method of desulfurization.[1] The persistent failure of government and industry to come up with an alternative begins to look like willful stupidity. One has to ask, incredulously, who has anything to *gain* from air pollution?

SOLUTIONS TO DEEPLY entrenched problems often come from surprising sources. Recently, an "Acid Rain Prevention System" was put forth not by scientists at EPRI but by an informal team of marine engineers associated with the University of Rhode Island. Their plan involves a unique application of Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion (OTEC), a technology seemingly far removed from the towering smokestacks of the Ohio Valley.

OTEC (the acronym is intended to suggest a potential for displacing imported oil) works as follows: A seagoing barge is equipped with two heat-exchangers, one fed by warm surface water, the other by a pipe dangling several hundred feet into the cold ocean depths. On the barge is a loop of large-diameter pipe filled with ammonia. The ammonia enters the warm heat-exchanger, where it is vaporized; the expanding gas drives a turbine. The ammonia is then returned to the cold heat-exchanger, where it is condensed back into a liquid. The cycle continues, pretty much *ad infinitum.* As long as a differential of 25 degrees F. or more exists between surface water and the colder depths, electricity can be generated aboard the OTEC barge and either transported to shore via underwater cable or stored on board in hydrogen fuel cells.

OTEC has been tested successfully by DOE. So promising were the results — despite DOE's choice of massive prototypes designed and built by Boeing rather than lighter, less expensive devices from smaller contractors — that the immediate applications in places like the Virgin Islands, where a barrel of oil costs more than one hundred dollars, are undeniable.[2] (DOE has since reduced funding for the project, thus maintaining its record in screwing up renewable-technology development.)

Among the engineers working on the full-scale OTEC prototype, which was tested in Hawaii in 1981, was a marine-power engineer named H.E. Sheets. Sheets discussed the project with two former colleagues from the University of Rhode Island, Tad Kowalski and J.R. Metz. Fascinated with the potential of OTEC, Kowalski set his classes to thinking about OTEC applications. What emerged was a plan for harvesting the thermal energy being wasted by a nearby fossil-fired generating plant when it discharged cooling water into a bay. The plan was never adopted by the utility, but the unorthodox application of OTEC to extract waste heat from conventional power plants led unexpectedly to a potential solution to the problem of acid fallout.

Kowalski noted that to avoid the corrosive effects of acid forming inside their stacks, existing power plants operating without scrubbers discharge their flue gases at temperatures hotter than 275 degrees F. — the temperature at which gaseous sulfur trioxide oxidizes in the presence of moisture to form sulfuric acid. Thus substantial amounts of heat energy are wasted.

By applying OTEC principles to stack gases, where the temperature differential may be as high as 220 degrees F., Kowalski and his colleagues expect to convert enough of the wasted heat energy to electric power to boost the output of a 100-megawatt generating plant by roughly 12 percent — while at the same time cooling the stack gases sufficiently to produce pure sulfuric acid as a marketable byproduct. An additional advantage of an OTEC desulfurization system, acording to Kowalski, is that the tall smokestack could be eliminated. He claims that most of the system could be built using standard off-the-shelf components already commonplace in the chemical industry for the production of sulfuric acid.

Last spring, Kowalski sent his student engineers to their drawing boards to size a system for a hypothetical 100-megawatt plant. (The group had its eye on a nearby older 100-megawatt plant.) Apparently nobody at DOE or EPRI had considered applying OTEC to flue gases, and on the basis of their unusual application, Kowalski and company secured a patent. Their next step was to approach New England Electric to see if the utility would allow them to install such a system on the power plant they had been eyeing.

The move was not wholly naive: New England Electric is pursuing energy options ranging from conservation to a broad program for converting its expensive oil-fired plants to coal. Nevertheless, the request was turned down flat. A vice president at New England Electric cited uncertainties relating to economics, physical size of the OTEC apparatus and possible technical problems involving large heat-exchangers and exotic welds. "In all events," he told this writer, "It would be inappropriate to take a working plant out of the grid — for research purposes it would be necessary to shut it down every once in a while." He could see nothing wrong with the proposal in theory, but suggested that the appropriate place to go with such an idea was EPRI.

One point is obvious, but worth stating: The engineers from Rhode Island were novices in an industry that prizes experience, particularly in the troublesome

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1. So incestuous is the relationship between EPRI and DOE that at the critical policy-making level the two are indistinguishable. See **The Sun Betrayed: A Report on the Corporate Seizure of U.S. Solar Energy Development**, by Ray Reece (1979, 234 pp., $5.50 postpaid from South End Press, Box 68, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123).

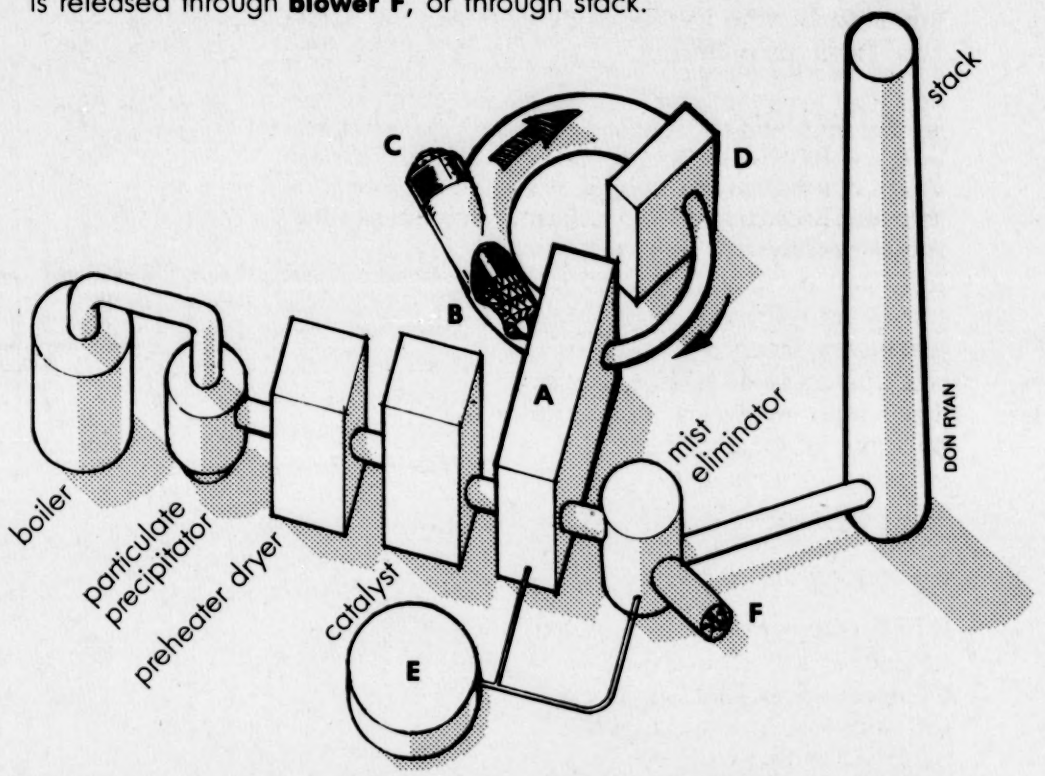
2. For the latest technical information on OTEC, contact Steve Rubin, Technical Inquiry Service, Solar Energy Research Institute, 1617 Cole Boulevard, Golden, CO 80401; (303) 231-7303.

business of desulfurization. I was surprised to discover that Kowalski seemed unaware of other efforts to extract marketable byproducts from flue gas. In Japan, for example, utilities are already using "regenerable" desulfurization systems which produce elemental sulfur, sulfuric acid and gypsum — all useful in making chemicals, sheetrock and fertilizer.

The catch is that these downstream chemical plants are net consumers of energy. Calcium sulfate, the product of sulfuric acid neutralized by limestone, requires drying and processing before it can be turned into marketable gypsum or even fertilizer, and the market value of such a byproduct isn't enough to offset the electricity required to produce it. In Japan, the scarcity of landfill sites justifies the consequent higher per-kilowatt cost of generation; in the U.S., where space is historically abundant, industry abhors the concept of including recycling as part of the cost of production. Pollution control devices are viewed as "added-on" costs and are resisted. Add OTEC for energy-recovery, however, and the economic balance may well tilt the other way.

Simplified Schematic of Acid Rain Prevention System

Flue gas loses heat to working fluid in **heat exchanger A**. Working fluid, heated in heat exchanger, expands to drive **turbine B**, connected to **generator C**. **Condenser D** cools fluid before return to heat exchanger. Flue gasses, cooled in heat exchanger, drop sulfur as condensate which is collected at **E**. Cooled, sulfur-free flue gas is released through **blower F**, or through stack.



HOW REALISTIC is the OTEC proposal? I contacted Stuart Dalton for his response to the proposal, which was sent to EPRI for funding at about the same time I was making my own inquiry late last March. Dalton, EPRI's program manager of desulfurization processes, admitted that he could find nothing wrong with the OTEC application, in theory, but went on to describe some of the formidable technical problems encountered in any desulfurization process: "Unfortunately," he said, "we are dealing with probably one of the most corrosive environments that you can encounter in a power plant," an environment that has required builders of conventional scrubbers to go to "more and more exotic alloy." He disputed Kowalski's contention that the OTEC device could be built with off-the-shelf components, adding that EPRI is involved already in developing a heat-exchanger that will resist such corrosion.

Asked if that meant EPRI was working on some comparable method of reclaiming heat from stack gases, Dalton responded affirmatively, but added that it was another difficult area requiring long-term research. But, he added, "I don't think there's much of a market today for regenerable systems."

Asked why, Dalton responded, "It's mainly a question of economics."

I was astonished at this circular reasoning.

On April 7, I received a letter from Dalton indicating that EPRI would not be funding the proposal and would respond in detail to Professor Kowalski. When I contacted Kowalski on April 20, he still had not heard from EPRI.

Yesterday it rained miserably, as usual. Today, more rain. June in Connecticut: This spring has been so sodden that the chard never came up; even the snow peas are stunted. I sprinkle limestone and wood ashes around the bean plants as a deterrent to the yellow slugs that have taken over the garden; the slugs thrive not only on the moisture but on the lowered pH. Even worm castings, which are slightly alkaline, are said to offer some deterrent to slugs, so subtle is the ecology of a garden, planted and dutifully limed.

Who has an interest in keeping the price of desulfurization so high? Who has an interest in maximizing the cost and the environmental risk of generating electricity with coal?

The answer should be obvious to anyone who has watched the financial paroxysms of the utility industry struggling to complete partially finished nuclear reactors.

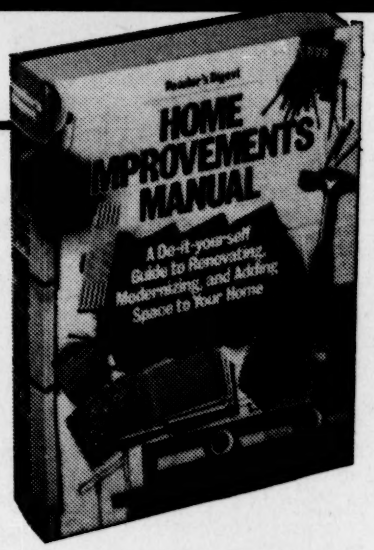
Increasingly, as the real costs of accidents such as Three Mile Island, of decommissioning reactors, of guarding against potential disasters become clear, energy economics favors conversion to coal. And for those utilities struggling to justify completion of multi-billion dollar nuclear plants in the face of that reality, public concern over acid fallout must come as manna from heaven. ■

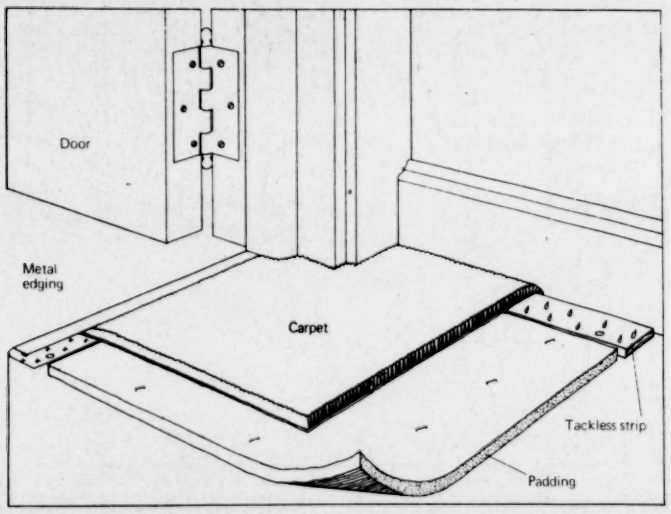
Reader's Digest Home Improvements Manual

*The excellent **Reader's Digest Complete Do-It-Yourself Manual** (**NWEC** p. 156) has spawned this equally good book covering larger remodeling projects. From a bookmaker's perspective the layout of this one should win it a Golden Shoehorn Award — the pages are dense with information and diagrams that are just barely kept from oozing into the margins. Better that than selling simplified hype that won't explain the job once you've got the book home. Carpentry, plumbing and electrical work are all explained, and when the job is difficult or dangerous they say so, suggest you find professional help, and then describe the task so you can know what you're talking about with the person you hire.*

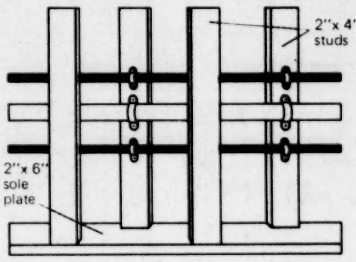
—Richard Nilsen

Reader's Digest Home Improvements Manual
John Speicher, Editor
1982; 383 pp.
$21.27
postpaid from:
Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, NY 10570
or Whole Earth Bookstore

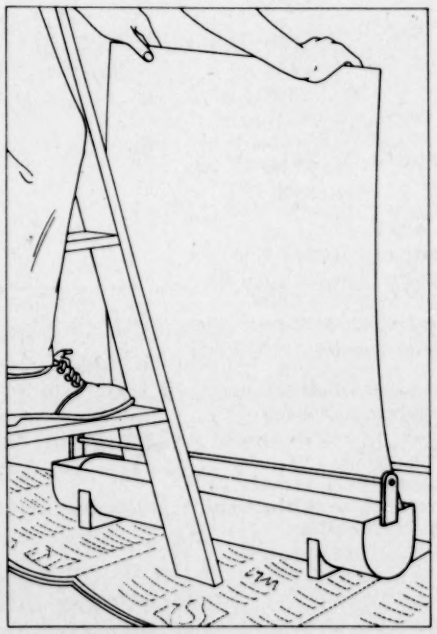




***Wall-to-wall carpeting* is stretched tautly between tackless strips installed around the perimeter of the room. The strips are nailed (or cemented) to the floor so that the pins lean toward the wall, with a small gap next to the wall so that the cut carpet can be tucked behind the strips. A metal edging strip at each doorway has points to hold the carpet, and a lip that is hammered over the carpet. Padding is attached, usually with staples, over the entire area of the floor within the tackless strips. Before installation begins, shoe molding or baseboard molding is removed.**



A new wet wall can be built with 2-x-6 top and sole plates, and 2-x-4 studs staggered along plate edges so as to leave room for pipes.



Using a waterbox

A *waterbox* with tepid water is useful for pre-pasted wallpaper. Each strip is rolled pasted side out, soaked for the required time, and is applied directly from the box onto the wall.

Takilma Forge & Wagon Works

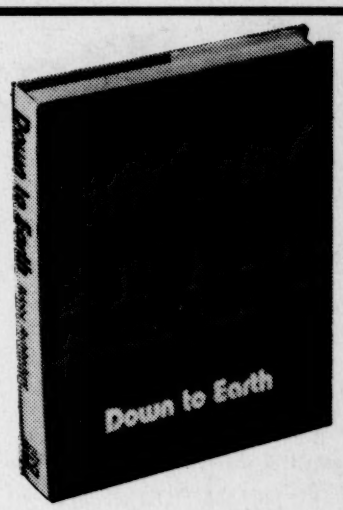
There are lots of blacksmiths around these days and several small carriage works, but this is the only one I know offering easy-to-assemble kits for building your own horse-drawn wagon. Jim Rich is the master blacksmith and he's committed not only to superior craftsmanship but also to sane, ecological transportation. There are three basic models, reasonably priced, which include all the ironwork, axles, wooden wheels and accessories. You provide the lumber for the body. And the labor. Basic carpentry skills are recommended. Kits for custom wagons and completely finished wagons may be special ordered. Here's a way to get a reliable vehicle that should last a lifetime for less than $1000.

—Pedro Tama

Two-wheel Road Cart	**capacity 500 lbs**	**$395**
Buckboard	**capacity 800 lbs**	**$620**
Spring Wagon (heavy duty)	**capacity 1500 lbs**	**$950**

Takilma Forge and Wagon Works
Catalog
$1
postpaid from:
Takilma Forge and Wagon Works
9345 Takilma Road
Cave Junction, OR
97523

Down to Earth



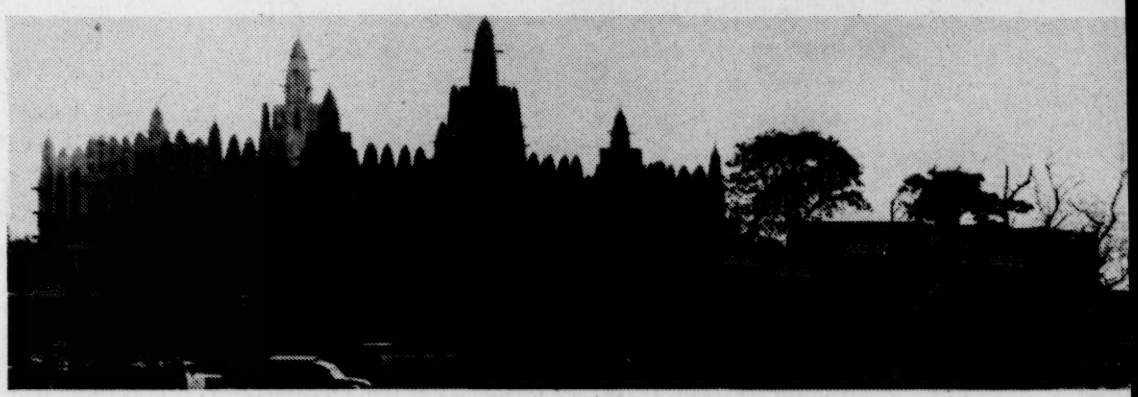
This book is the record of a photo exhibition of sun-baked earthen construction held in Paris in 1981. There are black-and-white and color photos with brief captions, a brief introductory text, and almost nothing on technique. Sounds like an adobe book for your coffee table, and it would not be out of place there.

But if you are taken by the fact that more than a third of the people on this Earth sleep in earth houses, and if you wonder what some of those houses look and feel like, then this book belongs other places besides on coffee tables. Here is a worldwide perspective that results in a wonderful idea book — from New Mexico passive solar adobes back to the Tower of Babel, with stops in between in places like France, China, North Yemen, and Mali. If nothing else, this book will awaken you to Western culture's prejudice against adobe and maybe make you wonder why it came about. —Richard Nilsen

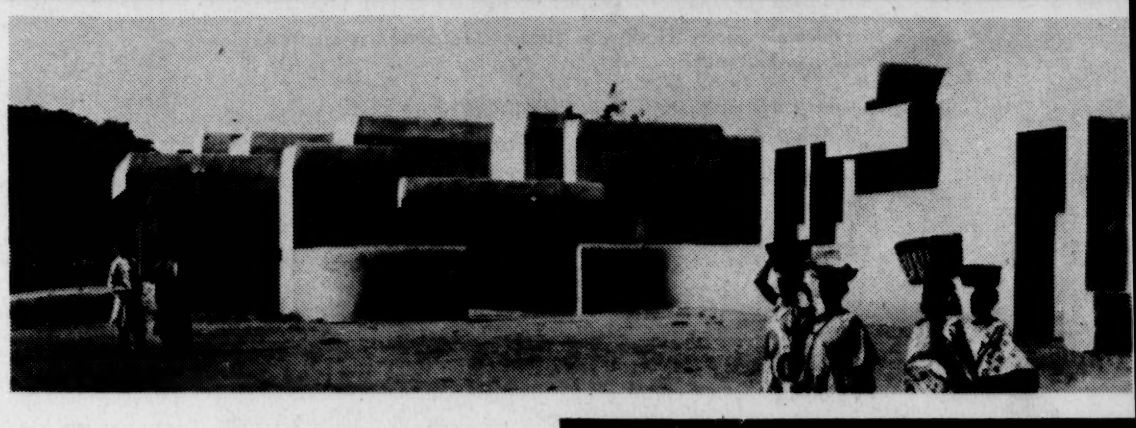
Down to Earth
(Adobe Architecture:
An Old Idea,
A New Future)
Jean Dethier
1983; 192 pp.

$21.95
postpaid from:
Facts on File Inc.
460 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth
Bookstore

House built in 1947 in the town of Zinder, Niger. (Photo by Michel Renaudeau, 1970)



Medical center built in 1976 at Mopti in Mali, between the great mosque (rebuilt in 1935) and the River Niger. It is the work of the French architect André Ravereau and a Belgian colleague Philippe Lauwers, who undertook this scheme for the Malian Ministry of Planning, under the aegis of the European Development Fund. This branch of the European Economic Community has been trying for some time, primarily at the instigation of its architectural advisor Marc Wolf, to promote technologies in the Third World which are adapted to the characteristics of each region. This example won, in 1980, one of the ten Aga Khan Awards, set up to encourage high architectural standards and a new synthesis between architectural tradition and modernity in Muslim countries. (Photos by Sylviane Leprun in 1981 and Emmanuelle Roche in 1979)

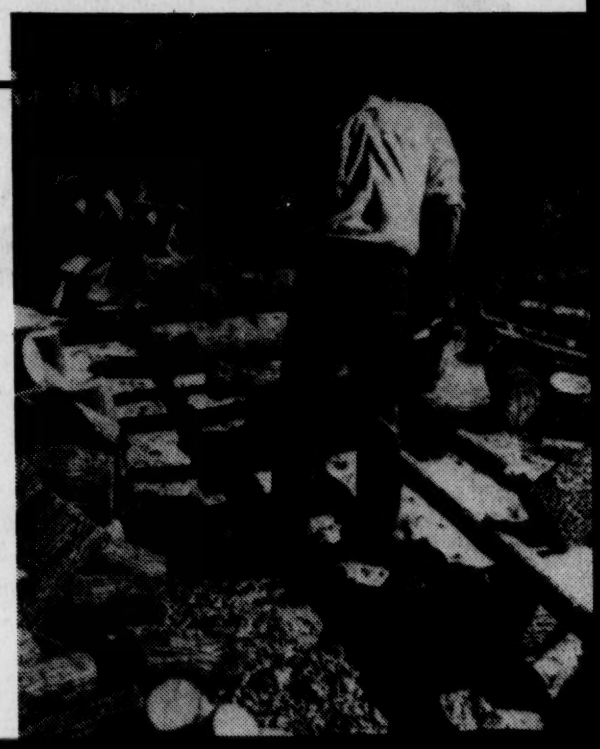


Chainsaw Savvy

There are plenty of books written for the beginner, but while ***Chainsaw Savvy*** *will be ideal for weekend warriors, Soderstrom also respects one's intelligence enough to explain the why-nots. Any professional knows the rules must be broken on occasion, and it can be done safely if the consequences are understood. This book will enable one to be more professional.* —Peter Ladd

This is now the chainsaw book I'd use. —J. Baldwin

Chainsaw Savvy
Neil Soderstrom
1982; 144 pp.
$9.95
postpaid from:
Morgan and Morgan
145 Palisades Street
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
or Whole Earth
Bookstore



For one-man bucking of piled logs, this buck supports up to a dozen logs. It allows you to cut all logs into stove length in a single pass with no need to set the saw down after cutting each log as you would if using just the cross-legged buck shown in the background.

Gecko as Roach-deterrent

by Richard Engling

MY WIFE GAIL AND I live with lizards. We aren't animal trainers, and they aren't pets (though we did get them at a pet shop). The fact is we haven't seen the lizards since we released them in the kitchen. The only way we know they are still living with us is by way of their effect: our household population of roaches is rapidly declining.

For some people, the idea of a household with roaches conjures up images of squalor and neglect. But for many who live in older buildings in cities, no matter how well-kept, there is no escaping the ubiquitous cockroach.

When Gail and I returned from a month-long trip this summer, we discovered our few discreet cockroaches had multiplied to alarming numbers. Yet we didn't want to fill our home with insecticides in the effort to exterminate them. To us, using bug sprays and calling in exterminators would have been nothing less than fouling our own nest. Some percent of the poisons sprayed would eventually have landed in our food, coated our dishware, or been absorbed through our skin. We decided instead to turn the balance of nature against them: we brought in two geckos.

The type of gecko we thought most suitable for our home was the "house gecko." The house gecko (hemidactylus mabouia) is a species of gecko from Africa which grows to a length of seven inches, including the tail, which makes up about half its length. It is colored brownish grey with wavy bands of dark brown. Like most geckos (the **Encyclopedia Britannica** informs us there are 650 species abounding in all the warm parts of the world), the house gecko lives on a diet of insects. It has the invaluable ability to walk up walls and even upside-down across ceilings. This allows it to seek out and devour the nimble spider and the solitary cockroach hiding in the top shelf of your pantry. It doesn't climb with suction cups, however. On its toe pads, the gecko has microscopic hooks that cling to small surface irregularities, enabling it to run across an apparently smooth ceiling.

The best thing about geckos, for those who are squeamish, is that they are entirely nocturnal. We have yet to come across either of our lizards. The most one might ever notice is their faint nocturnal chirp, sounding something like the barking of a tiny dog. During the day, they find a suitable hiding place and sleep. Mary Ann Brandt of the Fishing Schooner Pet Shop on Lincoln Avenue in Chicago explained that the gecko prefers a natural brown or grey hiding spot,

KATHLEEN O'NEILL

A maxim of most city-dwellers is that the only things more ubiquitous than death and taxes are cockroaches. This report on a nontoxic, organic alternative to insecticides comes from Richard Engling, of Chicago, Illinois. His work has previously appeared in several small magazines, including ***Aloe*** *and* ***Pulpsmith****.* *—Jay Kinney*

The only way we know they are still living with us is by way of their effect: our household population of roaches is rapidly declining.

RICHARD ENGLING

as in unpainted wood, that will match its skin tone. Only at night do they come out to prey on your pests. And since cockroaches are also nocturnal, they are a perfect match for one another.

Letting a lizard loose in your home may strike you as a pretty strange idea, but in many parts of the world geckos in the home are a commonplace — and a welcome one, at that. Geckos are beginning to gain popularity in this country, as well. Ms. Brandt claimed they sell as many as 150 geckos per year, estimating that 90 percent of those are purchased for pest control. "It's people who don't want insecticides in their homes," she told me. "Whether it is to protect their pets, or because they have small children, or for whatever reason, they don't want poisons in the home."

According to Ms. Brandt, the house gecko poses no danger to the home, eats only live insects (you don't have to worry about it going into your food — unless a handy open box looks like a good place to sleep), and is a polite, cleanly addition to the home. As to how quickly it could be expected to work, she feeds them each an average of two to three crickets per night (crickets tend to be larger than roaches). Ms. Brandt assured me they would eat quite a few more if they were available. She added, however, that many people preferred to buy more than one house gecko (or one of the larger and more voracious Tokay geckos), depending on the size of the house or apartment and the severity of the insect problem.

THE TOKAY GECKO is the largest species of the gecko world, making it popular as a pet as well as an insect-eater. The Tokay grows to over a foot in length and will eat small mice as well as insects. The things that perhaps make it less desirable than a house gecko are its bark, its size, and its bite. I am told its bark is as loud as that of a small poodle. It is large enough that coming across it some dark night in the hallway might be rather startling. And the Tokay can give quite a powerful bite if you try to capture it.

Chameleons, too, have been tried for pest control. They do not have the deep mouth of a gecko, however, which allows even the house gecko to swallow an amazingly large bug. The chameleon is also a daytime creature, which limits its effectiveness against roaches and occasionally surprises the guests.

The household can provide some dangers to the lizard. A very fast cat will do to it what it does to the insects. If insecticides have been used, they can be deadly, as well.

There are, of course, ways of getting rid of roaches other than having them devoured. (Is there an ethical vegetarian so strict as to object to a cockroach being eaten?) In the July, 1982, "Well-Being" section of **Vegetarian Times**, Kathy Keville assures us that the herbs angelica, clover, eucalyptus, peppermint, and sage will all repel roaches. You may prefer to make a strong tea of one or a combination of the above and spray it around to chase the bugs away. Or the herbs could be sprinkled around on the floor and in the places the roaches dwell. But remember that when you chase roaches away, they are not going to disappear. More likely, they will move to your downstairs neighbor's kitchen until the smell of your herbs subsides.

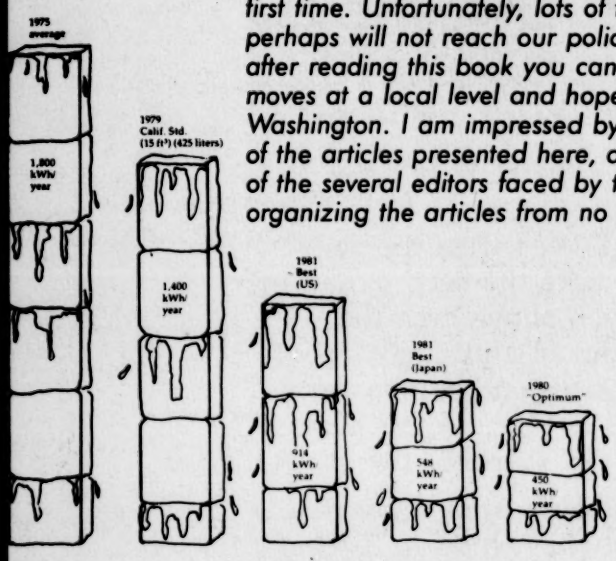
Another way to deal with the vermin is to lay boric acid powder in their traffic lanes. Despite the images of filth and squalor cockroaches give to us, they are cleanly in their personal habits. The insects clean their legs and feet much as a cat does, by licking them. The powder they pick up on their feet then poisons them. Boric acid can be purchased at any drugstore. Used externally in solution by humans, it is an aid in the prevention of infection.

I, however, have found the above methods somewhat limited in their effectiveness. It is practically impossible to coat *all* the roaches' traffic patterns with boric acid, and, as I've said, the herbs merely repel the insects. In the end, there is nothing like a gecko in the kitchen. As he dines, your vermin go away. ■

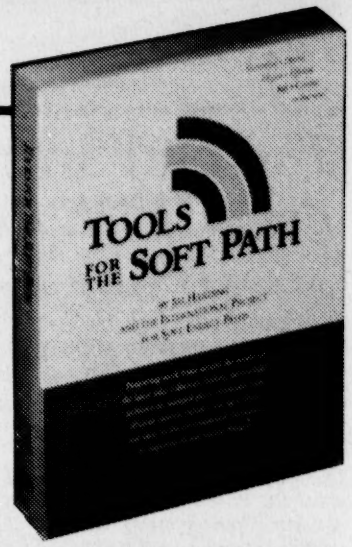
Tools for the Soft Path

This is sort of a big newspaper even though it looks like a book. The news is good (rare these days): People all over the world are in action at last, actually doing something about using less energy to accomplish their desired goals. Lots of the news has not yet reached our domestic popular presses, so you'll see it here for the first time. Unfortunately, lots of the news has not and perhaps will not reach our policy makers. But maybe after reading this book you can make some useful moves at a local level and hope it'll trickle up to Washington. I am impressed by the remarkable range of the articles presented here, and by the excellent work of the several editors faced by the enormous task of organizing the articles from no less than 85 countries.

—J. Baldwin



Refrigerator energy consumption — for refrigerator with top freezer, frost-free, 14-16 cubic feet (400-450 liters).



Tools for the Soft Path
Jim Harding et al., Editors
1982; 288 pp.
$13.15
postpaid from:
Friends of the Earth Books
1045 Sansome Street
San Francisco, CA 94111
or Whole Earth Bookstore

•

One possible vehicle for accelerating the development of a better market in energy efficient refrigerators is a voucher, or rebate, on proof of purchase. (This concept has often been mentioned in *Soft Energy Notes*.) The idea is that the purchase of a highly energy efficient refrigerator not only saves customers on their electric bill, but the utility from the need to build more expensive new capacity. A portion of this savings could be applied to the purchase of energy efficient refrigerators, increasing the visibility of electricity conservation options, improving the efficiency of the marketplace, boosting appliance sales, and saving everyone money.

Zomeworks Little Plate

*The ever-innovative Albuquerqueians bring us a relatively small hot-water-heating collector plate that you mount indoors in a window or skylight. (You need two per person in your house.) This eliminates an expensive (and often unsightly) outdoor collector rig and the accompanying risk of freezing. So simple, so effective, and so annoying to have not thought of first! Little Plate's cousin, Big Fin, is featured as a greenhouse accessory (**NWEC** p. 190).*

—J. Baldwin

Little Plate
$75
Information **free** from:
Zomeworks Corporation
1221 Edith, NE
P.O. Box 25805
Albuquerque, NM
87125

•

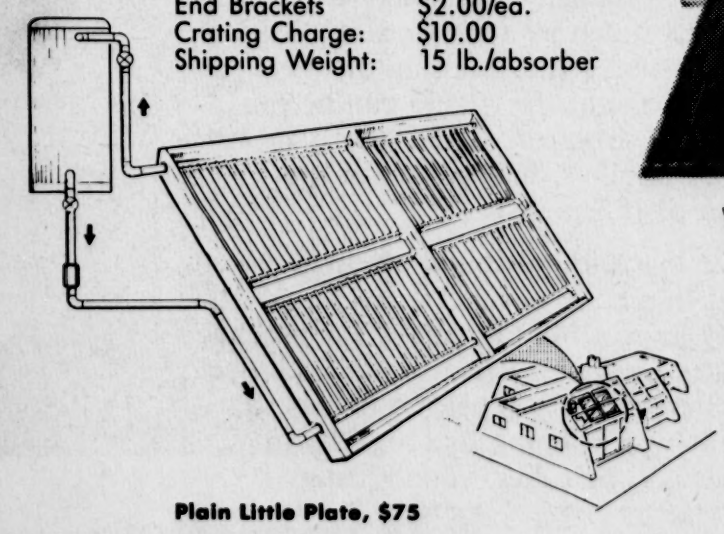
Two styles:

Plain — a flat sheet painted flat black on pipe side, natural copper on flat side.

Woven — 3" wide strips woven between the risers, one side flat black, opposite side natural copper. (Use the woven under skylights for hot water & light.)

•

PRICE	1 to 6	7 & up
Plain	$75.00	$70.00
Woven	$85.00	$80.00
End Brackets	$2.00/ea.	
Crating Charge:	$10.00	
Shipping Weight:	15 lb./absorber	



Plain Little Plate, $75

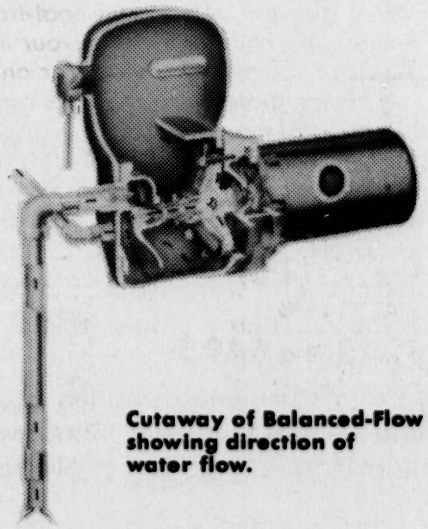
Woven Little Plate, $85

Goulds Pumps

My former pumps suffered many sessions of verbal abuse as I continually reprimed them. Call it the dry well/fluctuating water table blues in our rural area. At my new house I needed a jet pump to pull the water from well to kitchen. My neighbors were unanimous. "Better start at Thanksgiving if ya want to get 'er goin' by Christmas. It'll take forever." I learned. Finally I learned enough to return the jet pump that I had and hated, and to really check out what was available. Goulds Pumps are the answer for both shallow and deep well applications. I purchased their Balanced Flow BFO3S model. It's a dream. You prime it once, then the pump retains a certain amount of water internally. If the flow of water from your well is interrupted, this Goulds pump keeps repriming itself until it gets the prime reestablished and water flows. It also handles air in the intake line with ease — rare for jet pumps. Solid construction and easy maintenance are additional benefits.

—Thor Conway

Goulds Pumps
Information
free from:
Goulds Pumps
240 Fall Street
Seneca Falls, NY 13148



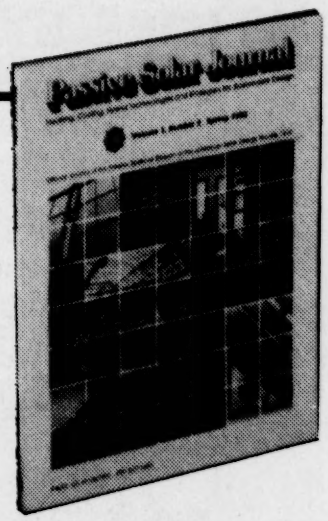
Cutaway of Balanced-Flow showing direction of water flow.

Passive Solar Journal

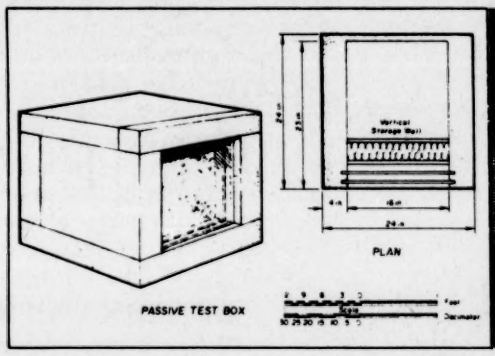
This is where the pros get together and have it out. This official publication of the American Solar Energy Society attends such matters as design tools, research methods, procedures for evaluating performance, construction details, and materials. It is assumed that you have a professional's basic knowledge, though none of the articles seem to be inaccessible to the intelligent non-pro. The density of good information per page is wondrous.
—J. Baldwin

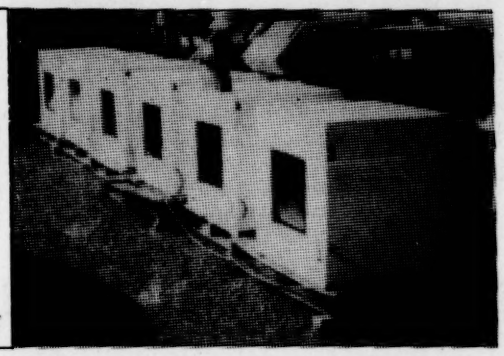
Passive Solar Journal
$80/year (4 issues);
$20/year with membership from:
ASES
110 West 34th Street
New York, NY 10001

ASES membership information from:
ASES
1230 Grandview Avenue
Boulder, CO 80302



The Los Alamos test boxes are designed as thermal models, and do not duplicate conventional building techniques. Their construction and placement allow air to circulate freely to all exterior surfaces.

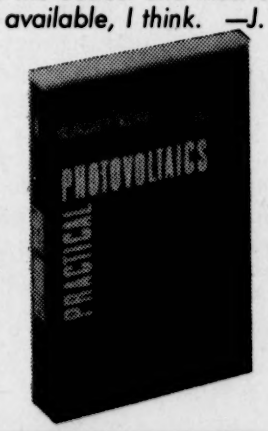




Practical Photovoltaics

One of the authors of **The Solar Electric Home** *(Summer '83* **CQ***) writes this complementary volume. Together, they cover more than you need to know to have a successful PV power system of your very own. The two books read together offer the easiest and most complete education on the subject available, I think. —J. Baldwin*

Practical Photovoltaics
Richard J. Comp
1982; 181 pp.
$14.95
postpaid from:
Aatec Publications
P.O. Box 7119
Ann Arbor, MI 48107
or Whole Earth Bookstore



International Solar Pond Letters

A "solar pond" is a small body of saltwater that is so concentrated that (amazingly!) the water at the very bottom gets hot enough to make steam. The less-salty water above, being less dense, stays there unmixed and acts as both a window and insulation. The hot water at the bottom can be piped to a variety of uses. But there are tricky things about this idea when it is implemented for real. This newsletter is where the people developing this promising technology get together and exchange ideas, results, and war stories. The first issue has a very high level of concentrated information, making the newsletter well worth the money to experimenters.
—J. Baldwin

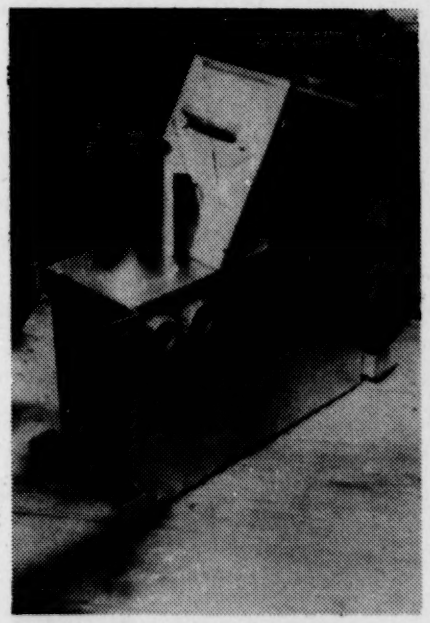
International Solar Pond Letters
$45/year (6 issues)
from:
American Solar Energy Society
Publications Office
110 West 34th Street
New York, NY 10001

Snorkel hot tub stove

This aluminum woodstove sits underwater in your hot tub. No, it doesn't use waterproof wood, nor will it melt. The clever thing has an air supply tube as well as the expected stack, and the aluminum won't melt because it is surrounded by water that heats faster than you'd believe because of the good heat transfer. At a mere 50 pounds, you can pack it in to your lodge at lake Tehatchapoocoo. They make a smaller one for smaller tubs. A wood fence protects the tubbees from getting too close. It burns coal too. Obviously the device would work very nicely as backup for a household solar hot water heating system. It takes an Alaskan to think of something like this! (That's where it was developed.) —J. Baldwin

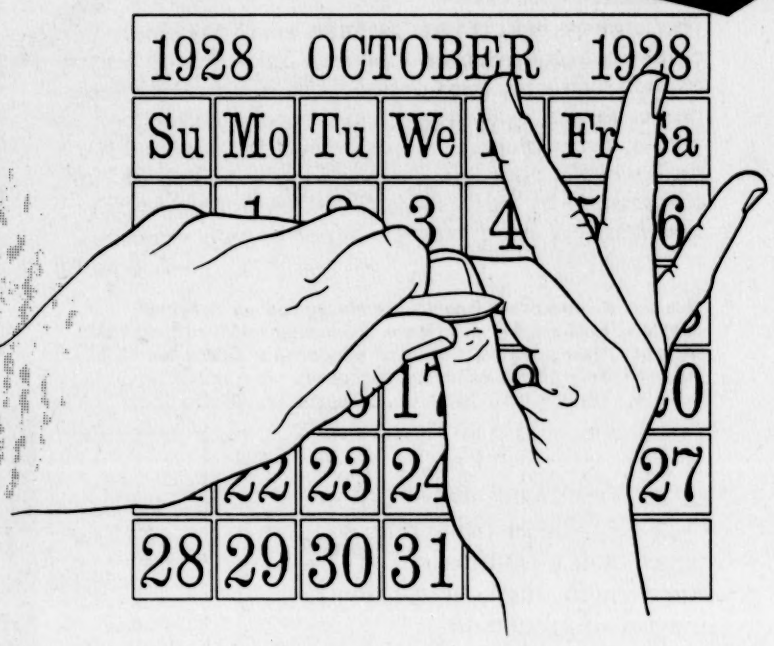
Snorkel hot tub stove
$295 and **$495**
freight collect

Catalog
free
All from:
Snorkel Stove Company
P.O. Box 20068
Broadway Station
Seattle, WA 98102



(Left) Uninstalled Snorkel stove.
(Right) Snorkel stove in action is protected by wood fence.

MORE RULES OF THUMB



by Tom Parker

THE RULE OF THUMB ARCHIVE continues to grow. After the first **CoEvolution** article (Fall '82 **CQ**), rules from readers arrived in waves. One day I'd find the mailbox stuffed with oddball postcards and strange looking letters, then nothing for two or three days. I thought I was seeing some sort of pass-around cycle as **CQ**s were read second- and third-hand. My elderly neighbor who's been grumbling about our ma-and-pa mail service for years (the local post office is in the back of someone's house) had a different theory. He said they were bringing my mail as fast as they could read it.

If they were reading carefully, they know how to buy a horse that won't look silly and they know what to look for in a good submarine. They also know how to sell fast-food french fries, how to beat a parking meter, and what to think of a kid with sunken eyeballs. Sometimes I'd watch the mail driver as she pulled up to the box in her sagging barge of a car. How did she feel about delivering cards that said simply, "A rotten egg will float," or, "A sex-change operation will age you five years"? And what did she think when someone wrote to describe how it sounds when someone stutters in Japanese? (It sounds like stuttering.)

A few months ago, I overheard a friend explaining the rule-of-thumb collection to her father. She said, "A good rule of thumb will turn information that you have into information that you need." I think that works pretty well. Knowing a lot of rules of thumb is like having a good chest of tools: it's satisfying to have the right one for the job. Guessing with precision becomes an art in itself, and when you're forced to take a shot in the dark, you can aim it. (You can also become pretty intolerable at a party.) The first volume of **Rules of Thumb** will be available in October ($7.95 postpaid from Houghton-Mifflin Company, Wayside Road, Burlington, MA 01803).

Here's another selection of rules of thumb from their foremost compiler. Tom Parker is probably our longest-running illustrator here at CQ. His most recent art for us was last issue's front cover illustration. —Jay Kinney

BREEDING A PIG
When a sow conceives, make a notch just above the moon on your fingernail. When this mark grows off the end of the nail, the sow is about to give birth.
—Doug Webb, farmer, Brooktondale, New York

EATING POTATOES
People will eat one-and-a-half to two times the number of potatoes mashed that they will eat baked.
—Ned Bounds, sawyer, Salmon, Idaho

MAIL-ORDER ADVERTISING
Ten to fifteen percent of the people who accept a trial offer will decide for one reason or another to return the merchandise. But a trial offer will normally produce about twice as many orders as a money-back guarantee.
—Jim Kobs, Kobs and Brady Advertising, Chicago, Illinois

TAKING OFF IN AN AIRPLANE
If you haven't left the ground in the first half of the runway, abort the takeoff.
—John Stickle, flight instructor

TALKING TO FOREIGNERS
When you are conversing in your native language with people who don't speak it fluently, assume that they understand about half as much as they look like they understand.
—Stephen Cudhea, English language instructor, Ishikawa, Japan

DRUNKEN DIVING
Scuba divers will often use martinis as a rough measure of nitrogen-induced intoxication which occurs on deeper dives: each 50 feet of depth makes you feel as disoriented as one martini on an empty stomach.
—William Suter, Arlington, Virginia

SHOOTING AT HELICOPTERS
North Vietnamese ground troops used their thumbs to determine whether they could reach enemy aircraft with hand-held weapons. If an airplane or helicopter was bigger than a thumb held at arm's length, they could bring it down with ground fire.
—D. Tanner, Fort Wayne, Indiana

SHAVING
Your face is dry and puffy when you first wake up. Put off shaving two minutes for each hour you slept.
—E.L. Beck, Orlando, Florida

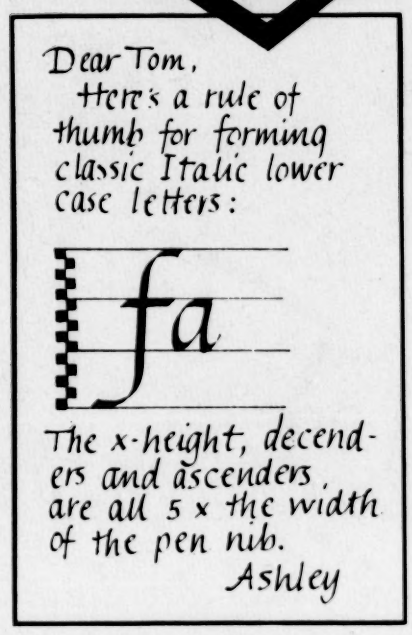
GETTING A JOB
Most job seekers can expect one to five job leads or interviews for every 100 resumes they mail out.
—K.E. O'Neill, career consultant, Englewood, Colorado

FINDING A MISSING PERSON
One trained dog equals 60 search-and-rescue workers.
—Charles Stoehr, dog trainer

BUYING A HOUSE
The first thing to check in a house is the doors and door hardware. If the doors don't fit well or the hardware is cheap and flimsy the house will be full of problems.
—Walter Pitkin, literary agent

RUNNING A RACE
Three times the average distance you run every day is close to the maximum distance you should run in a race.
—Jeff Furman, business consultant

PLANNING A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM
Professional sound crews plan on using one watt of amplification per person for an indoor audience, a watt-and-a-half per person for an outdoor audience.
—James Arthur, sound engineer



JUMPING ABILITY
The distance from the heel to the articulation of the calf muscle is an indication of jumping ability. For high-jumping dancers and athletes, the distance should be equal to or greater than the length of the foot.
—Stephanie Judy, writer, British Columbia

INVITING GUESTS
If you are giving a party and you live in the suburbs, invite two times the number of people you want to attend. If you live within range of public transportation, invite one-and-a-half times the number of people you want. If you are in the heart of the city, invite one-and-a-fourth times the number of people you want.
—Janet Blum, Denver, Colorado

CHOOSING ARTICHOKES
Fresh artichokes squeak when rubbed together.
—Sunny Lenz, New Canton, Virginia

CHOOSING A HORSE
To avoid looking silly on a horse, choose a mount whose withers are the height of your shoulders.
—Michael Rider, art director

GROWING MARIJUANA
One skilled California marijuana grower can properly maintain 33 plants. Two growers can maintain 100 plants.
—J.K., Harvest Moon Growers, Mendocino and Humboldt, California

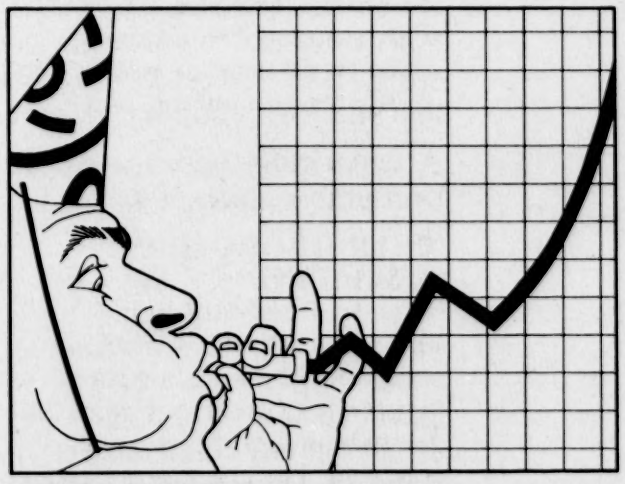
WEARING TREAD
A pair of shoes is good for 1000 miles. A pair of bicycle tires is good for 4000 miles.
—Kevin Kelly, Athens, Georgia

BUYING NEW PANTS
You can check the fit of new pants without trying them on. With the top of the pants closed and the button snapped, the waistband should just wrap around your neck.
—Harvey Ferdschneider, photographer

CHECKING DRIED VEGETABLES
Properly dried peas and corn should shatter when hit with a hammer.
—Betsy Cook, Buckinghamshire, England

SMOKING CIGARETTES
You need three books of matches for every two packs of cigarettes you smoke.
—Bob Horton, statistics consultant, West Lafayette, Indiana

SENDING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL
When universal education was introduced in the Philippine Islands there were no birth records and sorting children by age was a problem. The teachers found that a child is old enough to send to school when he can cross his arms over his head and grasp his ears with his opposite hands.
—Arma L. Curtis, Cedar Falls, Iowa



PARTY GUESTS
The number of guests at a child's birthday party should be limited to the age of the child. Invite three for a three-year-old, five for a five-year-old.
—Diane Gerhart, accountant

POLITICAL PLANNING
People moving into a new tract development are politically inert for five years.
—Gary Evans, city planner

ADJUSTING A WORKBENCH
If you stand at attention, your wrist is at the right height for a woodworking bench and your elbow is at the right height for the top of a metal-working vice.
—W. Oakley, shop expert

SELLING THINGS DOOR-TO-DOOR
After knocking, stand at least four feet back from the door.
—Benjamin Snyder, Bible salesman

DECIDING WHEN TO BLUFF
There are three factors involved in successful bluffing: 1) Your opponent: It is easier to bluff a strong player than a weak one. 2) Your position in the game: It is easier to bluff a big loser than a big winner. 3) Money: The bigger the stakes, the easier it is to bluff. Don't bluff unless you have at least two of these factors on your side.
—Edwin Silberstang, games expert

REPRESENTING AN AUTHOR
A prospective client for a literary agency who begins his letter of application with the words "My name is . . ." should not be seriously considered.
—Walter Pitkin, literary agent

SELLING THINGS BY MAIL
Past customers will respond three to six times as well as good prospects who are not past customers.
—Jim Kobs, Kobs and Brady Advertising, Chicago, Illinois

BUYING SODA FROM A MACHINE
If your money falls right through a soft-drink machine and lands in the coin return, forget about feeding it coins and try pulling a bottle out of the machine. The chances are about one in five that you will get a free soda. Someone else put money in the machine, but the relay didn't release the bottles until after they gave up and left.
—Eric Kimple, motorcycle racer, Columbus, Ohio

WAITING FOR A DOCTOR
To be safe, plan on sitting around for at least a half-hour on any visit to a doctor or dentist. You can save yourself time by taking the first appointment of the day or the first appointment after lunch.
—Peter F. Ayer, professor of music, West Bend, Wisconsin

MOVING TO A NEW HOUSE
Each time you move, things are lost, broken, or discarded. For the average family six moves equals one house fire.
—Carl Mitcham, philosophy teacher, Brooklyn, New York

THE RESTAURANT RULE OF THREE
The third restaurant to go into a space is generally the one that succeeds.
—Jeff Furman, business consultant

MAIL-ORDER SALES
The best months to sell something by mail-order are September, November, and January. Of those, September and January are best.
—L. Perry Wilbur, mail-order expert, **Money in Your Mailbox**

SAILING
When the ship's bell rings on its own, it is past time to reef your sail.
—Gary Closter, sailor

CHECKING YOUR FIELDS FOR DRAINAGE
Watch your fields as the snow melts in the Spring. Poorly drained areas green up first.
—Martin Stillwell, farmer

MIXING FRESH ADOBE
Good adobe bricks are made from sandy clay or clay loam. If the mixture is too rich in clay it will stick to your hoe; too rich in sand, your hoe will come up clean. The mixture is just right if it barely slips from your hoe leaving traces of mud on the blade as you work it.
—Marcia Southwick, writer, builder

FREE-LANCING RULE OF TWO
If you want a merely adequate return on a free-lance project like writing an article or a speech, figure out what you think you can get away with charging, and then double it. In 90 percent of the cases, you will get what you ask, and in 100 percent of the cases, the final expense and aggravation will exceed your original estimate by a considerable margin.
—Joel Garreau, author

RUNNING A RETAIL STORE
Low-rent locations require more advertising. High-rent locations require less. For all locations, rent and advertising expenses combined should equal 10 percent of sales.
—T. John Phillips, business consultant

PURCHASING PARTS
My boss has been in the research business for 30 years. His rule of thumb is: If you need something, buy two; chances are you will need it again, someday. So far, this has always paid off. I'll need a part of some kind and there it will be in our miscellaneous parts drawer, the twin of something he bought 10, 15, or 20 years ago.
—Don Lewis, Folsom, Pennsylvania

CARRYING A GUN
If you can see the slightest part of the opening at the end of someone else's gun barrel, they are not handling their gun safely.
—Peter F. Ayer, professor of music, West Bend, Wisconsin

PUTTING OUT A FIRE
Direct your fire extinguisher at the base of the flames from a distance of less than ten feet. If you can't get any closer than ten feet, the fire is probably too large for a hand-held fire extinguisher. Concentrate your efforts on leaving the vicinity of the fire.

—Norman Lewis, volunteer fireman

FEEDING A PARKING METER
Always feed a parking meter with the smallest denomination coins you have. You will almost always get more time for your money if you use pennies instead of dimes. And if the meter jams, you win big.

—Gerald Gutlipp, mathematician

BREAKING IN A NEW CHAIN SAW
When breaking in a new chain saw, adjust the chain tension twice during the first tank of fuel, once during the second tank, and once every other tank for the rest of the day.

—Ned Bounds, sawyer, Salmon, Idaho

SILK-SCREEN PRINTING
Some serigraphs or silk-screen prints are smudged or damaged during production. You can plan on losing 10 percent of an edition each time you add a color.

—David Finn, artist, Boston, Massachusetts

THE CHRISTMAS TREE RULE OF THREE
To find out how many lights your Christmas tree needs, multiply the tree height times the tree width times three.

—Michael Spencer, lawyer, San Francisco, California

SQUEEZING THROUGH A HOLE
If a caver can get his head through a tight spot, the rest of his body will go through, too. However, this assumes that the passage is at least a yard wide and is really tight for eight inches or less.

—David R. McClurg, speleologist

CHECKING CHICKENS
You can tell whether a chicken is laying eggs or not by sizing her cloaca with your fingers. If one finger fits in her cloaca, she's not laying; if two fingers fit, she might be; if three fingers fit, she's laying for sure.

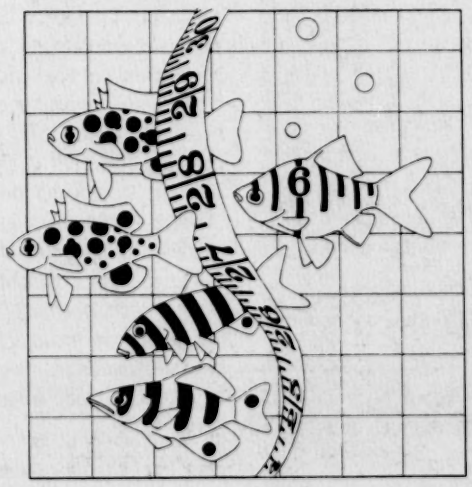
—Peter van Berkum, Kittery Point, Maine

CHOOSING A RESTAURANT
There is one almost infallible way to find honest food at just prices: count the wall calendars in a cafe. No calendar: same as an interstate pit stop. One calendar: preprocessed food assembled in New Jersey. Two calendars: only if fish trophies present. Four calendars: try the homemade pie, too. Five calendars: keep it under your hat, or they'll franchise.

—William Least Heat Moon, author of **Blue Highways**

SETTING UP AN AQUARIUM
Provide at least one gallon of water for each inch of fish.

—Jeff Furman, business consultant



CHANGING YOUR SEX
A sex-change operation will age you five years.

—A.A. Kennerly, New York, New York

DESIGNING SIGNS AND BILLBOARDS
The letters on a sign or billboard are designed to be readable at a certain distance. Take half the letter height in inches and multiply by 100 to find the readable distance in feet.

—Thos. Hodgson, Hodgson Signs, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts

ANALYZING YOUR DIET
If your turds float, there's too much fat in your diet.

—Michael Rider, publications designer

BUYING EGGS
If the difference in price between medium and large eggs is less than eight cents per dozen, the large eggs are the better deal.

—Janet Salmons, home economist

RECOGNIZING A BUREAUCRAT
You can be fairly sure you are dealing with a bureaucrat if he or she has to dial nine to get an outside line.

—Burnham Kelly, Ithaca, New York

HIRING BOYS
One boy's a boy; two boys — half a boy; three boys — no boy at all.

—Margaret "Granny" Cochron, 102 years old

LOOKING THROUGH YOUR POCKETS
It takes almost twice as long to find something in your coat pockets when you are not wearing your coat. If you have a flight jacket or parka with more than four pockets, you can usually save time by putting it on just to look through the pockets.

—Gerald Gutlipp, mathematician

BUYING SOCKS THAT FIT
Wrap the bottom part of a sock around your fist. If the sock is the right size, the heel will just meet the toe.

—Nelson Smith, physical-education teacher, Cincinnati, Ohio ■

Maps and Dreams

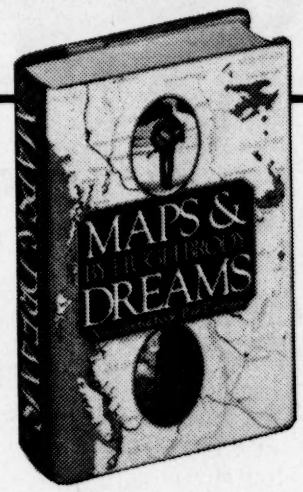
The Beaver Indians of northeast British Columbia appear to be a broken people; living in poverty on tiny reservations, surrounded by ranching, logging, and mineral extraction. Researcher Brody arrived with bleak expectations, but found, at the core of Indian life, a thriving hunter-gatherer economy, modified to take advantage of the opportunities of white culture but traditional in its fundamental nature. —*Susan Nolan*

Maps and Dreams *describes a year in the life of these people — the seasonal round of fishing, hunting and trapping. Along the way the people explain and demonstrate how their economic system works, and how it is reflected in their established way of life. The accounts of daily living alternate with, and are counterpoint to a commentary on, the history, politics, and social conditions in northeast British Columbia. There is a striking contrast between the greedy dreams of the white man and the maps the Natives draw to show their enduring, adaptable hunting and trapping economy. The maps and dreams of these two worlds collide.*

—*Teresa Lieber*

Maps and Dreams
Hugh Brody
1982; 307 pp.

$8.95
(paperback)
postpaid from:
Pantheon Books
Random House
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth
Bookstore



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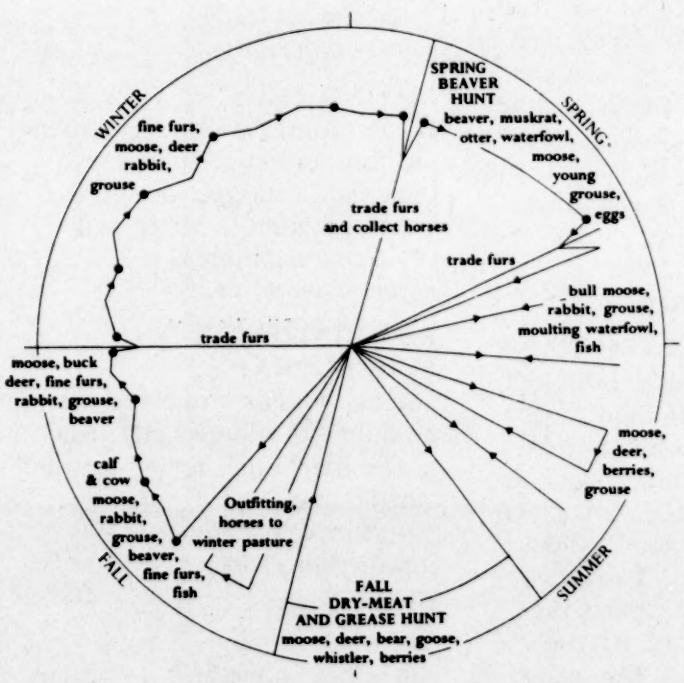
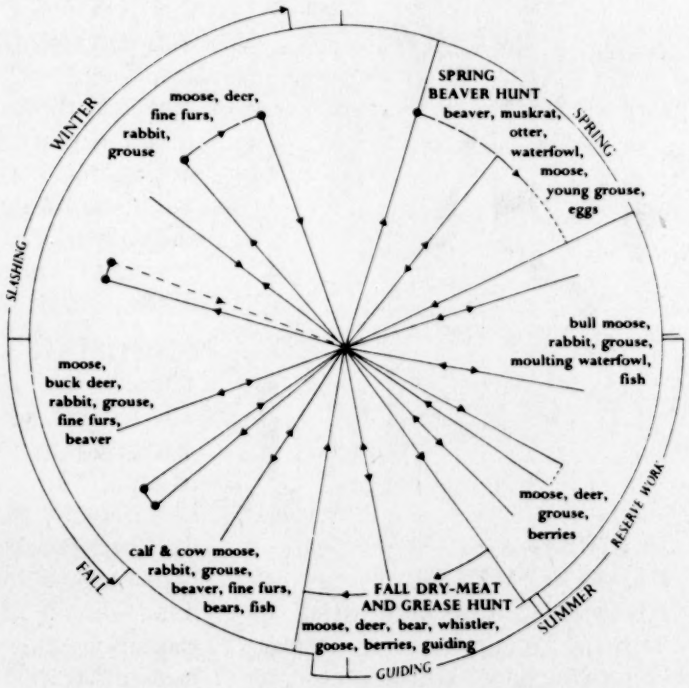
The centre of the circles represents the summer meeting place, and the black dots represent cabins on traplines. The arrows indicate movement. Back and forth arrows on one line indicate short-term hunting trips. The principal resources and activities of each season are indicated near the perimeter. On the post-1960 diagram, seasonal wage labour is marked outside the circle.



The Indian Year, pre-1960



The Indian Year, post-1960

Seismicity of the Earth Map 1960-1980
Alvaro F. Espinosa,
Wilbur Rinehart,
Marie Tharp
38"x24"

$33.50
postpaid from:
Marie Tharp
1 Washington Avenue
South Nyack, NY 10960

Detail (actual size)

Seismicity of the Earth Map 1960-1980

*The most beautiful of world maps has become the most dynamic of world maps. The co-cartographer of the famed "World Ocean Floor" map (**NWEC** p. 21), Marie Tharp, has collaborated with Alvaro Espinosa and Wilbur Rinehart on a new version of the world ocean map which adds the dimension of time. The dramatic mid-ocean ridges and other conspicuous signs of plate tectonics on the map now have an earthquake soundtrack. An overlay of shaded dots shows the site and intensity of 51,587 earthquakes recorded in the 1960-80 period. Now the Pacific really looks like the "ring of fire" it has long been described as by geologists. The Cocos Plate is in rebellion in Central America. That eastward pouring tongue of weirdness below South America (the Scotia Plate) is ablaze in the trench at its eastern frontier. What's going on below and around the Aegean? It makes California look tame — pale pink — by comparison. Included in the price is a brief handbook that aids interpretation of all the drama.*

A gorgeous map that you can watch and watch, and feel the Earth move. —*Stewart Brand*

ATMOSPHILE NOTES

by Robert Horvitz

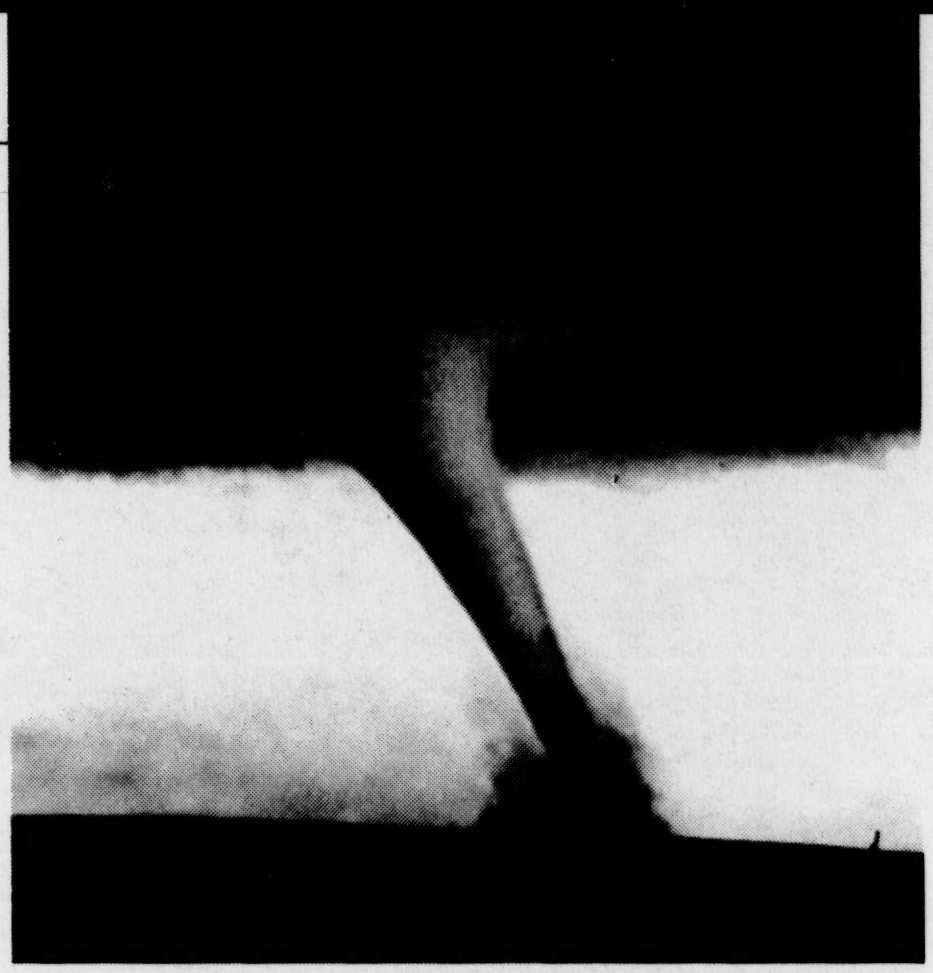
A cumulonimbus raising its turrets over the Great Plains of eastern Colorado. National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) photo. —**The American Weather Book**

SOME PEOPLE FEEL that certain animals are their totems. My totem is the weather. I get a special gut thrill when I identify metabolism with atmosphere — my body with Gaia's. Do you know what life is? If weather's an eraser and the Earth's surface is paper, life is those little wormy flakes that result when the eraser rubs back and forth across the paper.

"Fred Ostby, director of the National Severe Storms Forecasting Center, has estimated that some 1800 thunderstorms are in progress over the Earth's surface at any given moment, generating approximately 100 lightning strikes per second." —*National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA)*

CQ *Art Editor Robert Horvitz keeps track of the weather from Providence, Rhode Island. He's written for us in the past on short wave radio, communication politics, and mice.* —*Art Kleiner*

In 1967, I took a night jet to Mexico. Over Texas, the pilot came on the intercom to say that we were about to enter a field of thunderstorms. Soon, the plane was bumping like a jeep on unpaved ground, but the air at our altitude was clear. Way below in the darkness, I coud make out the dim hillocks of the cloud cover. Lightning flashed in the distance, within and below the clouds. Each spark briefly back-



Classic Great Plains tornado funnel in mature stage. Near Cheyenne in western Oklahoma, May 4, 1961. —**The American Weather Book**

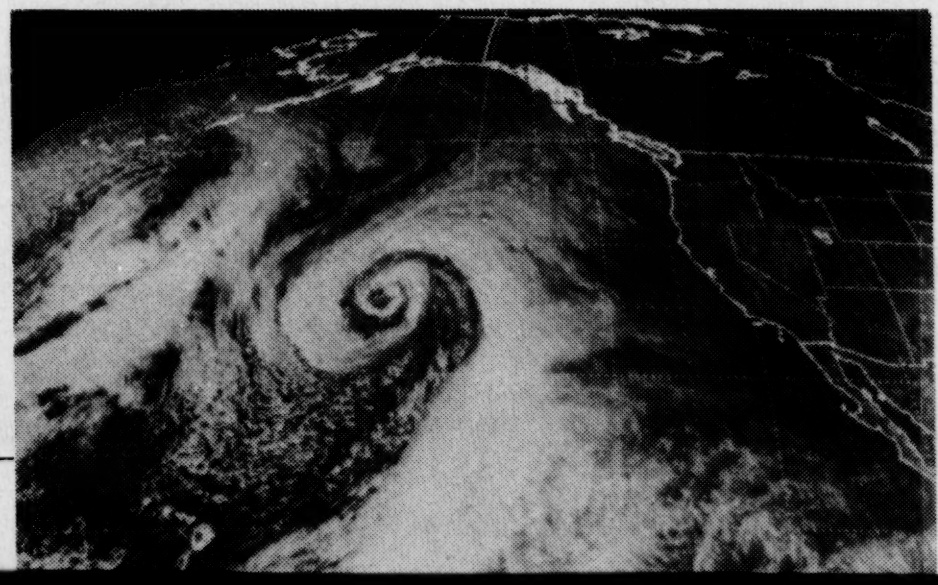
lit acres of clouds with greyish light. The flashes increased in frequency and spread from horizon to horizon, as far as I could see in all directions. The plane was no longer just bumping. It was whooshing up and down, twisting wildly in turbulence. The lightning flickered everywhere in rapid, muffled bursts. The thunder was even more muffled — or rather, drowned out by the wind and the jet's whirring engines. This went on for maybe an hour. I'm surprised we survived.

Texas is known for its big weather. My friend David is a storm spotter in the Dallas area. When the National Weather Service's radar shows tornado conditions, word goes out to the storm spotters, who hop in their jeeps and pickups and head toward the nastiest clouds, hoping to catch sight of a funnel before it touches the ground so they can radio a warning to the people via NWS broadcasts. The spotters are volunteers. At least one person in the truck has an amateur radio license. David says the danger is part of the attraction for him — getting that close to lethal power. It's the rodeo spirit writ large. Funnels vary in form, he says. He's seen them split in two, with both whirlwinds revolving around a common center. He's never been hurt storm spotting, but he's been surrounded by a lot of damage.

Weather is a mammoth put-us-in-our-place overforce. It's easy to see how the concept of fate derives from weather experience: unpredictable/inexplicable wind at our backs, pushing our lives in directions not personally chosen.

Weather became my totem on July 4, 1972. I tripped that day — lay on my back from morning to evening in a clearing in a forest, watching the past week's rain boil up into the sky. At first, the air was completely dry and clear, not a cloud anywhere. The sun rapidly warmed the wet ground, and wisps of white moisture magically appeared a few thousand feet up. The moisture collected where the winds tangled. Sometimes tangles all over the sky moved at once, as a sheet of air rolled across them. The sheet usually stalled, reversed direction, pulled apart, or crumpled in on itself. Sometimes sheets collided. The wisps accumulated into clouds and the clouds tumbled and dissolved. The whole sky moved ensemble. After sunset, some friends found me lying in the field and took me into town to see the fireworks. Compared to the forest's respiration, the fireworks were very disappointing.

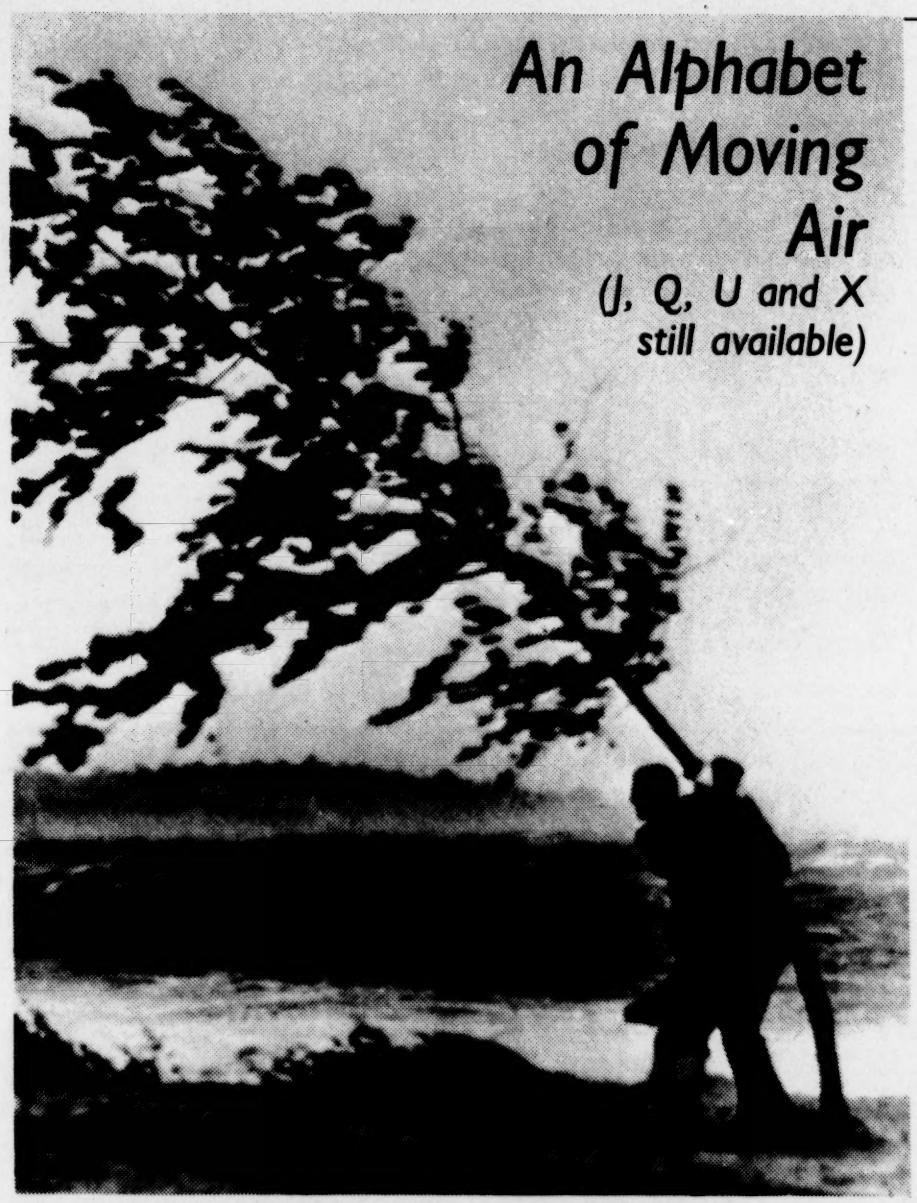
I wish the air were just a bit less transparent, so turbulence and gusts could be seen. Actually, radar technology has almost made this possible. The weather radar pictures you see on TV show concentrations of moisture — clouds, rain, etc. But if you increase the radio wavelength and process the echo for Doppler shifts, you can see masses of air moving — though the resolution isn't too fine and the image output is two-dimensional. Clearly, a four-dimensional output (a moving three-dimensional image) is essential. Sound output would be nice: Convert wind-speed into pitch, and volume size into volume loudness, with earphones for total immersion. Image of a dog riding in a car, head out the window, nostrils quivering at speeded-up smells.



Cyclone off the west coast of North America on December 31, 1978, observed by means of GOES-W satellite. (Courtesy of National Earth Satellite Service / NOAA.) —**Weather in Your Life**

An Alphabet of Moving Air

(J, Q, U and X still available)



Two unidentified yachtsmen cling to a tree as they watch their boat smash against the rocks at Wollaston Beach, Quincy Bay, near Boston, August 31, 1954. Photo by Charles W. Flagg. **—The American Weather Book**

Abroholos: *A squally wind on the southeast coast of Brazil, more frequently from May through August.*

Bad-i-sad-o-bistroz: *A violent downslope wind affecting Afghanistan and some adjacent areas, blowing from the northwest from May to September. Sometimes called "The Wind of 120 Days."*

Cacimbo: *A cooling sea breeze blowing from the southwest to the port of Lobito on the coast of Angola in western Africa. The refreshing breeze, occurring almost daily in July and August, starts about ten a.m. and lasts through most of the day. It is cooled by its passage over the Buenguela water current lying to the west of Lobito in the South Atlantic.*

Datoo: *A westerly sea breeze which blows over Gibraltar from the adjacent water of the Atlantic Ocean.*

Elephanta: *A strong wind blowing from the south or southwest along the Malabar Coast at the extreme southwest end of India during September and October. It heralds the beginning of the dry season and marks the ending of the rainy southwest monsoon.*

Feh: *A gentle breeze of the Shanghai region.*

Ghibli: *A dry hot wind in Tripoli, flowing from the hot deserts of North Africa.*

Harmattan: *A continental part of the globe-encircling trade winds. It dominates the Sahara Desert and impresses its extremely dry and warm characteristics upon a huge area of North and Northwest Africa. In the summer, the parching winds blow moderate to strong from the Mediterranean Sea southward to about latitude 17 degrees north. In the winter, the wind blows from latitude 30 degrees north to coastal areas of West Africa, sometimes penetrating to the African equator.*

Imbat: *A refreshing sea breeze which tempers the heat of the North African coastal areas.*

Karaburan: *From early spring to late summer, these gale-force winds form daily in the Gobi Desert and surrounding regions of the heart of Asia. Blowing from the east-northeast, they carry clouds of dust from the desert. The blowing sand often darkens the air and is the reason for the* **karaburan** *being sometimes called the "black storm."*

Leung: *A cold wind from the north blowing over the China Coast.*

Marin: *A sirocco-type wind, blowing with strong intensity from the southeast in the Gulf of Lions and the neighboring shore lines of southeast France. It is quite warm and oppressive, usually attended by cloudy skies and heavy rains.*

Northwester: *A moderate-to-strong wind from the northwest bringing cool-to-cold temperatures over broad regions east of the Rockies. The name also is applied to frequent gale winds that batter the Cape region of South Africa from the northwest, attended by overcast skies and heavy rain in the winter.*

Oe: *A localized type of whirlwind that occurs off the coast of the Faeroe Islands in the northeastern Atlantic.*

Purga: *Another name for the dreaded* **buran** *of the tundra regions in northern Siberia in the winter. The* **purga** *sweeps down from the north with extraordinary violence throughout Siberia and sometimes to south Russia. It is particularly violent over the open plains sections. The air is filled with snow picked up from the snow-covered tundra areas and often cuts visibility to zero. The* **purga** *is quite similar to the North American blizzard.*

Roaring Forties: *The winds*

prevailing in areas of the oceans between 40 degrees and 50 degrees south latitude, where, day after day, the wind force may exceed 40 to 50 miles an hour from the west. The winds are the prevailing westerly belt of winds which circle the Earth in the southern hemisphere as part of the Earth's primary atmospheric circulation.

Suhaili: *A strong wind from the southwest blowing over the Persian Gulf, bringing thick clouds and rain.*

Thalwind:*A light pleasant valley breeze in Germany.*

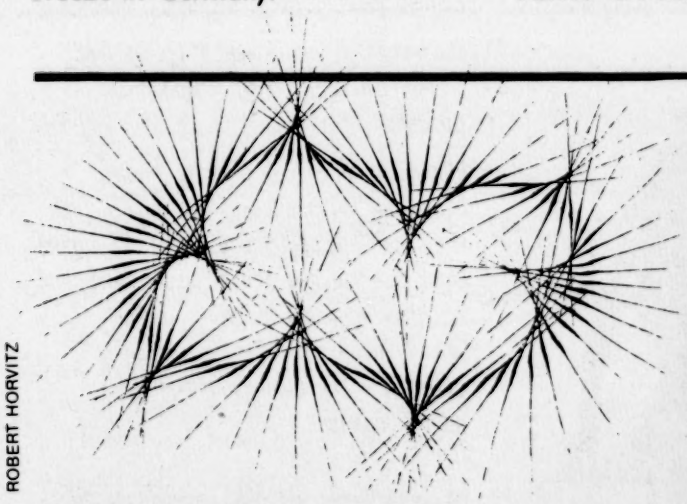
Virazon: *A consistent and prominent sea breeze blowing from the Pacific Ocean to the coast of Chile. The* **virazon** *is particularly strong during summer afternoons at Valparaiso, affecting harbor activities. The opposite-blowing land breeze in the region is called the* **terral**.

Whirly: *A small but violent storm in the Antarctic. The whirling winds of the storm may cover an area of up to 100 yards or so in diameter. They occur most frequently near the time of the equinoxes.*

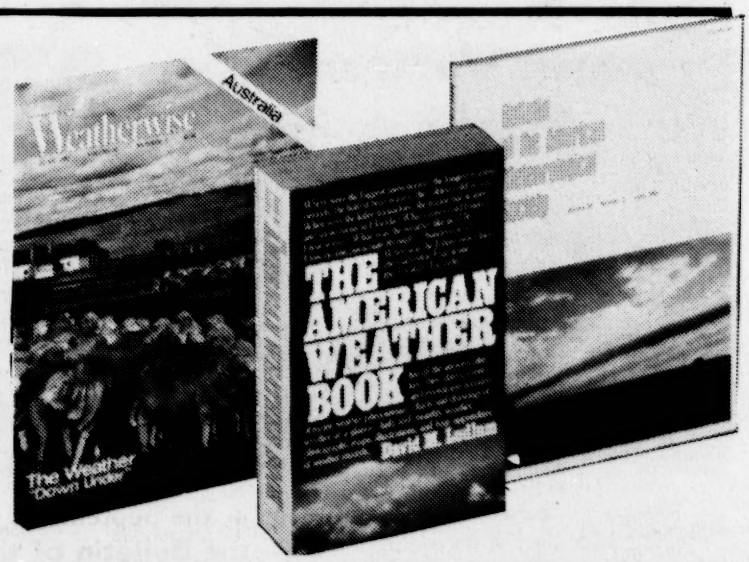
Yamo Oroshi: *Another fohn-type, warm, downslope wind blowing in the steep valleys of Japan.*

Zonda: *A strong and dry west wind blowing over the western region of Argentina. The wind is hot, dry and dusty, occurring most frequently in the spring. It acquires its dry character from the fohn action as it descends to Argentina from the Andes Mountains lying to the west.*

—Excerpts from
"Winds of the World"
by Frank H. Forrester,
in **Weatherwise**
(October, 1982)



ROBERT HORVITZ



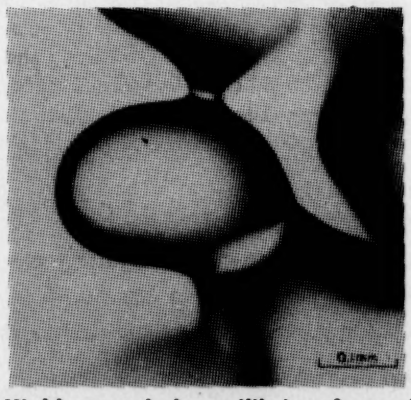
Weather Reading

Weatherwise comes out six times a year. Published by a nonprofit foundation in association with the American Meteorological Society, it's sort of like **Sky & Telescope** (**NWEC** p. 10) but less than half as thick, and this means less content, less range. Less technical than **S&T**, too — more aimed at promoting weather awareness than at mapping the present state of knowledge. ($16/year, 6 issues, from Heldref Publications, 4000 Albermarle Street NW, Washington, DC 20016.)

Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society is the professional journal of the U.S. weather establishment. Good balance between specialized science, research news, tutorials and overviews. Writing style is invariably stiff and graceless, but I rate the content as the best of any weather mag. ($60/year, 12 issues, from American Meteorological Society, 45 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108.)

NOAA is published quarterly by the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration. Even slimmer than **Weatherwise**, it is nonetheless packed with good things just reporting on what NOAA is doing, 'cause NOAA's doing good things. ($8/year, 4 issues, from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402.)

As for books, **A Field Guide to the Atmosphere** (**NWEC** p. 20) is an excellent handbook. More of an almanac, and limited to the United States, is **The American Weather Book** by David M. Ludlum, founder and former editor of **Weatherwise**. Features a month-by-month account of U.S. weather during the past 100-plus years, including records, eye-witness accounts, charts, and photos. (1982, 352 pp. $9.95 postpaid from Houghton-Mifflin Company, Attn: Mail Order, 2 Park Street, Boston, MA 02108.)

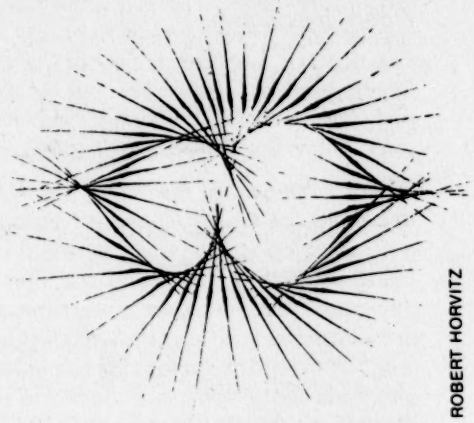


Highly rounded, equilibrium form of snow crystals. This form dominates in seasonal snow at high temperatures and low temperature gradients.
—Bulletin of the AMS

Since weather is locally variable, some useful current information can best be had via local radio and television. The National Weather Service has an extensive network of radio stations operating between 162.4 and 162.55 MHz, broadcasting nonstop reports and forecasts tailored to each station's service area. "Weatheradios" are designed to pick up these broadcasts. And many TV news shows now feature satellite photos, time-lapse filmloops, computer-animated maps, false-color radar scans — anything to enhance the visibility of weather. There's even a 24-hour weather channel carried by some cable TV systems.

Of course the best place to find weather info is outside!

What's new in weather? Aside from the extreme storms and abnormal temperatures we've had these past two years, I'd say growing awareness of the sun's variability and this variability's impact on the Earth. After decades of speculation, evidence of physical linkage is now rapidly accumulating. We're not so isolated as we used to think.



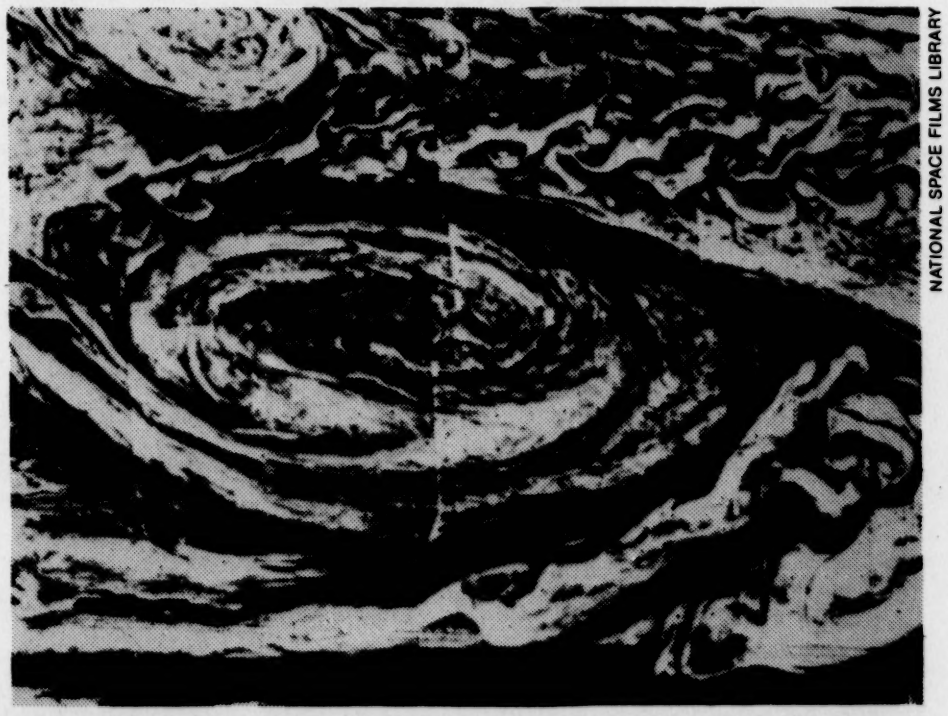
ROBERT HORVITZ

Radar Shows Link Between Winds and Solar Activity

> . . . Using a powerful radar at Poker Flat, Alaska, researchers have found that when the auroral electrojet — a concentrated electric current circling the earth at high latitudes — is stimulated by an increase in solar activity, high-altitude winds speed up . . . .
>
> Scientists of NOAA's Environmental Research Laboratories in Boulder, Colorado, discovered the relationship between the intensity of the electrojet and the velocity of winds about 50 miles above the earth's surface while testing the weather radar at the University of Alaska's research range . . . .
>
> On days when solar activity and the electrojet were quiet, the Poker Flat radar detected tides in the upper atmosphere, much like tides in the ocean. When solar activity and electrojet intensity increased, the tide-like pattern ceased and the high-altitude winds blew faster.
>
> Scientists earlier recognized a relationship between solar activity and winds at altitudes between 60 and 72 miles. The NOAA team not only detected the effect much farther down in the atmosphere, but also perceived hour-to-hour changes where earlier studies had seen them only over periods of months.
>
> Some researchers believe that waves moving up and down through the atmosphere could be one way high-altitude winds affect conditions influencing the earth's weather.
>
> —**Mariners Weather Log,** Spring, 1982

The Poker Flat radar — ten acres of steel cables and poles — is one of a growing number of mesosphere-stratosphere-troposphere (MST) radars that can see air movements from ground level all the way up to the near regions of outer space. Many more will undoubtedly be built, because they're cheap, can operate unattended, and yield important real-time information. Three major articles about MST radar appeared in the September, 1982 issue of the **Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society**. One argued that a nationwide network, designed to track the movements of the jet stream, would pay for itself in less than a year with the fuel that could be saved by the commercial airline industry: If they had detailed, current charts of the en-route winds, they could adjust their flight plans to take advantage of favorable windstreams and avoid unfavorable ones — make the friendly skies even friendlier.

No photo of the Earth from space ever moved me the way the close-ups of Jupiter's red spot and its adjacent turbulence did. Talk about big weather! This is where I want to be buried. ■



NATIONAL SPACE FILMS LIBRARY

Jupiter's red spot from 1.8 million km. photographed by Voyager I on 4 March 1979 (Mosaic of 12 pictures)

The Rhythms of Life

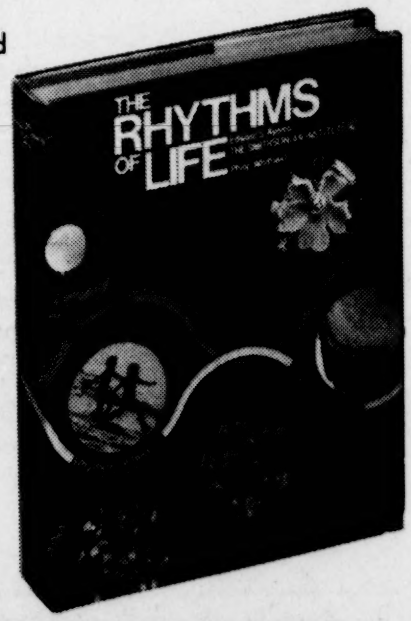
Imagine all the ways you can that life might be thought of as rhythmic; this book probably discusses at least two you left out, somewhere between cosmic and microscopic, between the universally observed and the highly speculative.

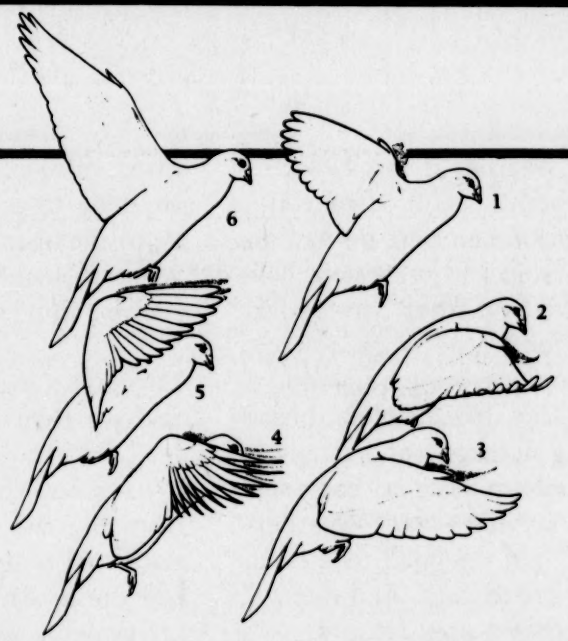
For starters, here are a few of the book's topics: heartbeats, seasons, population cycles, jazz drummers, hopping and jumping, sleeping, spawning, work and worship, migration, disease, sunspots, ice ages.

Edward Ayensu, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Philip Whitfield, of King's College, London, have produced a gorgeous, comprehensive, provocative study. Book prices being what they are today, the stunning high-speed photographs and glorious illustrations would justify the price tag. Fortunately, though, the book is meant to be read. It traces mythological ruminations about rhythms and historical efforts to understand and master time along with recent scientific study of life, its rhythms, and their relationship. I'm struck especially by the extensive section on data, everything from typical respiration rates (during both normal activity and hibernation) to development of alpha rhythms in humans at different ages to wing-beat frequencies to correlations between sunspot cycles and historic events. —*Michael K. Stone*

[Suggested by Curt Nighswander]

The Rhythms of Life
Edward S. Ayensu and Philip Whitfield
1982; 198 pp.
$36.50
postpaid from:
Crown Publishers
One Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Bookstore





The pigeon's wing-tips trace a figure of eight in each flapping cycle. The wings, fully extended backward, are pulled forward and down by strong breast muscles (1). Half way down, pressure rotates the wing-tips (2) and as the wing swings forward propulsion is generated (3). For the recovery stroke, the wrist and elbow flex (4) and the shoulder rotates (5) to bring the wing up and back for the next downstroke (6).

•

Copulation is prolonged in large predatory mammals such as the tiger, *Panthera tigris*, that do not risk being attacked during intercourse. Until she is in estrus, the female repeatedly pushes the male away. Then her powerful sex drive overcomes her fear and she allows him to approach and to mount. The first mating may last only a minute or two, but the pair will mate up to 20 times each day for the 3-week duration of the female's estrous period. In domestic cats it has been found that the friction of copulation stimulates the release of the egg from the ovary and the same is probably true of the tiger. Prolonged copulation also occurs in dogs and in some large herbivores.

African Wildlife Leadership Foundation

Wildlife News

From the Whole Earth perspective, the African Wildlife Foundation is the greatest hope for the planet's second-largest continent. AWLF does not produce a fancy magazine (though its modest ***Wildlife News*** *has some of the best insight into African wildlife quandaries). Your money ends up in Africa, doing good deeds.*

AWLF sponsors, directs, organizes and administers over 50 projects in 12 African nations. They help train game wardens, park managers and wildlife conservation teachers. They distribute conservation books, magazines and films for all ages of students. They supply and maintain vehicles, aircraft, radios and fuel for almost all the antipoaching teams protecting gorillas, elephants, rhinos, lions, you name it. Without AWLF, conservation in Africa would disappear into a maelstrom of bureaucratic chaos, citizen ignorance and outlaw dealing in ivory and skins. There is no membership as such. You send any size tax-deductible contribution you wish.

—*Peter Warshall*

African Wildlife Leadership Foundation
Membership by donation; information
free

Wildlife News
Cynthia Moss, Editor
3 issues/year
free
with AWLF membership

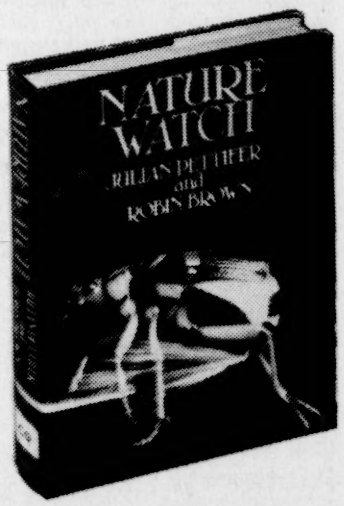
both from:
African Wildlife Leadership Foundation
1717 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20036

Nature Watch

Lots and lots and lots of nature books arrive ***chez moi*** *via UPS. Since I love natural history, it always kind of hurts to reject a book on sea otters or lemurs or the jungles of New Guinea. It took a long time to fully admit how commercialized "animal books" have become — just one more fad commodity in the New York publishing warehouses.*

Nature Watch *stands out from this glut. It is about naturalists as much as natural history. Illusions dissolve. There are a macho undereducated Australian cataloguing (with beautiful undersea photos) the taxonomy of nudibranchs, and a lovely portrait of capitalist Miriam Rothschild and her tapestry of studies on plant/animal coevolution. Perhaps the authors are a bit too witty and cute, as befits their roles as British TV narrators. But with its photos and unique tack, this is a most engaging "animal book."* —*Peter Warshall*

Nature Watch
Julian Pettifer and
Robin Brown
1981; 207 pp.
$15.95
postpaid from:
Michael Joseph Limited
Merrimack Book Service
5 South Union Street
Lawrence, MA 01843



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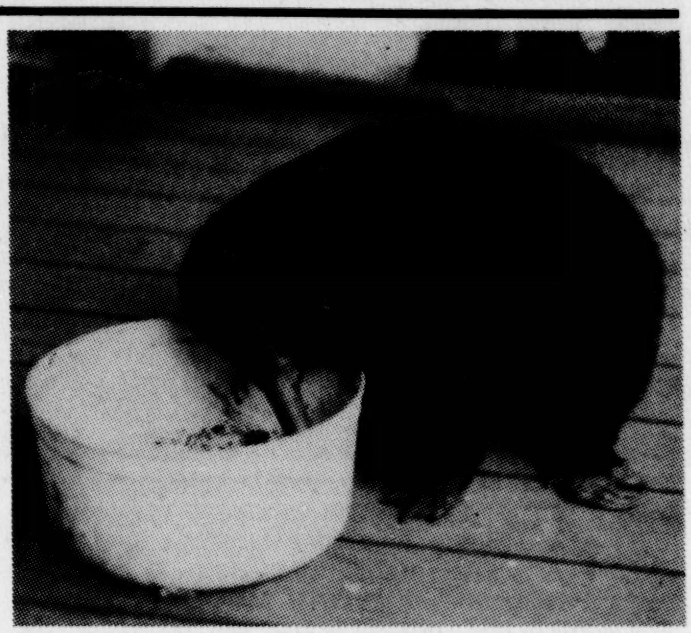
Willow is a long-beaked echidna (*Zaglossus bruijni*). He is about three-quarters grown (when mature he will be the size of a small dachshund), and as he appears at



Despite the shortage of ants, Willow the orphaned echidna flourishes on a substitute diet.

Margaret Mackay's heels snuffling along after his supper, he reveals himself as a very odd animal indeed. Like the duck-billed platypus, the echidna lays eggs and suckles the young in its pouch. Its short, powerful legs and sharp claws are well designed for digging, while the robust body is covered in both fur and spines, the latter being more abundant towards the rear. At the front end is a long, pointed beak of a similar design and purpose as the South American anteater's snout.

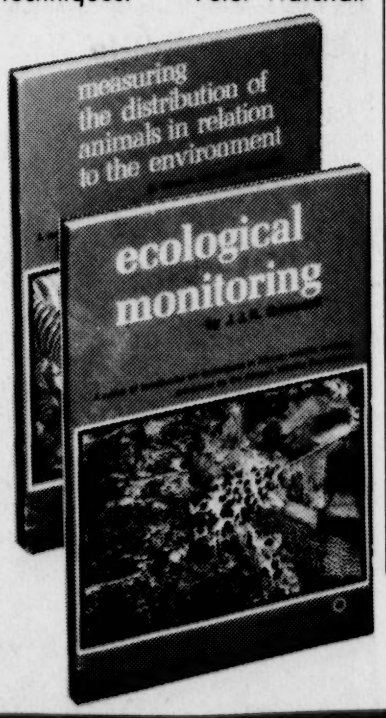
When Willow is presented with his two supper dishes he chooses as hors d'oeurvres a bowl of earthworms, and as he sets about it the utility of the beak becomes apparent: from its lower side extends to astonishing lengths a sticky, grooved tongue which is used to draw in the worms, dirt and all. In the wild the tongue could obviously be employed to pull the worms from their holes and also to plunder ants' nests and termite mounds. When he has demolished the starter, Willow sets about a second dish, this time a disgusting looking gruel. Mackay explains that echidnas are difficult to raise and this mixture of baby food, minced beef, calcium, vitamins and egg yolk is the result of many anxious dietary experiments.

Wildlife Ecology Handbooks

Although too technical for most **CQ** *readers, these handbooks deserve and need American exposure. They come from Africa with much seasoned wisdom. If you are a student, flying high on ecological computer models, these books enlighten with ground truths. If you are a novice Earth steward, they clearly instruct on the best ways to monitor your ecosystem or set up boundaries for a sanctuary. A most practical, pleasurable complement to American-born wildlife techniques.* —*Peter Warshall*

Wildlife Ecology Handbooks:
Counting Animals,
Distribution of Animals in Relation to Resources,
Studying Predators,
Ecological Monitoring,
Population Dynamics of Large Mammals,
$8.50
each postpaid

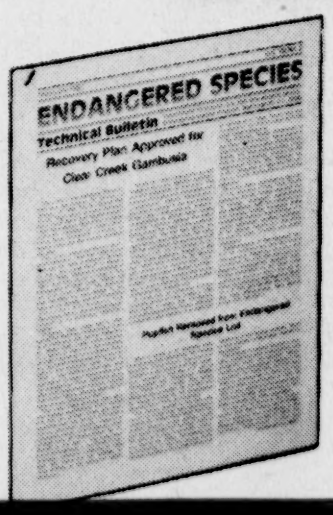
Information
free from:
African Wildlife Foundation
1717 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20036

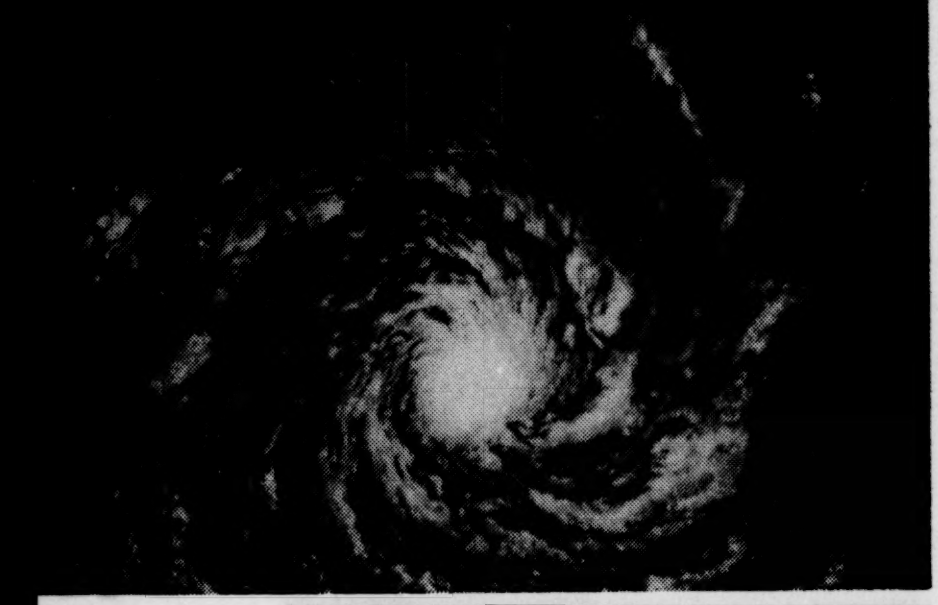


Endangered Species Technical Bulletin

When James Watt showed up, public distribution of this indispensable reference on North American endangered species was cut from the budget. The Center for Action now reproduces and distributes it (thanks!). They also sell up-to-date pamphlets, posters, and educational packets on threatened wildlife. I like their special niche: little-known and little-loved critters like bats. Write for a publications list. —*Peter Warshall*

Endangered Species Technical Bulletin
Clare Senecal Kearney, Editor
$14/year (12 issues)
from:
The Center for Action for Endangered Species
Dept. B
175 West Main Street
Ayer, MA 01432





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We look face-on directly at the Milky Way spiral. A hundred billion stars mutually bound by gravity encircle the central region, some passing close in, some in wider orbits. Our own sun swings with the rest in dignified passage clockwise about the distant galactic center, once every three hundred million years. External galaxies akin to our own are scattered throughout space as far as we can see. They too rotate slowly as they drift.

Powers of Ten

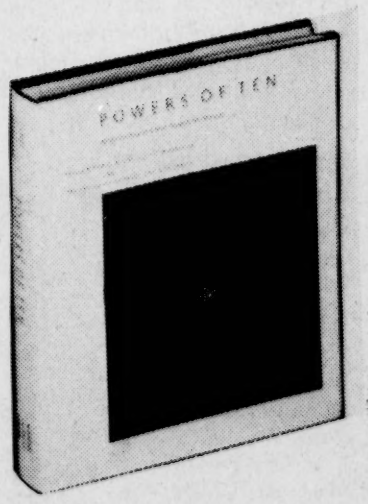
Several years ago I saw a film at the National Air and Space Museum that was a beautiful and exhuberant elaboration of the classic little book, ***Cosmic View****, by Kees Boeke (****NWEC****, page 7). Stewart Brand said that* ***Cosmic View*** *is "one of the simplest, most thorough, inescapable mind blows ever printed," and it is. The film, called* ***Powers of Ten****, is even more mentally explosive. Now there is a book,* ***Powers of Ten****, written by Phillip Morrison (****Scientific American*** *book reviewer), Phylis Morrison, and the Office of Charles and Ray Eames (which produced the film).*

In 42 exponential changes of scale ***Powers of Ten*** *guides us through the known universe, from the edge of what we can see out there to the edge of what we can see in here.*

The authors reverently thank ***Cosmic View*** *for the inspiration, then politely make it obsolete. For instance,* ***Cosmic View****, published in 1957, was weak on the microscopic end of the journey;* ***Powers of Ten*** *reminds us dramatically how far the technology of seeing little stuff has advanced in 25 years. Perhaps in another 25 years* ***Powers of Ten*** *can be bettered by an equal margin.*

—Turner McGehee

Powers of Ten
(About the Relative Size of Things in the Universe)
Philip Morrison, Phylis Morrison, and the Office of Charles and Ray Eames
1982; 162 pp.
$29.95
postpaid from:
W.H. Freeman and Co.
660 Market Street
San Francisco, CA 94104
or Whole Earth Bookstore



LAND USE

Biotic Communities of the American Southwest

Desert Plants

North America has been waiting for this book. With intimacy and care, ***Biotic Communities*** *reveals what makes the Southwest so intriguing. It lists the unique plants and animals; contrasts them to neighboring biotic communities; tells the story of their recent evolution; points out changes wrought by Anglo-European settlement; explains how climate nurtures the prosperity of each community of the Southwest mosaic; connects Mexico to the United States across irrelevant political borders; is clearly laid-out and illustrated; and on and on and on.*

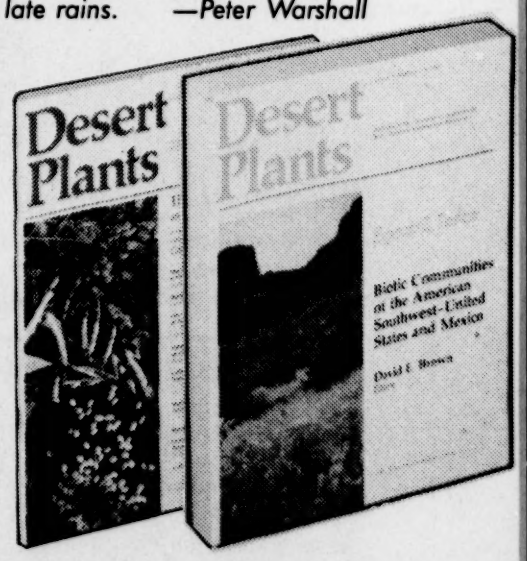
I carry ***Biotic Communities*** *in my truck like friends carry the AAA road guides. What once looked like endless, dreary desert now has me yelling: "Stop! Look at that!" I pull over and read the section on Sinoloan thornscrub or Chihuahuan desert scrub. In short, this is a paragon of bioregional nitty-gritty. If you inhabit the Southwest, it is as important as your phone book.*

Desert Plants*, which published Biotic Communities as a special supplement, is a quarterly journal on indigenous and adaptable plants of arid regions. The high quality of its work can be seen in issues with titles like "The Annual Saguaro Harvest and Crop Cycle of the Papago with Reference to Ecology and Symbolism" and "The Desert Tepary as a Food Source." Informative and thorough. For desert rats like myself, this journal is as wonderful as a year with late rains.* *—Peter Warshall*

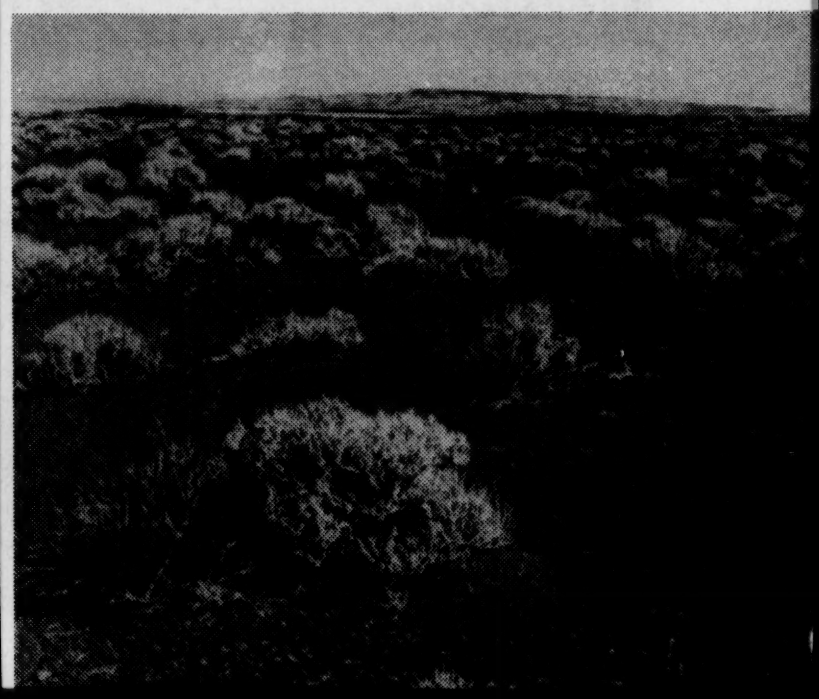
Biotic Communities of the American Southwest
David E. Brown, Editor
1982; 342 pp.
$13.95 postpaid

Desert Plants
Frank Crosswhite, Editor
$12/year (4 issues)

Both from:
Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum
P.O. Box AB
Superior, AZ 85273



Shadscale (*Atriplex confertifolia*) community in the basin of the Little Colorado River on the Navajo Indian Reservation near Cameron, Arizona, ca. 1,280 m elevation. This is an example of shrub dominance by a single low shrub species in this cold-arid biotic community. **—Biotic Communities**



Gardens for All

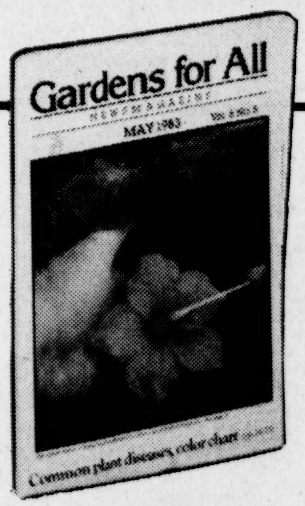
***Gardens for All** is an unusual group with an unusual background, as well as a nice publication that's grown considerably since we mentioned it in **NWEC** (p. 94). They materialized a decade ago as a minor adjunct of Garden Way, the big producer of garden books and Troybilt tillers, for no other purpose than to promote community gardening in the local Burlington, Vermont, area. The project developed so well that **Reader's Digest** wrote up the story for the world, and the publicity changed **GFA** from a local to a national organization.*

*But the plot thickened when an internal power struggle seized Garden Way, and after the dust had settled and heads had rolled **GFA** found itself an orphan, serious capitalism having overcome the desire for good deeds. Being thrown to the wolves didn't daunt the little group though, for it not only became self-sufficient but went on to multiply its membership to the current 150,000. Certainly a nice inspiration for those who fear that serious capitalism must always win.*

*The group remains undaunted and operating solo from Vermont. Their monthly tabloid, slick and full of color photos, still has the open, unsophisticated feel of a hometown newspaper and has become required reading for me. Compared to **Horticulture** there's a noticeable lack of dry formality, and besides, everything is emminently practical. It isn't **Organic Gardening** either; there's no predictable, "party line" uniformity, but rather a happy air of eclectic curiousity. No ads or blow-ins either, a pleasant relief.*

***GFA**'s main theme is nitty-gritty garden stuff, with a noticeable flavor of community service. Besides the mainstream stories there will be something about gardening for the elderly or disabled or maybe a story on gardens for prisoners or kids in school. **GFA** still remembers the people that most of us choose to forget. Besides that they have a keen eye for new gadgets and consistently feature garden gizmos that nobody else has heard of yet. (They turned us on to Wall O' Water.) If you enjoy working the soil and want to keep up on new developments in a magazine with a personal touch, try this one.* —Dick Fugett

Gardens for All
Ruth Page, Editor
$15 /year (12 issues)
from:
Gardens for All
180 Flynn Avenue
Burlington, VT 05401



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I was much dismayed to discover that several of my newly-sprouted bean plants had been crushed, bent, broken, and generally stomped back into the soil. Curiously, the damage was confined to plants situated within a foot or so of the stakes I'd used to tie off the string marking the row, and there were no apparent signs of any of the plants having been eaten.
I replanted and made a note to keep the row under close surveillance.

Within a week my *stakeout* bore fruit. I observed a rather large and very determined blue jay tugging on one of the loose ends of the marker string. The bird circled the stake, winding the string tight; then pulled, unwound the string and, after firmly planting both feet in the center of my row of beans, pulled again. I ran over and made a half-hearted effort to apprehend the suspect, but had to be satisfied with giving him a few well chosen words on my opinion of bird-brained bean stompers. The bird responded in kind from the safety of a nearby telephone wire.

Case closed. I went through the whole garden and clipped off every loose end in sight. But when I'd finished, I realized that I'd solved only half the problem — my half.

Since then, I've made it a point to provide my avian neighbors with as much nesting material as they can handle. They seem to prefer fabric strips to string — shredded rags, retired tomato ties, that sort of thing — and it's amazing how fast they make off with the stuff. I've come to take a good deal of pleasure in watching my scrap being recycled for use in treetop construction projects all over the neighborhood. There's something supremely satisfying in looking up into the branches of a maple four blocks away and seeing a piece of one of my old T-shirts being used to help support a brood of young robins. After all, we are all working this case together — aren't we? by P.E. Reinhardt

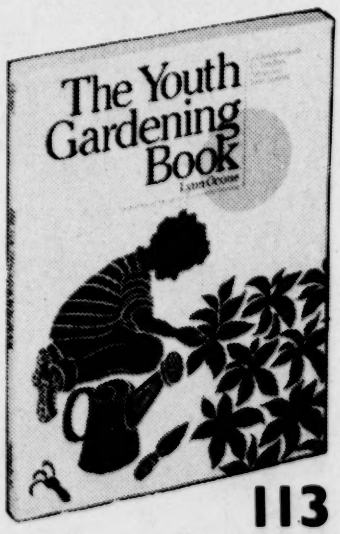
The Youth Gardening Book

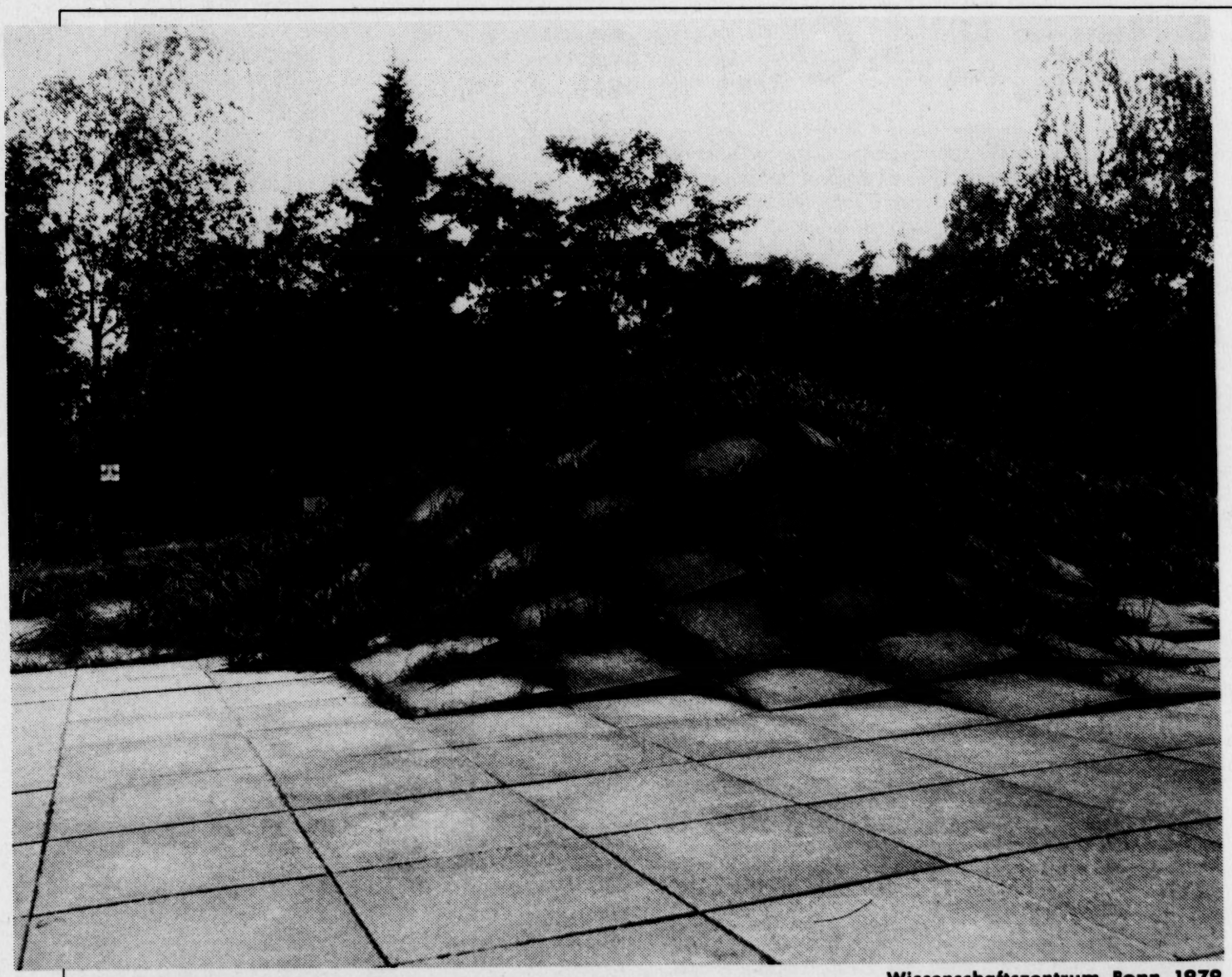
*Everyone knows that kids and gardens are a natural match-up, right? Wrong. I found out the first time I tried. Somehow gardens didn't have as much pizzazz as video games and all the other diversions. It became a challenge that I'm still working on. I wish I'd had this book at the beginning to help out: it covers everything from motivation to garden design and is especially strong in stressing the **fun** of gardens with 25 pages of experiments, tests and special activities. Whether your garden partner is your own child or a horde of school kids you'll find it a genuine ally.* —Dick Fugett

•

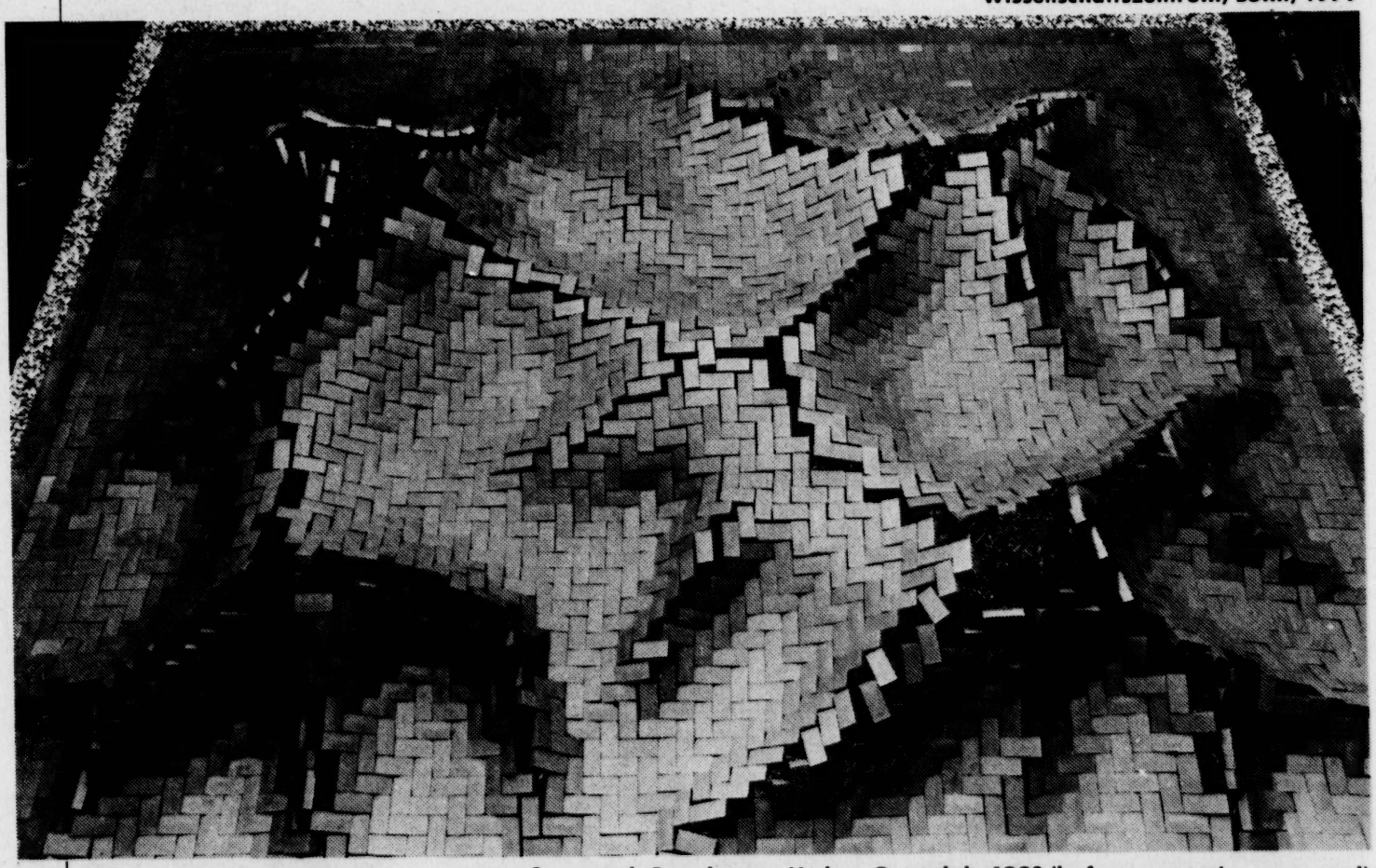
Don't impose your expectations on the gardeners. Kids don't care too much about total yields. The experience of growing is as important as the end product. A single radish is cherished by the child if she grew it herself.

The Youth Gardening Book
(A Complete Guide for Teachers, Parents and Youth Leaders)
Lynn Ocone
1983; 154 pp.
$8.95
postpaid from:
Gardens for All
180 Flynn Avenue
Burlington, VT 05401





Wissenschaftszentrum, Bonn, 1979



Courtyard, Bertelsmann Verlag, Gutersloh, 1980 (before vegetation appeared)

Born in Cincinnati in 1943, a graduate of Harvard, Rieveschl has been living in West Berlin since 1978.

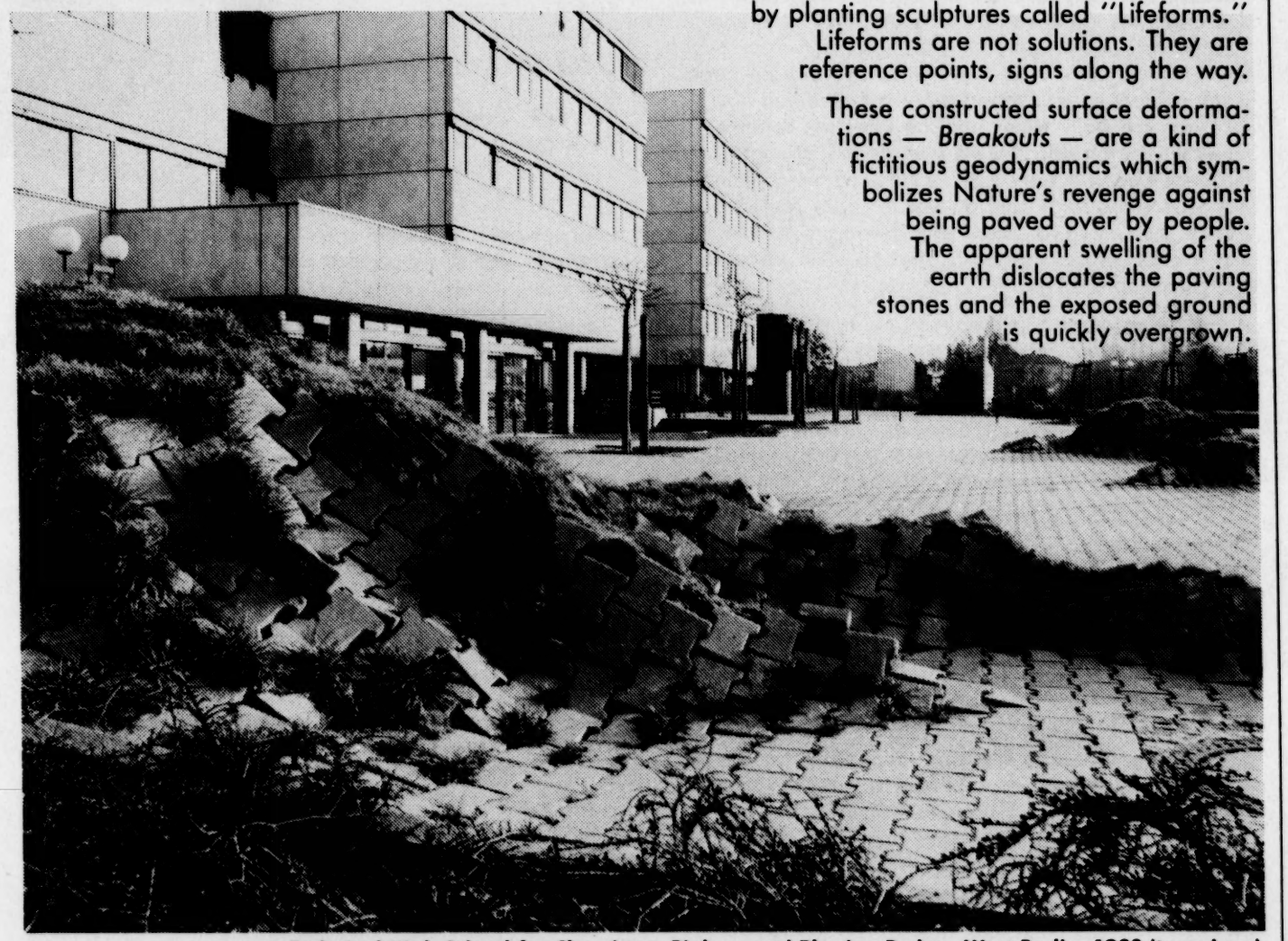
—Robert Horvitz

BREAKOUTS

by Gary Rieveschl

My work is to find forms which signify our connection with the natural order. I do this by planting sculptures called "Lifeforms." Lifeforms are not solutions. They are reference points, signs along the way.

These constructed surface deformations — *Breakouts* — are a kind of fictitious geodynamics which symbolizes Nature's revenge against being paved over by people. The apparent swelling of the earth dislocates the paving stones and the exposed ground is quickly overgrown.



Technical High School for Chemistry, Biology and Physics, Rudow, West Berlin, 1982 (two views)

USA Today

USA Today *is a national newspaper from a national newspaper chain, Gannett, for a single nuclear family, Joe and Jane America plus kids. Apparently, many Americans see themselves in that upscale, ad-myth identity, because (according to* ***Advertising Age****) the paper is the country's third largest daily in circulation now, following the* ***Daily News*** *and the* ***Christian Science Monitor****. It's too bad, considering its real strengths, that the paper doesn't see us as we are, scattered members of a nation too large and diverse to really feel as one. Instead of making us aware of those misunderstandings that our differences cause, it's making them worse by trying to ignore them.*

A perfect example is its emphasis of trends. Instead of the usual bus disasters or political gas, ***USA Today****'s front page tells what we-all are doing today: "beach-bound, bumper to bumper," perhaps, or "angry over traffic scofflaws." There's a lot of man-in-the-street reporting — "What do YOU think of traffic scofflaws?" — on a mythical street that stretches from Tucson to Bangor but covers no one, say, who has no car. I happen to think that demographic reporting is more valuable than most political reporting, and too many papers overlook it, but* ***USA Today****'s has no sense of purpose or consistency. Today's article on housing costs may be pretty good, but it bears no relation to yesterday's article on interest rates, and probably contradicts it.*

Their news articles similarly cover a lot of subjects that show up nowhere else, but treat them all as gossip. An acquaintance who's a civil-liberties lawyer said that ***USA Today****'s center spread of news from every state had more civil liberties coverage than any other newspaper. But no item is more than two sentences long.*

When an audience is treated as a family, its concerns become hobbies, which don't need to be pursued in depth. The newspaper excels at hobbies — sports, for instance. Its cultural coverage is more awkward because tastes vary too much (maybe I'm naive, but I still don't think American taste in arts is very homogenous) and because most of us are just not going to see a show that's only in one city.

USA Today
John C. Quinn, Editor
25¢/day, Monday—Friday, at your newsstand
$83.25/year from:
USA Today
P.O. Box 7856
Washington, DC 20044

Does America need a national newspaper for consumers? That's the type of irrelevant question ***USA Today*** *might itself ask. But I find myself picking up a copy at least twice a week, despite the tyranny of its audience-marketing, because it hits news that my local papers miss. Would that a newspaper here in town applied the same breadth to local coverage that* ***USA Today*** *applies to the nation.* —*Art Kleiner*

•

Brown-bag goes upscale

Special for USA Today

Brown-baggers may get snickers at the office, but packing lunch is a meal ticket for the 34 million USA workers who tote their treats each day.

That's the finding of the Brown Bag Institute, a research firm run by David Lyon, a food industry consultant from Westport, Conn. Among the findings of its latest survey of 1,500 people:

■ Almost 70 percent of brown-baggers are adults; 40 percent of them are women.

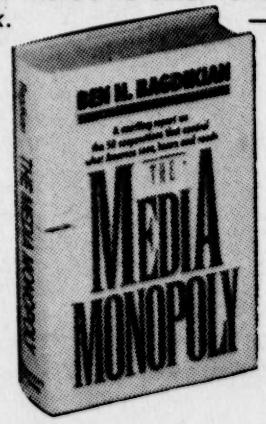
■ Families who brown-bag tend to have more money and are better educated than those who don't.

■ The traditional brown-bag lunch is changing; it now includes salads, low-calorie items and yogurt. Two out of 3 brown-bag lunches pack fruit.

The Media Monopoly

But why is local news coverage so poor? Because it's expensive (especially for chain newspapers), because advertisers prefer the lifestyle-type coverage that's taken over most papers, and because many newspapers have monopolies and don't need local reporting to hook readers. Living with a lousy newspaper is like sleeping in a room with a cat litter box; after a while you don't notice. This book tells how newspapers got so bad, and why magazines take so few chances. Like other professional gadflies, Ben Bagdikian oversimplifies his case somewhat, but the stories he tells are themselves fascinating. It's not a book to read unless you care passionately about periodicals, in which case it may spur you to create your own. There's no other remedy in most places. Good luck. —*Art Kleiner*

The Media Monopoly
Ben H. Bagdikian
1983; 282 pp.
$14.95
postpaid from:
Beacon Press
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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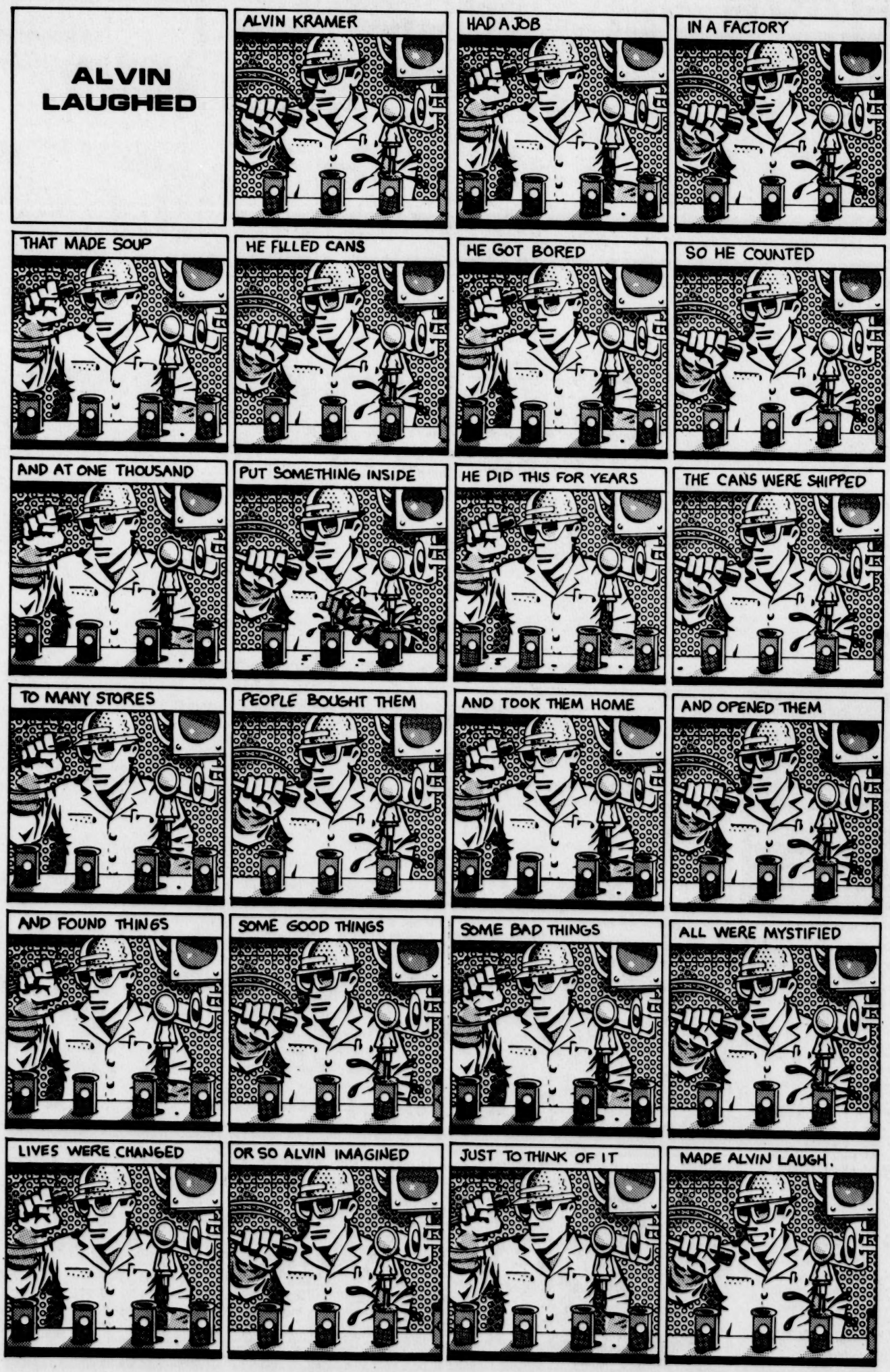
An important element is missing in the standard newspaper histories of the late nineteenth century. Most stories of "yellow journalism" and the wild circulation wars of Hearst and Pulitzer in New York and the newspaper gangs in Chicago are true. But they are mistakenly presented as the main reason newspapers became popular with ordinary citizens. Before mass advertising, however, papers succeeded soley because they pleased their readers. Readers were clustered in terms of their serious political and social ideas — some were conservative, some liberal, some radical — and they had religious or regional loyalties. Each paper tended to focus a great deal of its information on the preferences of its readers. Because papers were physically smaller, lacking mass advertising, they were cheaper to print. And because they appealed to the strong interests of their readers, subscribers paid more for newspapers as a percentage of average wages than they otherwise might have done. Because newspapers were cheaper to print, newspaper businesses could be started more easily, either when new communities arose or when existing papers did not satisfy the interests of some significant group in the community. The result was a wider spectrum of political and social ideas than the public gets from contemporary newspapers. The frequent excess among adversarial papers of the past is a normal social cost of rigorous debate in a democracy.

Norman Dog (Raymond Larrett) is a San Francisco cartoonist with a very strange sense of humor. His comics appear each week in the **Express**, *a weekly tabloid out of Berkeley ($10/year by mail from P.O. Box 3198, Berkeley, CA 94703).*

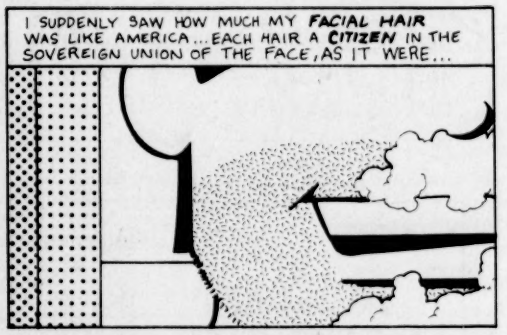
—Jay Kinney

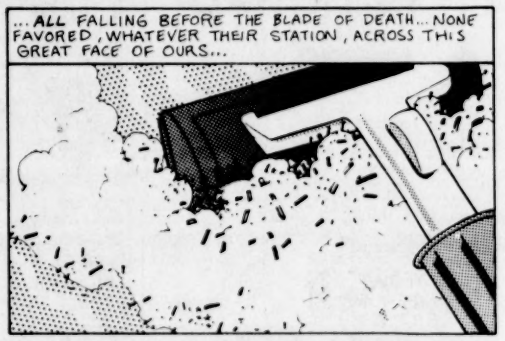
CARTOONS BY NORMAN DOG

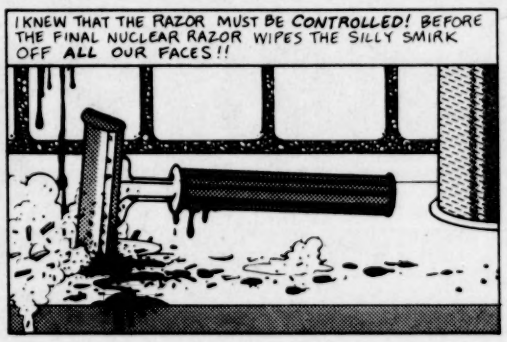


CLOSE SHAVE

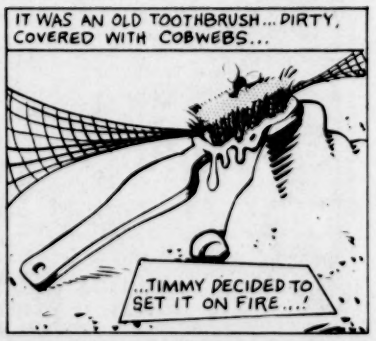
©1983 NORMAN DOG

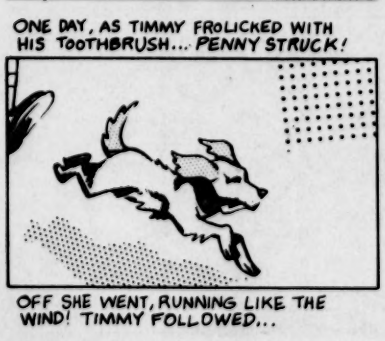






THE ENCHANTED TOOTHBRUSH





HEY STUPID!

STARRING THE STUPID LI'L GUY!

THE COMPLETELY CIRCULAR CARTOON! SO BEWARE... ONCE YOU START READING, YOU **MAY NEVER STOP!**

©1983 NORMAN DOG

I WAS SATAN'S PLAYTHING!

BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966

The Personal Computer Book

The Word Processing Book

The Personal Computer in Business Book

Large memory

A diminuendo of trumpets, please, to acknowledge our previous oversight in not reviewing the computer books of Peter McWilliams. They are enjoyable, you see, so we thought they might be frivolous (we made a similar error ignoring for years the excellent job-finding book ***What Color Is Your Parachute?****).*

The three unique attributes that make these the best introductory computer books are:

1) They make specific product recommendations. No one else dares. You may not agree with McWilliams (I agree with his scorn for Osborne and enthusiasm for Kaypro, disagree with his scorn for Apple and enthusiasm for IBM), but you know where he stands and why, and that helps inform your own opinion.

Video games available

2) The books are quietly updated every couple months. Because Peter self-publishes, his stuff is about a year more current than the competition — in a field where currency is everything. Send him a buck or two, and he'll update whatever edition of whichever book you have in terms of product recommendations.

3) He's funny. No one else is yet around this greedy greedy business.

Don't get all the books. They overlap (repeat) considerably. Do get at least one before venturing into a computer store. —*Stewart Brand*

Realistic video games

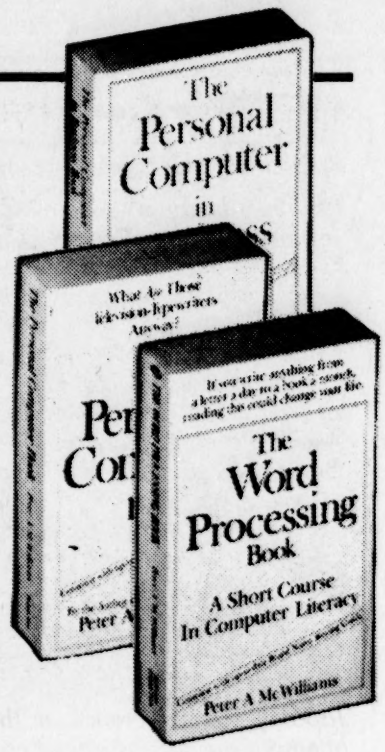
The Personal Computer Book
1982, 1983 3rd Edition; 335 pp.

The Personal Computer in Business Book
1983; 287 pp.

The Word Processing Book
1982, 1983 6th Edition; 319 pp.

All by Peter McWilliams

Each **$10.95**
postpaid from:
Ballantine Books
Random House
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth Bookstore



•

When you're considering spending $5,000 on any product, you expect from the salesperson a certain attention, kindness, politeness, expertise, or at least civility.

In the world of buying a computer, you can either gently let go of that expectation now, or you can have it brutally taken from you later . . . .

—***The Personal Computer In Business Book***

•

LYNC has one of the most precise error checking routines of any communications software. This insures that what you send will be received exactly as it was sent. This may not be important for chatting (if an S becomes a C, so what?), but it's crucial for transmitting typesetting files, financial documents, programs, and any other data which must arrive letter (and number) perfect.

LYNC will remember phone numbers and dial them, providing you have an "auto-dial" modem. It will allow you to transfer information between two "hard-wired" (directly connected by cable, not by modem) computers at the astounding rate of 19,200 baud (bits per second). The documentation on LYNC is complete and easy to understand. All commands are in English. ("Send" "Fetch" etc.)

—***The Personal Computer In Business Book***

Not designed for human beings

•

You see, the KayPro 10 is a great computer. It's fast, it has a nice screen display (better than its little brother), has an attractive blue-grey brushed metal case, has all the software given with the KayPro II. And it's the best hard disk computer bargain around.

This computer is heaven-sent for people with tens of thousands of things to file. The titles of whole *libraries* or bookstores or auto parts companies or baseball card collections can be put on this computer.

Ten megabytes could handle the accounting, inventory, and word processing needs of a good-sized company, and still leave room for the boss's computer games.

Then why am I afraid? Why do I fear the letter that says: "I took your advice and I bought this thing and after five months of putting everything I know on it it broke and I hate you forever.?"

Do whatever is necessary to get this computer

Ten megabytes is a lot. It's very powerful, but very dangerous. *Please*, with this or any other hard disk computer, *back up your irreplaceable information regularly.* Back-up information is like wearing a seat belt: If it's only used once in ten years, it was worth the effort.

Maye the KayPro 10 and I should get away somewhere, take a long trip together or something, and maybe we can work on my anxiety together.

—***The Personal Computer Book***

•

I have a boilerplate paragraph I use whenever I write a letter of complaint. I attempt to shame the company into not sending me a form letter response. I do this with a form paragrah. It reads:

"I am reminded of the man who wrote a letter to the Pullman Company back in the 1940s, complaining of bedbugs in his sleeping car. He received a very apologetic letter saying that this was the first they had ever heard of such a thing and that all the cars were being fumigated as a response to his letter. Along with this letter was enclosed, by mistake, the original letter of complaint the man had sent. Written by hand at the bottom of the letter was: 'Send this SOB the bedbug letter.' I certainly hope that I will not receive a 'bed-bug' letter from you."

I have this paragraph in a file named "PULLMAN" and it takes but a few seconds to add it to the text of any letter or, in this case, book. To type it would take several minutes, and to find the original to type it from would no doubt take longer.

—***The Word Processing Book***

Six out of seven people want this computer but can't afford it

Conforms to industry standards

Does not conform to industry standards

—***The Personal Computer Book***

The Fifth Generation

A fascinating and repellent little book.

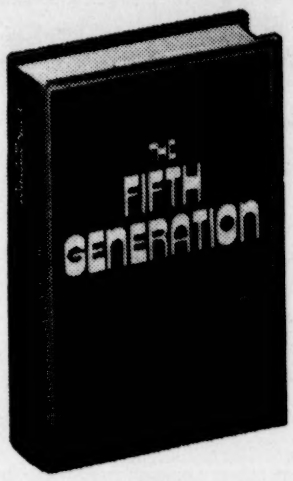
Repellent because it is almost warlike in its "The Japanese are coming! The Japanese are coming!" hysteria that the U.S. might lose its computer technology lead in the next ten years. It is insultingly repetitive — homilies such as "information is the new wealth of nations" and "a quantitative change of an order of magnitude (i.e., multiplied by ten) is a qualitative change" may be repeated five times in three pages. And it is abominably written — "With the same kind of foresight Random Olds or Henry Ford once had as he examined the custom-built machines of Benz and Daimler, the Japanese have decided to improve upon greatly and mass-produce the intelligent machine."

Fascinating because the subject is. To a degree very little know, computer science has long been undertaken and underwritten by government, mostly for defense purposes (history is sketchy in this book). If the Japanese, or the French, or the U.S. (scared into action) attempt new generations of computer power, they'll probably happen, and human nature (ensemble, not individually so much) will be that much further transformed. The foreseen mass production of "expert systems," of widespread human-plus-machine intelligence, does anticipate a new species on Earth.

As a diatribe against U.S. policy ***The Fifth Generation*** *has been shockingly successful. Under former National Security Agency head Bobby Inman, America now has a multicorporate consortium in Texas to match Japan's Institute for the New Generation of Computer Technology. The first of the new machines from Japan should be called "Zeroes" and the first American ones "Flying Tigers."* —*Stewart Brand*

The Fifth Generation
(Artificial Intelligence and Japan's Computer Challenge to the World)
Edward Feigenbaum and Pamela McCorduck
1983; 278 pp.
$15.55
postpaid from:
Addison-Wesley Publishing Company
Jacob Way
Reading, MA 01867

or Whole Earth Bookstore



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The Japanese expect these new computers, which users will be able to speak with in everyday conversational language, or show pictures to, or transmit messages to by keyboard or handwriting, to penetrate every level of society. They will assume no special expertise or knowledge of arcane programming languages. They will not even require the user to be very specific about his needs, because they will have reasoning power and will be able to tease out from the user, by questioning and by suggestions, just exactly what it is the user wants to do or know. Finally, these new machines will be inexpensive and reliable enough to be used everywhere, in offices, factories, restaurants, shops, farms, and fisheries, and of course, homes.

•

The first thing Feigenbaum said was that no constraint evident in the hardware would limit the success of the Fifth Generation project — The hardware engineers would be able to deliver whatever was needed. The 1970s were the years of great hardware ideas. The 1980s would be transitional years. The 1990s would be years of great software ideas, and most important, those great software ideas would completely transform the concept of "computing."

•

In the magic world of computing, the world of "Always More for Less," where the More is doubled and the Less is halved every two or three years, ten years is virtually forever.

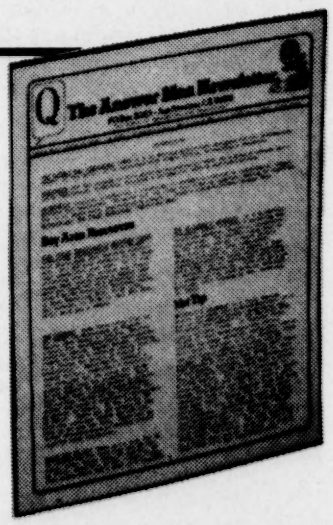
The Answer Man Newsletter

So much data in the world, so little information. ***The Answer Man*** *is a discriminating place to ask: Where can I find it? And how do I look for it best? Editor Gary Warne does his best to find out, and if he can't he throws the question open to his readers. Plus he keeps his own energetic watch for leads, tips, and events.*

So far it's produced witty and enlightening results, exceptional even in San Francisco, where giveaway papers full of listings pile up in restaurants and laundromats. This bimonthly only mentions a few events, but nearly all are interesting. There's a national section, but ***The Answer Man*** *is most valuable locally. For instance, the latest issue both asked and answered, "Where is the best place to sell my van?" and, "Where can I meet other women who are working in engineering or construction?" Incidentally, it said the most-often-asked questions are, in order, how to have a car repaired inexpensively, where to meet people, and how to find paid work at environmental/ecological organizations.*

Hopefully similarly obsessive editors in other cities may start similar publications. Its major problem is the same one people have with ***CQ****; figuring out where in the past ten issues a particular reference is hiding. Planning an* ***Answer Man*** *compendium yet, Gary?* —*Art Kleiner*

The Answer Man Newsletter
Gary Warne, Editor
$12/year (6 issues)
from:
The Answer Man Newsletter
P.O. Box 11263
San Francisco, CA 94101



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Business Envelopes: Few people know that you can buy a case of 500 envelopes from the Post Office with stamps already on them and the PO will PRINT anything you want up to five lines (no designs) on the return address section. The cost is $109.85 for #10 envelopes & that means you have saved licking & affixing 500 stamps AND had your envelopes printed for $9.85! This alone is truly worth the purchase but there is also no sales tax, they are DELIVERED to your home & there is no delivery charge! Fill out an order card at your local post office and allow six weeks for delivery.

GOOD MOVIES: FALL

By Sheila Benson

NEVER CRY WOLF

If you wondered where Carroll Ballard disappeared to since **The Black Stallion**, the answer is Alaska and the Canadian Yukon, where he has made an amazing film from Farley Mowat's classic book **NEVER CRY WOLF**. In a performance of variety, humor and slowly growing maturity, Charles Martin Smith plays Tyler, a young U.S. government biologist dropped in Alaska's most desolate winter wasteland to make a six-month study of the wolves there. Through the extraordinary experience of building a camp and living alone among the wolves, Tyler and his preconceived ideas change before our eyes; he pulls the strengths he needs for this challenging period from sources he doesn't even know he has.

From a man blindly terrified at even the nighttime cry of a wolf, Tyler becomes an intimate, patient student of a single wolf family, the male he calls George, his mate Angeline and their three pups. "I'm supposed to watch his behavior," he writes in his journal, "but all he does is watch mine." Subtle, funny and hypnotic, the film reaches one peak during a springtime caribou hunt where a naked Tyler begins to behave more like a member of the pack he has been observing than the stiff, introspective man he was four months earlier. The deeper questions of the film are about balance and intrusion, of ancient rights and the destructive nature of humankind. Ballard (getting a masterful performance from Smith and fine work from two Eskimos who had never before acted), cinematographer Hiro Narita and sound-effects creator Alan Splet have made an intensely individual, beautiful, resonant film. And when you see Charlie Martin Smith in the film's grossly hilarious sequence, chomping into a mouse sandwich, tails tastefully lined up on the outside of the bread, you realize what an historic moment this is for the filmmaking studio: Walt Disney.

★ ★ ★

It's very possible that everyone from the age of 28 to 38 will see **THE BIG CHILL** twice, once on their own and once dragging close buddies from the era, the passionate 1970s. Writer/director Lawrence Kasdan has created an irresistible collection of close Ann Arbor college mates, gathered now for the mournful business of the suicide of one of their number. Predictably, each one of these activists (save the dead member and one heavy-duty drug dealer) has embraced the establishment he or she so resisted: they are now doctors, lawyers, housewives, a TV adventure star, the owner of a chain of running-shoe stores, a "journalist" for **People** magazine. The actors Kasdan has used are superb: Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Mary Kay Place, Meg Tilly, William Hurt and JoBeth Williams. Kasdan has developed an elegant visual style and his script is ironic, deadpan funny and a joy to listen to. The drawback of the film is that while the surface is sparkling and the actors play together like a young, rich ensemble, that's about the extent of it; there are no deep veins to run in your mind for days afterward. It may matter not a bit to the film's admirers but it keeps it from having the haunting relevance it might have had.

★ ★ ★

If **ZELIG** has come your way yet, you shouldn't miss it. Woody Allen's current effort is a sweet and startlingly inventive film, a little rueful around the edges. Its form is a "documentary" about an entirely imaginary character, the chameleon-like Leon Zelig, so pathetically willing to be liked and to fit in that he constantly changes his physical appearance in order to blend imperceptibly with people around him. The film is a technical wonder, mixing actual film of the 1920s and 1930s with faked contemporary footage, and it's possible to sit back and let the film's quiet humor and technical genius wash over you. But **Zelig** is also terribly remote and, at its core, dead-cool. Allen has hold of an intriguing metaphor but at the point at which he could make a story out of it, the lights go on and his movie is over, more's the pity.

ZELIG

★ ★ ★

"Don't you remember their lives? They had the *passion*," cries the foster father of Daniel and Susan Isaccson, the surviving children of a father and mother electrocuted in the 1950s for conspiring to sell atomic secrets to the Russians. He means the parents' lives, which shape and obsess the paths of their two children, but the comment also applies to Sidney Lumet's film **DANIEL**, adapted by E.L. Doctorow from his novel, **The Book of Daniel**. Flawed at several vital points, most crucially by not letting us know whether these idealistic leftist political activists had done anything at all, much less anything to be imprisoned for, it is nevertheless a film which will stir the memories of anyone for whom political action was/is a necessity, not a choice. At Lumet's hands, the early 1930s rallies and meetings never looked more appealing or romantically impassioned, and Paul Robeson's rumbling bass-baritone provides musical bridges which capture the essence of the era.

THE BIG CHILL

DANIEL

THE GREY FOX

Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse are exceptional as the didactic, devoted father and mother.

The Rosenberg case, of course, provided the springboard for Doctorow's story, but slavish attention to the details of the first case will only get in the way of **Daniel**, so it's best to let go of them. The traumatized children are Timothy Hutton as Daniel (in an unlikely bit of casting and a clenched and unhelpful performance), and Amanda Plummer as Susan in an performance so extraordinary it almost defies rational description: searing, radiant, self-willed. With its several drawbacks and an ending which is like a romantic non-sequitur to everything that went before, **Daniel**'s wrestling with the debts between parent and child is still provocative. Ed Asner and Ellen Barkin are outstanding in a large supporting cast.

★ ★ ★

The quiet surface of **THE GREY FOX** is deceptive, for this film is a beautiful, memorable, eminently satisfying story of a real Canadian folk hero, Bill Miner, who after 33 years in San Quentin switched his line of work from robbing stages to robbing trains in Canada at the turn of the century. The film has dozens of things to recommend it: an air of bed-rock authenticity; a droll and understated script by John Hunter; Frank Tidy's superlative photography; The Chieftains on the musical score, playing barbaric Irish reels which seem quite fitting in this Canadian grandeur. But the greatest card it has up its sleeve is Richard Farnsworth as Miner. An anonymous stunt man and rider in films for more than 40 years, Farnsworth had his first featured role as Jane Fonda's ranch hand in **Comes A Horseman**, but it takes this film, by first-time director Phillip Borsos, to use him to the fullest. Farnsworth makes Miner a courtly, quietly humorous, self-effacingly powerful man in a film of integrity and beauty.

★ ★ ★

If drag racing isn't high on your list of fascinations, don't let that stop you from seeing a ferociously good movie, **HEART LIKE A WHEEL**, about Shirley Muldowney, top title holder in the National Hot Rod Association. Director Jonathan Kaplan (**Over the Edge**, **White Line Fever**) builds his movie around her determination to achieve in a closed profession and creates an intimate story as durable and relevant as **Coal Miner's Daughter**. Bonnie Bedelia has been a fine actress on the fringe since before **They Shoot Horses, Don't They?** Now, with long dark hair which makes her look uncannily like Muldowney, she gives a complex, deeply felt portrait of an exceptional woman. Married in high school to a loving but limited man (superbly played by Leo Rossi) who had no way of dealing with a wife with a talent of her own, Muldowney's life changed radically as she began to make her mark in racing. Not the least of her complications was a long-standing but draining relationship with fellow racer Connie Kalitta (Beau Bridges, perfect as a disarmingly relaxed heartbreaker). Almost abandoned by 20th Century Fox, who originally marketed the film disastrously, **Heart** is one of those rare stories, a film with a second chance, and one well worth searching out.

★ ★ ★

If you remember the body of work which came from the Ealing Studios in England in the 1940s and 1950s (or even if you don't), there is a hint that some of the same, off-beat personal kinds of films are beginning to emerge now, **Gregory's Girl**, **Local Hero** and now **EXPERIENCE PREFERRED — BUT NOT ESSENTIAL**. A glowingly wonderful "small" film about Annie (Elizabeth Edmonds), a 17-year-old charmer with no idea of her potential who works for one summer in a remote hotel on the Welsh seacoast, the film was originally produced for Britain's Channel 4, as part of its **First Love** series. It contains a first love, too,

HEART LIKE A WHEEL

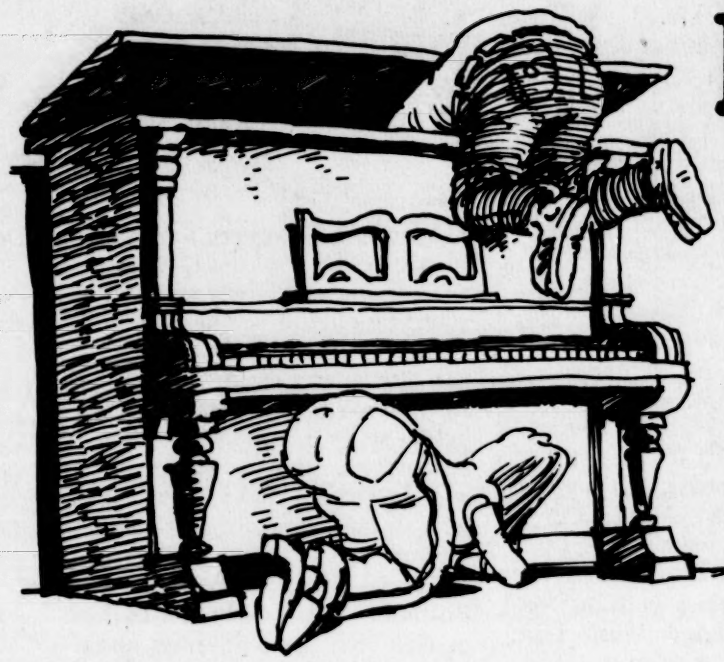
EXPERIENCE PREFERRED — BUT NOT ESSENTIAL

with the miraculously understanding chef of the kitchen (Ron Bain), but it is a multi-leveled comedy-drama of all the men and women behind the scenes and below stairs in the British class system. It's miraculously good filmmaking from a director, Peter Duffell, and a writer, June Roberts, whom I suspect we will hear of again. Its executive producer, David Puttnam (**The Duellists**, **Chariots of Fire**), has already rather made his mark.

★ ★ ★

As I write this, **REUBEN, REUBEN** has no distributor, but good must triumph and this adaptation of the Peter DeVries novel is better than good, it is superlative. And so with full optimism I am including it. Tom Conti gives an irresistible portrait of a Dylan Thomas-like poet/womanizer, reduced to the women's-club lecture circuit in New England, whose old-country, seduce 'em and leave 'em ways meet more than their match in a delectable, new-generation college girl (sensational newcomer Kelly McGillis, with the aura of a warm Candice Bergen). Julius Epstein's adaptation retains the full DeVries flavor — the English language as we rarely hear it — and Robert Ellis Miller's direction has produced a film of wit and deliciousness. If film audiences were somehow unaware that Conti is one of this generation's great actors (something theater audiences have known for a decade), notice is hereby given. Literate, adult movie-going at last. ■

REUBEN, REUBEN



How to get a Piano.. ..Cheap!

by Joan Hutchinson
Cartoon by Phil Frank

YOU WANT A PIANO, and the world is full of old upright pianos standing around unplayed. A serious pianist should have the best instrument affordable, but for a starter instrument, or a hacking around instrument, or — a real luxury — a second piano, old uprights are hard to beat. They don't cost much and often have a firmer touch and stronger sound than a newer, bottom-of-the-line spinet. Figure $50 for the piano, $50 to move it, and $50 for tuning and minor repairs, and be prepared to adjust all three figures up or down 100 percent.

The easiest way to get started is to run a want ad. Something along the lines of "Student wants upright piano for practice" or "Family seeks old piano for child's lessons" lets the public know you're thinking *cheap*, and that you'll give it a good home. That "giving it a good home" point is important; to some folks the old piano is like the family car, or a kitten, and can't be sold to just anyone.

If the ad doesn't work, start calling churches. A large, older church (at least 50 years old), particularly one that was once wealthy and is now struggling, may have four to ten pianos, all but one or two never played anymore. There may be one in the social hall, one in the parlor, one in each Sunday School room, and several in storage closets or corridors — no exaggeration. You may be invited to haul them all away as firewood, or you may be turned away — and then get a call three months later asking if you're still interested.

Assume you've located an old gem. Let's go check it out. If you don't play the piano yourself, bring along someone who does, or better yet, bring along a tuner/technician. If you knew zero about cars and wanted to buy a cheap, old car, you'd bring along a mechanically minded friend to give you advice, so do the same here.

First, play all the keys. Are there lots of dead notes, or do nearly all sound? Are key covers missing? Badly chipped? Are the keys all standing at the same height? Does the action feel good, or is it stiff or mushy? The feel of the action is a pain to correct and expensive; the key tops aren't tricky to fix, but replacing lots of them will cost you.

Now, let's look inside. Open the top of the piano and then lift out the front panel; it's heavy, but it usually lifts out easily. Here you'll see why maybe some of the notes didn't play. Are the hammers all there, and if some are broken off, are they lying inside ready to be glued back in? A few missing hammers aren't fatal. At worst, lesser-used notes — the very highest and lowest — can supply their hammers. You'll still have a few silent notes, but noncrucial ones.

Are the strings all there? Are the bass strings coming unwound? Lots of string replacement gets expensive.

Joan Hutchinson teaches piano in Joliet, Illinois. This article is based on her own experience in "finding, evaluating, bargaining for, and moving upright pianos," which she has done, both for herself and several of her students.

—Jay Kinney

The felt hammerheads shouldn't be moth eaten and spongy or the piano will sound like it's under water. If the heads are rock hard, the sound will be tinny. If the piano sounded fine when you first played it, then don't worry, but if it's really out of tune, it's hard to tell what's going on without checking, so give the hammers a squeeze.

Check out the pedals. The pedal on the right should lift all the dampers so that notes played continue to sound. It may just be disconnected, which isn't tricky to fix, but a working sustain pedal is indispensable.

The left pedal — the soft pedal — should lower the keys slightly and move all the hammers closer to the strings. (It works differently on a grand piano. There, all the keys shift to one side.) This may be easy to fix, but it isn't all that important anyway.

The center pedal. Here we have several possibilities. There may not be one. Fine. It may be purely decorative, also okay, if silly. It may be a sostenuto pedal, which sustains only the notes you're holding down when you press the pedal and doesn't affect any you play after that. Working? Unlikely, and unimportant. It may activate a silencer bar or a honky-tonk attachment. If you have an unidentified lever on the piano, that may also work one of these attachments, so listen up and look inside. If there's a bar with felt on one side pressing up against the strings making things very quiet, this is a silencer bar. Wiggle the pedal or lever and see if the bar moves. No? Try to move it by hand. This is a useful attachment if you're going to be playing while someone's sleeping. Disengaging it improves the piano's sound 1000 percent. That honky-tonk attachment is a bar with little flaps attached to it, and the flaps have metal snaps in them that rattle and buzz against the strings as you play. These are rarely found in Sunday school pianos.

If you are planning to play this piano with other instruments, you'll want to check the pitch, so bring along a pitch pipe, tuning fork, another instrument, or a cassette tape of middle C played long and loud. Many old pianos are tuned a half or whole step lower than the standard A440. You will need a tuner's judgment as to whether the instrument can be brought up to pitch; the strings put tons of pressure on the frame, and some old pianos may not be able to take full tension.

Get a few other senses into the act. Smell the piano — for mildew. Do you want that musty thing in your house? Look at the finish — can you live with it? Many old uprights look very distinguished. Some have been painted two or three times. We owned a baby-blue piano for years, and it has a lot of music in it, but was it ever ugly! It is possible to refinish a piano, but imagine yourself spending the summer, toothbrush in hand, scrubbing baby blue paint out of the wreaths and curliques. Are you serious? A paint job won't have affected the sound much as long as the back — the soundboard — wasn't painted.

While you're behind the piano, look for cracks in the soundboard. Minor cracks are hard to avoid in pianos this old; they affect the sound, but not terminally. Rap on it and see if the whole piano hums resonantly. It should.

Measure the piano if you're thinking of putting it in a back bedroom, and make sure the piano will go down the hall and around the corners.

A famous brand name is nice but doesn't mean much. An unfamiliar name may have been a good firm with a fine local reputation in 1915. What's more important is how well the piano has been maintained. If you want to know when an instrument was made, write down the brand name — it's usually over the keys — and find the serial number inside. Consult the **Pierce Piano Atlas** at the library or call a technician who'll look it up for you.

It was likely made between 1905 and 1925, and it weighs a ton. It's playable, pleasant to behold, and you want it. Maybe a technician has seen it and you know what you'll pay for repairs and tuning. Find out what the owners want for it and make them an offer. The going price is between $20 and $100, and the price won't necessarily reflect the quality.

Now it's yours and you have to move it, the least fun part. These old pianos are *heavy*, and fragile. Get a mover's dolly. The little wheels on the piano are casters. With them you can wheel the piano away from the wall a few inches to retrieve whatever fell behind, but they won't do the job rolling it out of the house. You also need a truck. You need a ramp to get the piano into the truck — no way are you going to lift it three feet straight up. The ramp is also nice if you have stairs to traverse (it never fails). Gather round several strong friends. I realize you're going this route in getting a piano to save money, but consider hiring a mover, one with insurance.

Once it's home, don't put the piano next to the woodstove or a heating duct, but instead along an inside or insulated wall, a few inches away so the sound can get out. Let it sit a couple of days and get acclimated, and then get it tuned — and start playing! ■

The Record Roundup

Here is a double blessing.

First, small record labels are a thriving undercurrent in American music. Much of the great stuff on records these days is on records from companies with names like Alligator, Amazing, Ambiguous or Arhoolie. (Just a look at the names and you know something's up: there's Bullfrog, Epiphany, Flying Fish, Flying High, Modern Method, Muscadine . . .)

Second, we have Roundup Records, retailer of small-label records and publisher of ***The Record Roundup****.*

The Record Roundup *is both a quarterly catalog and a loving chronicle of small-label records. It is free to customers, or you can get it for $4 per year if you just like to look. Record reviews are even-handedly critical, praising and panning as need be, but always giving you enough information to make your own decisions. They also review music magazines (which they don't sell) and music books (some of which they do sell).*

Prices and service are good, too. —*Turner McGehee*

•

Norman Blake & The Rising String Ensemble: Rounder 0166. **Original Underground Music from the Mysterious South.** $6.50

Norman Blake: guitar, mandolin, eight-string tenor banjo, mando-cello; Nancy Blake: cello, mandolin; Peter Ostroushko: mandolin, fiddle; Carl Jones: guitar, mandolin, mandola, eight-string tenor banjo; Larry Sledge: mando-cello

''Underground Music'' has the unmistakable sound of a Norman Blake album: it seems somehow a little old-fashioned, almost dust-covered, yet it's filled with tunes that go to unusual and unexpected places. The album contains 12 mandolin melodies written by Blake or his wife Nancy, and Peter Ostroushko, one of the country's finest mandolinists, plays lead on most of the tunes. That makes the album something of a collaboration, which is in keeping with the concept of the Rising Fawn String Ensemble's countrified classicism (classified countricism?). It's mostly a modified form of bluegrass which incorporates a wider range of harmonic ideas than one usually finds in folk-type music. Nancy's cello is one of the keys to this expanded sound.

The tunes themselves sparkle, twist and turn in delightfully unpredictable ways, filled with phrases you'll be humming to yourself for weeks. Ostroushko's tremendous ability, in particular, brings a great deal of life to the music. The only flaw in the album is that it's difficult to listen to twelve tunes of roughly similar form and tempo, all played on the same instrument. One or two vocal pieces might have broken with the concept of the album, but would have made it easier to enjoy the richness and vitality that it offers in abundance. —P.S.

The Record Roundup
$4/year (4 issues)
from:
Roundup Records
P.O. Box 154
North Cambridge, MA
02140

The Sensible Sound

The Sensible Sound *offers a reasonable alternative to super-snob audiophile magazines that believe you can only get reasonable sound at the cost of tens of thousands of dollars, and the larger audio magazines such as* ***Stereo Review*** *whose reviews of audio are carefully masked in technical jargon and not-very-critical comments so as not to insult their advertisers — in essence telling you nothing about one product compared to another.* ***Sensible Sound*** *has no qualms about saying that the latest megabuck-Holy Grail preamplifier sounds like an elephant farts. But most importantly their philosophy is that great sound can be had at a sensible price. They live for pointing out the bargains in audio: for instance, the Grado FTE+1 cartridge at $13 that blows almost all other cartridges under $90 away. I feel that* ***Sensible Sound*** *is the only* ***reasonable*** *audio publication around.* —*Cosmo Lee*

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KEEP IT SMALL AND PRICEY, is the axiom used by very high-end manufacturers to plan the production and consumer cost of any given product. We've addressed the issue of almost non-existent products receiving a great deal of lip service in the audio press and the audiophile community before, so we thought you might be interested in a specific example. As reported in one of the trade journals, Krell Industries' new 100 watt mono class A amplifier ($2,500) is scheduled for a production run of 24 units (that's only 12 systems!!).

The Sensible Sound
John A. Horan, Editor
$18/year (4 issues)
from:
The Sensible Sound
403 Darwin Drive
Snyder, NY 14226

E-A-R plugs

E-A-R earplugs are the most comfortable plugs I've ever worn. They are made of compressible foam which custom-fits to your ear canal — unlike wax plugs, which are aesthetically offensive and deter one from using plugs in the first place. And unlike other stiff inserts which cause your ear canals to form-fit to them rather than vice-versa. Unlike muff-type protectors, they don't give you a ''mashed-head'' feeling after wearing them for 30 minutes. They're also a hell of a lot lighter and they work better. These are what are worn on Detroit auto-assembly lines. They're cheap and reusable. I use them on the New York City (clacketty-clack) subway. The best! —*Cosmo Lee*

E-A-R plugs
20 pairs
$11.95
postpaid from:
Ascot Marketing
999 Main Street
Bolton, MA 01740

You're Gon'na Love It!

Most craftspeople and other small-business people who have a primary interest in an area other than business are loath to face up to what it takes to market their wares. We all hope it will just happen by some kind of magic that we deserve. But salesmanship is a simple positive skill that Chuck Lewis describes very well from a human standpoint that emphasizes mutual gain and responsible action. The background, the anecdotes and the explanations are all very clear.

Last winter when the recession threatened to force me out of business, I paid a marketing consultant $1000 for 16 hours of meetings. We learned a lot; it worked; and we saved the business. But there was nothing in the 16 hours that is not in ***You're Gon'na Love It****. And then there's more. Because the author lives nearby I have hired him to help us with home shows and general selling. It might reassure you to know that there is a very sensitive man under the cover.* —John Ward

•

So what do you say after hello?

Ask a question. Any question as long as it gets your prospect talking. Your first task is to understand your prospect and the best way to do that is to listen to him. And since the situation has you identified as the salesman, he is sitting there waiting for you to speak. When you do, form your words into questions. Then you can relax while he sells you the exact person he is. Later you can explain your product to him with great appeal after you know what kind of person you are talking to, how this person functions emotionally, and the exact nature of his product needs.

You're Gon'na Love It!
Chuck Lewis
1982; 140 pp.
$5.95
postpaid from:
Hazelwood Press
P.O. Box 991
Stinson Beach, CA
94970

National Archives

Does Steve Baer know that his picture is available through the National Archives? Betcha not. But if you send $3.10 and order a 2x2 color slide of 412-DA-12845, you'll get a slide of him at the Zomeworks office in Albuquerque; order 412-DA-12848 and you'll get Baer visiting a solar greenhouse built by Zomeworks in a school in Albuquerque. I stumbled across these slides while doing research in the National Archives Still Pictures Branch. The Still Pictures Branch houses over five million pictures. The Baer pix are from an astonishing collection, the Documerica Image System (DIS), which was a project of the Environmental Protection Agency during the 1970s. For some strange and wonderful reason, the EPA during the Nixon era hired some of the nation's finest photographers and sent them all over the country to "document subjects of environmental concern." If you need a stock library of all sorts of wonderful photos and you happen to be going through Washington, it's probably worth your while to stop by for a look-see. I think this collection is generally unknown — I ran across it while working for a client. If you're out of town and want to see if the Archives has still pictures within a given subject, you can call (202) 523-3054. They can provide limited info on the phone (staff reductions have hurt the Archives as deeply as they've hurt any other government institution, I think it's fair to say). —Janet Hess

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Pictures of the Civil War

Army Life

1. Log hut company kitchen, 1864. *111-B-252.*
2. Soldiers at rest after drill. Petersburg, VA, 1864. The soldiers are seated reading letters and papers and playing cards. *111-B-220.*
3. A regimental fife-and-drum corps. *111-B-328.*
4. Winter quarters; soldiers in front of their wooden hut, "Pine Cottage." *111-B-256.*

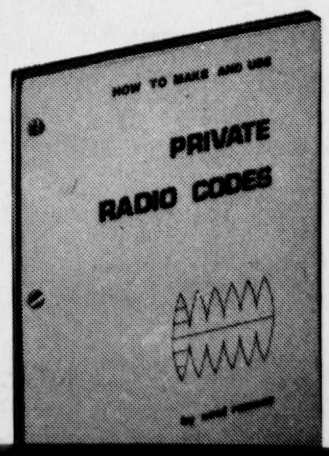
National Archives Still Pictures Branch
Information
free from:
Audiovisual Archives Division
General Services Administration
Washington, DC 20408

Engineers of the 8th New York State Militia in front of a tent, 1861. *111-B-499.*

How to Make and Use Private Radio Codes

This simple but effective manual tells you how to talk privately on CB radios. Besides instructions on how to construct a code that unfriendly overhearers won't know is a code (the best kind), there's a brief discussion of anti-jamming and anti-them-detecting-you tactics. There's a survivalist feel to all of this, but I can think of many times I would have liked to say things without knowing that many others were checking it out. Um, not all of this book's suggestions are legal . . . . —J. Baldwin

How to Make and Use Private Radio Codes
Noel Ramsay
1983; 45 pp.
$8.95 from:
Eustis Press
Division 1F
Box 1390
Eustis, FL 32727



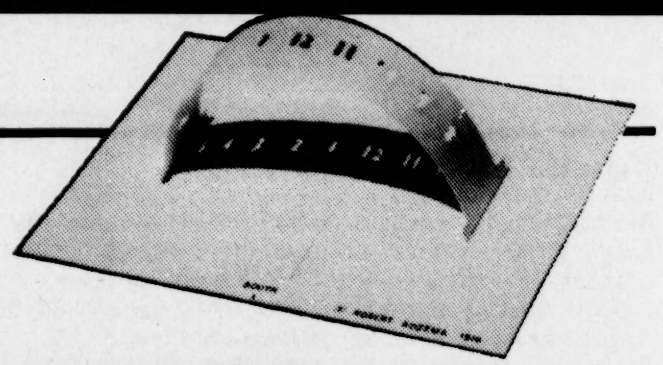
The Great Sundial Cutout Book

I once worked with an electrician, helping to wire a large factory building. There were no clocks, and no windows visible from where I worked. I circled a spot of light that fell on the floor from a ventilator on the roof and penciled its progression across the concrete during the workday, with notes for when the lunchwagon arrived, when it was time to go home, etc. By the end of the job I could tell pretty accurately what time it was by looking at the floor.

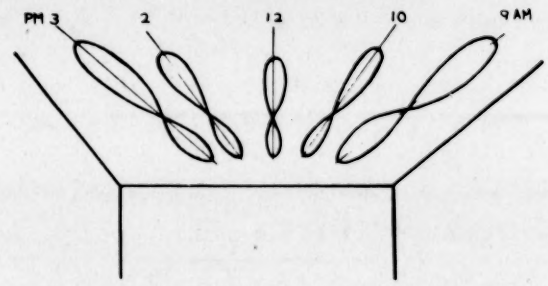
If you have, as I did, a curiosity about your place on the celestial Ferris wheel, the myth, folklore, and sundial science in the front of this book will captivate you. I learned that my factory-floor sundial is of an ancient type called an analemma. What you will remember longest, though, is what you learn by cutting out and constructing the actual sundials printed on stiff paper in the back. There are instructions for 14 classy sundials and their mounting stands — some very simple, others pretty complex.

The authors are both artists who became fascinated by sun and shadow while constructing outdoor sundials and environmentally inspired sculptures. In building the paper sundials in this book you are in many cases recreating the working models for their larger works.

—Don Ryan
[Suggested by John Benecki]



DIGITAL SUNDIAL CARD General Instructions
1. Remove plate 4 from the back of the book before cutting out parts.
2. Cut only on gray lines.
3. Score all dashed lines on the printed, or top, side of the paper. Be careful not to cut through the paper. Score lines with either a pattern-tracing wheel (also called a ponce wheel) or with a dull, slightly rounded tool, such as a butter knife (without teeth).
4. Fold scored lines back away from the side of the paper containing the score.
5. Use a straightedge as a guide for cutting (with an X-Acto blade or mat knife), scoring, and folding all straight lines for the most precise results.



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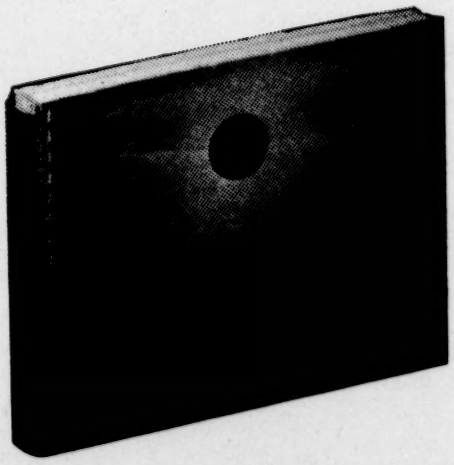
An analemma solar calendar-ceiling dial, also called a "reflective" dial, is actually very easy to make without mathematical knowledge of any kind, although the process will take you an entire year. If you glue a half-inch or smaller piece of mirror to the inner part of your windowsill (preferably in a room that gets daily sunshine all year round), it will project a spot of sunlight on your ceiling. This light spot will trace out a complete analemma during the year if every day at exactly the same Standard Time you place a dot on the ceiling in the center of the sunlight spot. If you want to make it a calendar, include the date also. You can get a separate analemma figure for each of many hours of the day, if you mark the projected light spot every day at that hour.



The Great Sundial Cutout Book
Robert Adzema and Mablen Jones
1978; 123 pp.
$9.95
postpaid from:
E.P. Dutton and Co.
Two Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016

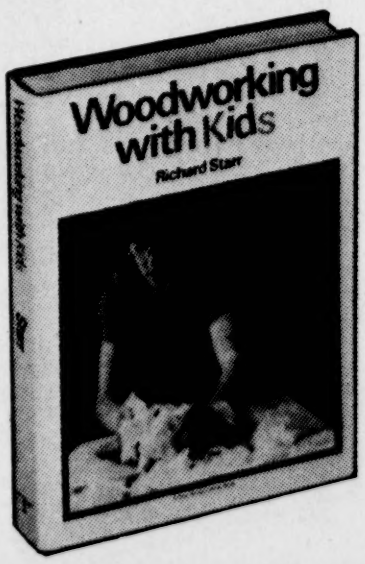
Woodworking with Kids

*Starr's book is written for someone who wants to teach, but not in the high-school textbook style. It's written with a feeling for wood **and** kids that is both informative and heartwarming.*

The photographs alone are worth the price of the book. They're of all kinds of kids making objects in wood. They show learning of both craft and pride. A beautiful book of the quality we've come to expect from Taunton Press.

—Jimmy Reina

Woodworking with Kids
Richard Starr
1982; 205 pp.
$18.95
postpaid from:
Taunton Press
P.O. Box 355
Newtown, CT 06470
or Whole Earth Bookstore



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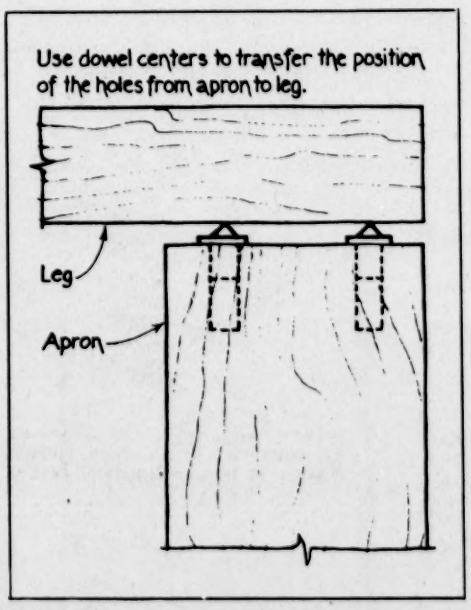
Amy bored ¼-in. holes about 1 in. deep into the apron ends to take the dowels. She placed them about ¾ in. from the edges, centered between the faces of the apron. The straighter the hole the better, though ¼-in. dowels are flexible enough to forgive small errors.

After boring, Amy put an apron, end up, in the vise and inserted a dowel center in each hole. (Dowel centers allow you to mate holes accurately in two pieces of wood.)



Airflite Juggling Clubs

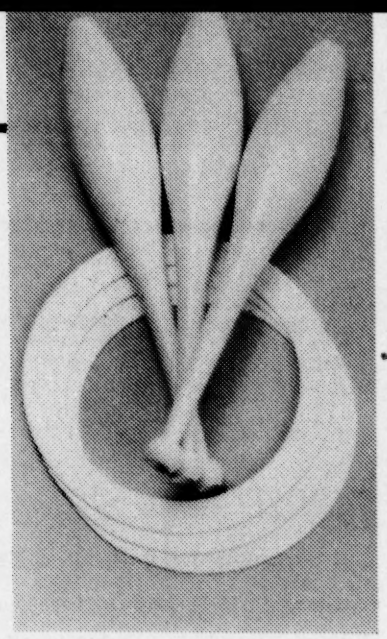
A juggling club needs to be well balanced, neither too light nor too heavy, attractive, durable and easy to handle. The new Dubé Airflite is all of those, at a price far below the competition. Until now, quality juggling clubs have cost $15 and up. At $8 (plus shipping), the Airflite is a real bargain; an addicted juggler can acquire a set of six (enough to pass between two people) for the price of a good pair of tennis shoes.

Dubé has in recent years been regarded as the acknowledged standard of quality in juggling clubs, and has a reputation for standing behind their products, virtually indefinitely.

Airflites are available only undecorated, which means you will have to make them showy if you want to use them for performance. I suspect that their popularity will spawn an aftermarket for decoration kits.

Most juggling clubs are not suitable for use on concrete or other highly abrasive surfaces. If you pay attention to signs of wear, you should be able to make these clubs last for many years. —*Martin Ashley*

Airflite Juggling Clubs
$12/one,
$29/three
postpaid from:
Brian Dubé, Inc.
25 Park Place
New York, NY 10007



Airflite Juggling Clubs and Rings

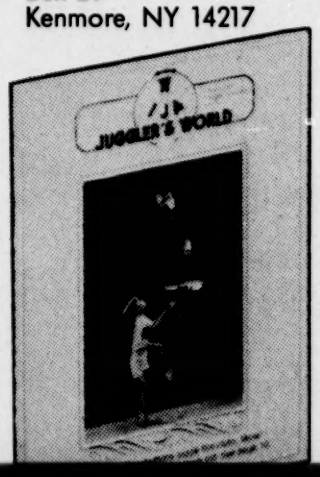
IJA Juggler's World

Juggler's World *is the official publication of the International Jugglers Association, a group formed by seven members in 1947 to save from extinction what they thought was a dying art. Today, the IJA has more than 2000 members worldwide who receive four yearly issues of this modest magazine, which is noted more for its sincerity than its slickness. Juggling is finally beginning to get long-due recognition as a valuable exercise for promoting coordination, balance, timing and therapeutic laughter, as well as being something that almost anyone who can throw a ball into the air and catch it can accomplish with a little self-centering practice.*

In these pages you'll find news of jugglers, juggling routines, local organizations and get-togethers, street performing all over the world, the physics of juggling and the growing use of juggling in schools — in short, the state of the art around the world. Interests run the gamut from world-record-breaking numbers juggling and competitions to the Zen-like implications of juggling one ball flawlessly. Since this is not a pay-for-writing publication, the quality of articles varies, but the tone is consistently upbeat.

Contributors tend to treat the space as a family bulletin board. It's an unpretentious magazine, friendly in style and content, and the only place to turn to for continuously reliable updates on juggling matters.
—*Steve Cohen*

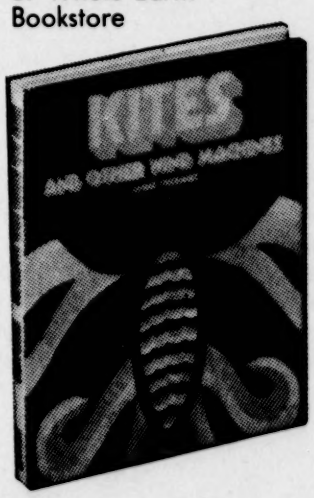
IJA Juggler's World
Bill Giduz, Editor
IJA Membership
$13/year
(4 issues included)
from:
International Jugglers Association
Box 29
Kenmore, NY 14217



Kites and Other Wind Machines

Oboy! A kite book that Tells All — everything from the tiniest details of lashings to how to fly the things without doing the Charlie Brown. There are some pretty nifty nonkite poof-powered things too, along with lots of kite accessories like noisemakers and "messengers." All this handsomely presented with illustrations that can be understood even by young kids. Now that kites are 40 bucks, the book is a bargain! —*J. Baldwin*

Kites and Other Wind Machines
Andre Thiebault
1982; 92 pp.
$9.95
postpaid from:
Sterling Publishing Co.
2 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Bookstore



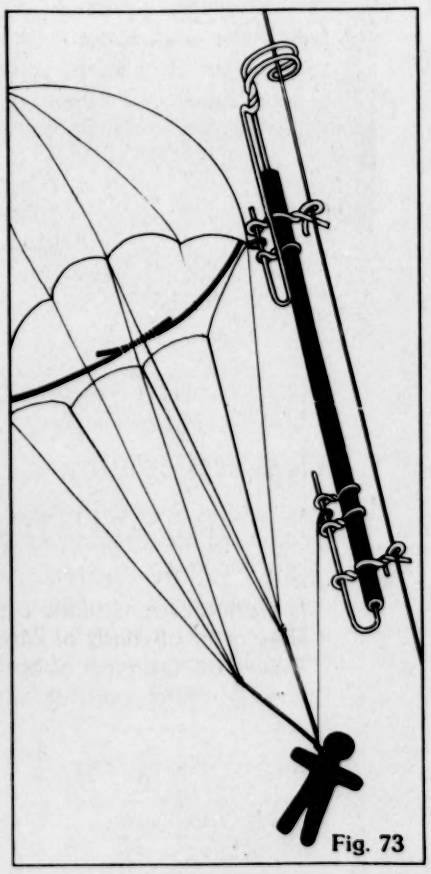


Fig. 73

You can make a parachute launcher like a pilot — the parachute takes the place of a sail. Hold the parachute in place with a loop of string which is released at the moment of launching. This device cannot function unless the wind is strong enough to inflate the parachute from its departure. In order to help the wind get a better hold on the parachute, you can construct a system that holds the parachute in two places. You can also keep the parachute open by placing a very thin, lightweight rattan circle inside it. This figure shows both of these possibilities.

UNCOMMON COURTESY

SCHOOL OF
COMPASSIONATE
SKILLS

SPIRIT IN DESIGN

Two weekends with Christopher Alexander

CHRIS ALEXANDER is the principle author of what we regard as the best book we've ever reviewed — **A Pattern Language: Towns, Buildings, Construction**. (Oxford University Press, 1977, 1169 pages, $45 — available by mail order from **CoEvolution**.)

As compelling in person as in print, Alexander rarely speaks or teaches outside the University of California, Berkeley. He consented to try a course with Uncommon Courtesy "only if we actually build something, preferably somewhere public, which will remain and be used — a nice place to sit outside perhaps."

All meetings are at or near the shoreside project site at Fort Mason, San Francisco (the "arts park" which is part of the National Park System). The first weekend is figuring out what to do. The second weekend is doing it. Don't sign up if you can't make both weekends. Both the figuring and the building are inseparable parts of infusing spirit in design.

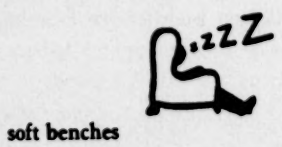
WHEN: January, 1984.
Specific dates and times still being determined.

WHERE: Near Building F, Fort Mason, San Francisco.

FEE: Still being determined.

REGISTRATION: Limit, 25 people. Provisional sign-ups being accepted. Include where to reach you by phone, so we can confirm dates and fees when we have them.

Keep the environment filled with ample benches, comfortable places, corners to sit on the ground, or lie in comfort in the sand. Make these places relatively sheltered, protected from circulation, perhaps up a step, with seats and grass to slump down upon, read the paper and doze off.



Choosing good spots for outdoor seats is far more important than building fancy benches. Indeed, if the spot is right, the most simple kind of seat is perfect.

In cool climates, choose them to face the sun, and to be protected from the wind; in hot climates, put them in shade and open to summer breezes. In both cases, place them to face activities.

LOCAL POLITICS

Weekend seminar

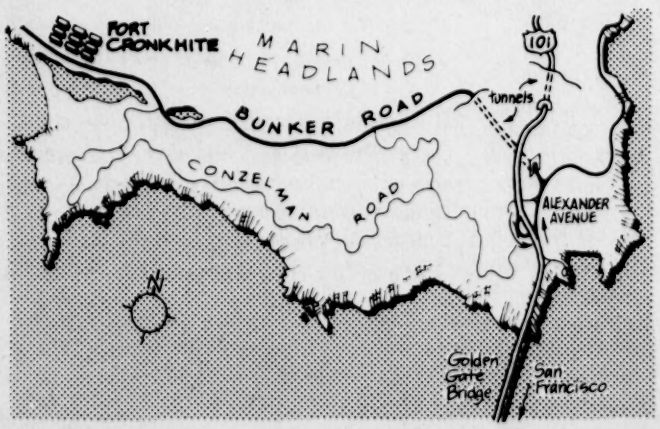
The politicians who have the most power in our daily lives are the local officials. They are also the politicians most responsive to citizen action. Retired State Senator PETER BEHR was a city council member and a county supervisor before he became California's most widely acknowledged "statesman." He is a superb teacher. During the weekend he will cover: 1) the extent of local power; 2) citizen lobbying; 3) campaigning for office; and 4) serving in office.

WHEN: 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Saturday-Sunday,
November 5-6, 1983.

WHERE: Yosemite Institute, Fort Cronkhite, Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

FEE: $75
(includes lunches and snacks).

REGISTRATION: Deadline is October 28.



To sign up or request information, write: **Uncommon Courtesy**
Box 428
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or phone:
Irmine Steltzner, (415) 332-6106,
Monday-Friday, 10 am to 5 pm.

Echoes from readers back to CoEvolution Quarterly

Urban natural history quiz

I enjoy discovering puzzles and trying to solve them. About five years ago I began to notice little flat pieces of steel on the ground at the sides of streets. When I bicycled, I saw these pieces of metal in the gutters and wondered where they came from. The objects I found were springy pieces of steel, five to eleven inches long and about one-eighth of an inch wide. They showed wear on one end and the other end was often bent up slightly.

I tried to imagine what part of a car these metal strips were. I asked auto mechanics and got no definitive answers. I was quite frustrated that I could not discover the origin of roadside metal strips. Recently, I happened to pick one up and hand it to my friend Bruce Horn as we were walking to the frozen yogurt shop. He thought for a few seconds and told me what it was.

Hint: The pieces of metal are just as common on residential streets as on busy expressways.

Ted Koehler
Mountain View, California

[For answer, see page 132.]

HARRY ROBINS

Before simplifying the tax, turn it upside down

While the simple-form flat-rate tax proposed by Mr. Gnaizda appears to resolve the complexity issue and, to some extent, the equity issue, it falls short of eradicating the real problems inherent in the existing taxation "system." The primary problem, in my opinion, is that it isn't really a system at all — it's a mess that has grown ever more tangled with each Band-Aid that has been applied to it over the years and therefore must be completely overhauled, which is something our present government probably hasn't the guts to do. Second only to that are the problems of the absolute stranglehold the IRS has on the individual taxpayer and the fiscal power the federal government wields with respect to the states and local jurisdictions.

If you have ever run afoul of the IRS for any reason — including honest error — you know how awesome its power is over the individual: one is automatically guilty until proven innocent or until the bill is paid, including interest and penalties. Likewise, if you have been involved with state or local government during the past decade or so, you understand the panic now being felt in city halls, county courthouses and state capitols across the country as federal monies have suddenly evaporated. Part of the latter problem of course is the fault of the state and local jurisdictions for getting themselves hooked on the federal dole in the first place, but who among us could have resisted the temptation of all that money?

Anyhow, I think a simple, flat-rate tax is a fine beginning, but in order for such a system to function properly, I believe it must be inverted so that each individual is responsible for tax payments only to his/her local jurisdiction, be it a city, town or county. Each local jurisdiction would then pay a flat-rate percentage of total income to the state, and the state, in turn, would pay a flat-rate percent of total income to the federal government. In this way, the individual would be unhooked from the IRS (which could thereupon be diminished somewhat) and could, for the most part, see, touch and use what he/she was paying for. Furthermore, enough money would remain at the local/state level so those jurisdictions could become more independent from the federal level and would cease to suffer from fiscal withdrawal. We might even get the U.S. out of the nasty habit of buying other governments since the federal government would no longer be able to afford such folly.

I'm certain there are those who will say that my proposal is too simplistic and fiscally naive — maybe so, but as I see it, things are so screwed up now that almost any positive reform of our tax structure is bound to work better for the taxpayer.

Vern Lentz
Portland, Oregon

The outlaw case for a Complex Tax

In his article, "The Simple Tax" (Summer '83 **CQ**), Robert Gnaizda states that the vast majority of Americans have no faith in their government as a result of the present federal income-tax code. He suggests that if tax laws were simple, people *would* have faith in the government. I suggest that a vast number of people have no faith in the U.S. government not because of the way taxes are assessed but because of the way taxes are spent.

Under Mr. Gnaizda's system, fewer people — poor and wealthy — would be able to beat the tax collector. More tax money would come to Washington to be used, according to the article, to "balance the budget, avoid cutbacks in social programs, eliminate the need for so-called social-security reforms, and alter our national security strategy." Who's he kidding? The government will just build more bombs, spend more money on pork-barrel projects, send more bureaucrats on overseas vacations, and give bigger subsidies to giant corporations.

In his criticism of current tax laws, Mr. Gnaizda mentions some juicy-sounding business tax deductions (high "artificial" depreciation, "modified coinsurance contracts," oil drilling, litigation costs) but he fails to explain what these write-offs really are and how in many cases they are legitimate business expenses. Nor does he discuss how businesses should change their methods of computing taxable profits.

The proposed tax system would eliminate medical, interest, charitable, child-care and all other deductions now available to individuals. Mr. Gnaizda tells us the loss will be "outweighed by the simple tax's lower tax rate, lack of paperwork, and simplicity." I question that conclusion. People with large medical bills will probably pay more income tax under the new system. Mr. Gnaizda says that, instead of the tax deduction, the government should provide guaranteed (free?) catastrophic health insurance. Is this

(Actual size)

part of his proposed tax package? Or do we lose the medical deduction now and hope for some government-paid insurance later?

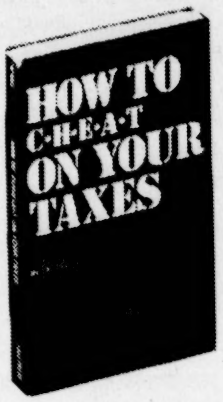
People with large casualty losses will also probably suffer under the proposed tax system. Under present law, people hit with uninsured casualty losses — storm damage, auto wrecks, fire, theft — receive some help in the form of a tax deduction. Mr. Gnaizda proposes eliminating this deduction as well. A simplified tax form is mighty poor consolation, in my opinion.

Mr. Gnaizda mentions the huge "underground economy," people who earn taxable income — legally and illegally — but don't report it. He doesn't mention that many "members" of the underground economy are low-income and middle-income people, trying to make ends meet by cheating on their taxes. Accountants call it "the poor person's loophole." Mr. Gnaizda also does not mention that the underground economy will not be reduced one cent by his proposed tax system. Regardless of tax rates and deductions allowed or not allowed, what isn't reported isn't reported.

Mr. Gnaizda says that "under a simple tax, state governments would no longer have their revenue expectations dictated by Washington. That is, since many state tax structures are inextricably tied into the federal tax structure, Washington, in effect, manipulates state government." This is something of a misstatement. Many states do base their state income-tax laws on the federal laws, I imagine because it's easier than writing an entire set of new laws. But most states simply compute state tax as a percentage of federal tax or based on a percentage of the income shown on the federal return. There is nothing inextricable about this procedure; the federal government does not tell states how to calculate or collect state income taxes. A state can change method or percentage at will. It may be true that Washington manipulates state governments, but state income-tax laws are state decisions.

It is true that the present federal income-tax code is a jungle of unintelligible, vague and contradictory laws, and it does favor wealthy individuals and large corporations. I don't wish to defend this awful system. But I don't know that Mr. Gnaizda's system is a lesser evil. A better word for the proposed "simple" system is *simplistic*. And like most simplistic proposals, it leaves too many important questions unanswered, it misstates facts, and it glosses over or ignores many problems. Let's not enact one more poorly thought-out law.

"X," Certified Public Attorney,
author of
How to Cheat on Your Taxes



($9.95 postpaid from Loompanics Unlimited, P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368)

Robert Gnaizda replies:

During the more than 20 years that I have been an attorney and represented a wide range of public policy issues, I have made it a policy to not respond to anonymous letters and will continue to do so.

If any readers who wish to identify themselves share any of the concerns expressed by Mr. (Ms.?) "X" CPA, I would be most pleased to personally respond.

To avoid some unnecessary letters, I would say in summary that I believe in government and in taxes but only to the degree that the former is responsive and responsible and the latter reasonable and equitable.

Simple Tax response

We received 33 letters offering support and/or high interest: nineteen from California, four from the State of Washington, two each from Wisconsin and Oregon, and one each from Colorado, Illinois, Michigan, Montana, New Jersey and New York.

We have now formed a statewide ad hoc committee called Citizens for a Simple Tax (3020 Bridgeway, Suite 166, Sausalito, CA 94965). I will keep you informed.

Once again, thanks for all your help and support.

Robert Gnaizda
San Francisco, California

Urban natural history quiz answer

The strips are the bristles on the big rotary brushes on street cleaning machines. Occasionally they break off and are swept into the gutter.

Ted Koehler
Mountain View, California

Retort 1

Dear smarty-pants caption writer,

You try wearing a "Libraries" T-shirt backward before you go making cute suggestions. They're not cut to fit that way.

Thine,
Carol Maltby
Newark, New Jersey

Retort 2

Being of a curious nature, my natural reaction to being confronted with a T-shirt that has some message on it is to read it. After all, if something is important enough to put on a T-shirt, it must be important enough to read, and such a T-shirt is a public message, and I presume that both the writer *and* the wearer want to spread the message. No pun intended. So I got to where I was reading a lot of T-shirts as they became more and more popular. Well, it didn't take long before I realized that a fair portion of the ladies I encountered wearing the billboard T-shirts didn't like the idea of me "staring" at their fixtures. Sometimes it was a bit embarrassing to be reading someone's T-shirt and suddenly realize that not only were the words interesting, but the undulations of the cloth were interesting too. After a number of incidents with angry women who didn't want me looking at their chests (allegedly under the "guise" of reading their T-shirt), I

came up with this cute little retort:

If you don't want me to read your tits, then don't write on them.

All in all, I think it's stupid for someone to make themselves into a walking billboard, and then declare you impolite/rude/fresh/chauvinist/forward/disrespectful/etc. to read the message. Reminds me a little bit of the old Bill Cosby routine, "C'mere, c'mere, go 'way go 'way."

Meanwhile, for those of us who consider T-shirts to be a bit too casual for our own tastes, you might consider Ms. Maltby's suggestion of offering the same texts on postcards. That seems to me to be a nice idea — I'd love to get postcards from friends with things on it like that . . . and I could read it in the privacy of my own home.

Bruce Black
Glendale, California

Recreational fish torture

Once again I am insulted by one of the most offensive articles to come my way in days, and once again it is in **CoEv**.

You sank pretty low, into smut ("Testing the Rec Room"); into sarcasticly insulting your betters ("Jogger's Reef"); into mindlessly defending the terminally insane ("Feminism and Sadomasochism").

But now, a new low! To praise, to glorify, to celebrate something as rotten, as nasty, as disgusting as fishing! It makes me want to VOMIT.

Bad enough the hunter, manly and strong, defiling nature with his so-called love for his prey. " . . . there he stood, serene and beautiful, without a hint that I had him in the cross-hairs only 400 yards away. I dropped him with a perfect shot that cut his spine, and I cried . . . ." But at least the hunter is quick.

Not the fisherman. No, to a fisherman the longer the torture can be dragged out, the better he likes it. A fisherman doesn't fish to get food, does he? Fishing for food is just work. Your fisherman fishes to cause pain and to dominate a fish. Big thrill. What kind of animal could derive pleasure from besting a fish? Fishing is one of the only activities where the quality of the experience is measured in units of agony.

Back to the point. I would be ashamed if my wife or my minister or, unthinkably worse, any of my innocent children were to pick up a copy of **CoEv** and see that you, you of all magazines, could even mention, not to say extol, sport fishing. If you can't construct some scheme for protecting me from this noisome filth I will have to cancel my subscription.

Please, please crawl from the depths and rejoin us decent people.

Joe Weisman
San Francisco, California

HARRY ROBINS

BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966

Ads: boon or blessing?

I received your "Dear Reviewee" letter. It said **CQ** had praised **Madison Avenue**. Indeed? Eyebrows go up. Then I read the review (Summer '83 **CQ**). Eyebrows back down. Your reviewer, Joe Kane, must have developed a mental block about 1968.

Advertising is a popular straw man — easy to hit, rarely hits back. Jerry Falwell likes to beat up on advertising. Would you put your magazine in his camp? Advertising is *necessary* goddamnit. Not necessarily good, or socially conscious, or used to a good end, but necessary. Would those wonderful magazines you extoll in your review of **Ad Age** survive without advertising? Unless Kane would prefer to shop for his poisoned Parker pens in some place with a planned economy (as opposed to what, an accidental economy?) like Krakow, I suggest he turn his energy to fixing advertising instead of blindly condemning it. That's what we're doing. Fixing things instead of bitching about them.

Now, before you charge this missive off to the maunderings of a dowdy 40-ish trade hack, please note that I am 28. I marched against the war and sent letters to Dow Chemical and did many other popular anarchist-type things. Later I started a magazine about the ocean. We lobbied against Westinghouse Corporation's floating nuclear power plants in front of the NRC and won. A magazine I designed and edited for a year was a semifinalist in the National Magazine Awards last year.

I realize Joe Kane probably has some kind of left-wing fascist facade to maintain with the readers, so I understand he can't say he *likes* a magazine about advertising.

What burns my ass is that he read one issue, picked one out of 20 features, and dismissed the rest. Has he read any of our features about the social responsibility of advertisers? Also, Kane charges us with "generally sloppy editing." I might, with more justification, charge Kane with generally sloppy reporting.

One more thing. Kane asks, "Want to see which case of flatulent thinking **Mad Magazine** will parody next? Check out **Madison Avenue** . . . ." First, **Mad Magazine** has parodied advertising endlessly, largely because most of the contributors — Jaffee, Berg, Davis et al. — have worked in advertising. Second, **Mad Magazine** won't have to parody us because we already parodied ourselves. Kane could have discovered this fact readily were he a competent reporter.

And just to prove I do have a sense of humor about these things, I enclose our December 1982 parody issue.

Steve Blount
Editor, **Madison Avenue**

It has always been Football Season, sez slasher

He who thus considers things in their first growth and origin whether a state or anything else, will obtain the clearest view of them. —*Aristotle*

America and the Ball

I am Celtic. Geordie, from Northumbria. My grandfather was a regimental sergeant-major with an enormous handlebar moustache. He had three horses shot from under him, was at many awful places in World War I and was also at the siege of Mafeking. He walked at the front of the St. George's Day Parade decorated like a Christmas tree. He fathered seven children, all who died in childbirth except one, me mum. My mother was also a sergeant in the army and roustabouts at the local faire refused to let her shoot clay pipes because she was too deadeye'd.

Recent discussion in **CoEv** about America's "Viking" and "Celtic" roots provoked in me some remembrances about features of Celtic life

that flourish in America. Grandfather lived to be 93 and was a vivid storyteller, after very little rum. His conviction was that our mob were called Celts because that name meant "slasher," or, as he put it in Georgie: "Oor lot wuz aal sleshers an Celts' nowt but anithor name for that." My grandfather was also bayonet fighting champion of the territorial army.

Later, when I had become somewhat contaminated by dictionaries and had migrated to the United States to sneak into the hipeoisie, I researched the term *Celt* and found it does have roots in *hilde*, which is an old term meaning "to strike." Also, Celt is frequently taken to have meant "warrior," itself a term from "warmaker."

What to me, in America, is truly of Celtic origins is the game of football. Football is derivative of rugby but curiously seems even older than rugby, which started in England at a posh school named Rugby. Many sports are derivative of war. Football is a prime example. Sport is ritualistic in the way it generates hanging moments that are created by the mutual surrender of observers and participants to a contained formal action. Battles did this, generated a suspended sense of time controlled by fate, the gods, luck, intervention by unforeseen agents, all karma-like elements that portray a culture that thirsts to test its relationship to reality. Football as enactment expresses a great deal about our own sensibility, a Celtic one to a large degree.

Football is directly imitative of the way Celts fought. Celts fought in what we might call an "open-field" attack. Each warrior fought naked except for a torc and with his/her head limed to create a frightening perspective. (Punks and their haircuts are Celtish.) Each Celt fought according to their immediate fury. Celtic women were noted by the Romans to be "equally ferocious in battle as their men, writhing and screeching and rendering spine-chilling obscenities." Another name for the Celt was "berserker" (from *bear* and *shirt*). Celts summoned an ecstatic frenzy that has shamanic origins, and this "berserkness" carried them beyond death, a belief in accord with the Celtic vision of immediate rebirth into an afterlife. This frenzy was abetted by women who exhorted their men into its altered state.

However, just as Native American people ritualized warfare by counting

coups or by taking sacred objects, the Celts took human heads. In fact the entire image of football as it has evolved can best be described by simply substituting a human head for the ball. The mob made a concerted rush at the other mob in order to take a head, hopefully the head of someone important on the other side. (Celtic archaeology is full of crypts and niches built specifically to store skulls; the lintel above a doorway was a popular showplace.) But if a foray was successful, and the head was taken, it was still necessary to run it back into the lines of the friendly mob.

Meanwhile the druids walked among this entire skirmish unharmed, for to touch a druid was punishable by death or, worse, by attaining a twisted fate. A druid might stop a battle by raising one hand. At a safer distance the bards watched, and it was their duty to record with exacting detail and saga passion the events and deeds of the entire melee.

We have essentially: the referees (druids), the players (berserkers), the cheerleaders (wyrd sisters I call them), and the bards (sportswriters, alas). The game was civilized by substitution of a skull and later a bladder, or "pigskin." Helmets and pads Romanized the sport. There are few diverse styles to the game. The Irish play it with hurling sticks and I suspect their version is closer to the axe-wielding tumult of a real scrap. Geordies prefer soccer, and my grandfather says that is because we preferred to kick skulls home with our hands either clean or full of spoils.

I calculate that there are more participants in the game of football on an average American weekend than there were during earlier Celtic days. Addition of a summer league has made the sport slightly more than a seasonal pastime. Of course the role of the cheerleaders seems much weakened compared to their part as general promoters and spellcasters. Also the game might better serve its purpose if the teams were generated from regional sources other than arbitrary franchises. I am not clear exactly what these sources might be but, for example, if common causes had teams rally to them and played out their contradictions it could generate money and also an ongoing foray. This sometimes makes for lifelong grudge matches. For example, the Rangers and the Celtics play annually in a crowd-swollen bloodbath in Scotland which is a subtle replay of Catholics versus Protestants for many fans.

Overall, there seems to be an elemental barbarity in human energy, an energy that demands expression in ways comparable to football games, hunting and adventurous circumstances. Perhaps we need a bigger game, some sort of cultural hit squad that will find the relationship between our behind-the-scenes thirst for nuclear war and our need to ritualize conflict. I would like to see a team of 250,000 Americans take on the USSR in an exchange which was simply cultural: This would be done in the form of a linguistic contest whereby each side would be obligated to begin de-alienation on a massive scale. In this case the ball would be us.

Philip Daughtry
Calabasas, California

[Daughtry wrote "Doon Pit," the Celtic Geordie dialect poem on p. 1 of the Summer '82 **CQ**.*]*

Night in the back alleys of Rio

Richard Grossinger's piece on *capoeira* fit in with my experience in Brazil. I was in Rio de Janeiro during Carnival 1977. Wandering in the back alleys one night, very late, with a dancing crowd, beating an empty can of Brahma beer on the walls and steel shutters of the stores, I stopped at a small clearing. Two black guys cartwheeled into it, one with a small pipe in his mouth, the other with a tiny carnival hat. They started doing *capoeira* — it looked like the quintessential Brazilian martial art. Rather than the stiff and formalized movements of Japanese karate *kata*, these guys were dancing, but throwing kicks and swinging their feet around to trip the other at the same time. It was obviously preplanned, yet the movements were incredibly fluid, and combined

elements of a dojo, a circus, and a dance hall. The surrounding crowd was peaceful, enjoying the show. Then, quick trouble — about half a dozen very tough-looking guys with black berets and black uniforms stopped the exhibition. The military police of Rio. They demanded to see the identity cards of the *capoeiristas* (and some of the crowd too — most people got the hell out of there). The *capoeiristas* evidently gave unsatisfactory accounts of themselves, because they were taken to a nearby van and driven away. Talking with acquaintances the next day, they were not surprised, and even supported the police. *Capoeiristas* were seen as thieves or potential thieves.

I'm glad to see this part of Brazilian culture transplanted to the U.S., and hope to read more about it in **CoEvolution**.

Azul
College Park, Maryland

Who holds the door

My own personal observation on consideration stems from a year of carrying, holding, walking with and pushing, via stroller, an infant. For the most part I have found that only men over the age of 50 have the consideration to open and hold doors for a mother and child. Holding doors went through a period of disparagement with the dawning of the women's movement. (More a case of media hype than feminism, I suspect.) I (a woman) have never stopped holding doors for anyone who needs the small consideration necessary for such an act. And I make a habit of not letting a door slam in someone's face when it requires a brief second's pause on my part to continue to hold the door.

Such consideration seems very rare today, though. In one half-hour's time, I have had an elderly man, who while using a cane still walked with difficulty, insist upon holding a very heavy door for myself and my daughter. Once inside with Annie and her stroller, I turned and held the door for this gentle man. The acts of consideration were simple, easy, and barely broke the pace of our individual activities. On our leaving the same building, a security guard for the building went out of his way to use another door to enter the building while Annie and I struggled to exit. This man was young, healthy, and oblivious to us as fellow humans.

Perhaps the most important part of these simple acts of consideration are not the act itself, which makes life a bit simpler and more pleasant, but the necessary human exchange that takes place with them. When holding a door for someone, you are acknowledging that person, probably speaking with them, and certainly smiling at them. Having someone show me such simple kindness can and has on many occasions turned a miserable, tense afternoon into a beautiful day. It takes so very little effort to do so very much for another person and for yourself.

Mary Walker Terrien
Madison, Wisconsin

Completing the review

Your review of the **Young Person's Guide to Military Service** (Summer '83 **CQ**) prompted me to send along this chapbook with graphic. Yes, I can see what you mean about military service expanding horizons and, as an ex-high school teacher in rural Maine, I was hard-pressed to argue against military service to my students when the alternative meant staying in town and pumping gas or bagging groceries when not drunk or drugged up. But the risk of being sent off to some place to fulfill some general's wet dream and then coming back maimed of body, soul, and mind still outweighs the benefits of the military experience. I know that I don't want my son or daughter to live with the next version of Vietnam whirling through their heads. So, this **Survivor's Manual** to counterbalance your other selection. As a longtime subscriber to **CQ**, I commend you on your excellent publication.

Doug Rawlings
Mt. Vernon, Maine

Survivor's Manual

If your arms and legs
are still intact
you are a survivor.

If your nightmares
will wait for the night
you are a survivor.

If the faces of passing children
remain the faces of passing children,
you are a survivor.

If tall meadow grasses
delight you with
sudden pheasants
you are a survivor.

If you can find your way
back into someone's love
you are a survivor.

[From **Survivor's Manual**, *by Doug Rawlings, 1982, 12 pp., $1 postpaid from Samisdat Associates, Box 129, Richford, VT 05476.]*

Gaia: Mother Hardass

My warmest thanks for your splendid treatment of "Daisy World" (Summer '83 **CQ**). The cover illustration is quite beautiful. Tell Tom Parker how delighted and moved I was to see it.

We owe a lot to **CoEv** and if anything comes from Gaia you will certainly deserve credit for making it so. Ford Doolittle's article (Spring '81 **CQ**) was a magnificent piece of constructive criticism that directly inspired "Daisy World," and now your comment drawn from Mary Douglas, that Gaia is too optimistic, sets me off again.

Among certain of the environmentalists there is a shibboleth: "Gaia is bad, it gives industry the green light to pollute at will." As usual they can't think systems, for Gaia is far from optimistic about the future of humans. To me we look like black daisies in a hot world; the future for Gaia is secure, but for us?

Mary Douglas's comment must surely have referred to the way we have presented Gaia rather than to the notion itself. She must know that when systems fail they don't just gently come to a halt, they crash.

One answer will be to present Gaia as a series of worlds in coloured animation. I have ordered a new HP system to do just this. Maybe we can develop a Gaia game for the micros and perhaps it can go in the **Whole Earth Software Review and Catalog**? No, I can't send it next week. I don't even have the computer yet.

James Lovelock
Launceston, Cornwall

Demonstration of a one-variable Gaia does not constitute "proof"

Daisy World is an interesting place and is a tribute to Mr. Lovelock's fertile but concise imagination. But

to call it a "proof" of the Gaia hypothesis (which, I recognize, Lovelock himself does not) is to commit the most egregious of scientific blunders.

As I understand it, the Gaia theory says that living organisms so regulate the environmental parameters of Earth as to stabilize the conditions conducive to life. Thus, the entire biosphere acts in this regard as a single organism. One objection to the theory is that such action would require purposive behavior on the part of this collective organism which is not observable in any other regard.

To this objection, Lovelock proposed a simple, non-purposive system that controls one of its global parameters (temperature, in this case) over a wide range of energy inputs. This system does what it was intended to do and it is fascinating that such a simple system can exhibit the behavior it does. But it fails as a proof of the Gaia theory on two grounds.

First, it is not necessarily a living system. It is quite possible to imagine inorganic, chemical and physical systems that have the same or similar reactions to light and temperature as the black and white daisies.

Second, there is no representation in Lovelock's argument that Daisy World resembles Earth in any respect.

I find the Gaia theory to be a bold and innovative way of looking at the relationship of the living and non-living worlds. It is philosophically congenial to me, as well. But the truth is not well served by enthusiastically labeling a lecture-room demonstration as "proof" of the theory. Such proof, if it comes at all, will grow out of the careful observation of our real world.

Bob Matthews
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Reply to "One of the Great Letters"

Dear **CQ**,

In reading "Local Citizen Lobbying" (Summer '83 **CQ**), one gets the impression that Peter Behr cares enough about representative government to give us advice on how to participate in it. Unfortunately the centerpiece of the article, a large inset boldly captioned "One of the Great Letters," spoiled the whole thing. The letter is a simplistic

JAY KINNEY

response to a complicated issue and is hardly a great letter. That it would cause a conscientious legislator to change his mind completely on the bill is appalling. It shows how effective it can be to send a letter but Behr says "an officeholder owes you some diligence in terms of digging" and it doesn't look like he dug at all before voting against this bill. If he had he would have come up against compelling arguments on the other side.

Behr's letter refers to the adoptee as a child, although the bill applied to adoptees who had reached majority. In fact, present law by implication treats the adoptee as forever a child. An adoptee is denied a basic right, enjoyed by every other citizen, to have access to one's birth records. Under the Freedom of Information Act one can get copies of previously secret government files, but an adult adoptee can't get his/her original birth certificate or the names of natural parents. This is to protect the desire of the natural mother to be anonymous and the privilege of the adoptive parents to keep their child in ignorance. When a woman has a child the fact is that it will grow into an adult whose rights should not be superseded by someone else's preferences.

Behr's letter states that there are legal methods of obtaining birth certificates "when a real need exists." One has to be able to pay a lawyer to convince a judge that one's need is real, and that's not so easy. Documented medical reasons are generally the only acceptable ones, and ironically an adoptee could have hereditary disease in the family and not know it until it's too late to take preventive action. How can you establish a "medical need" without a family history? Every doctor's office hands a new patient a long list of questions the adoptee can answer only with a question mark.

Medical reasons are not the only valid ones. There are compelling psychological reasons, including the need for continuity with the past in a culture that celebrates origins and historical family reference points. If you're the ugly duckling it can be a help to know that you're really just a swan. The notion that some outside authority can determine whether you have a real need is absurd.

The Child Welfare League of America did a survey in 1976 which showed that of five million adoptees surveyed, two million were searching for their natural parents. ALMA, an adoptees' organization, has found in its studies that most natural parents are glad to be found, and that adoptees are not searching for parents but for the truth about their origins. The search is not experienced as a threat to adoptive parents; in fact, the relationship often is enhanced.

In effect a contract is made by the state, the adoptive parents, and the natural parents concerning the rearing of a child. When that child reaches adulthood the contract should be expired. Adult adoptees who were not parties to the contract should not be bound by agreements inimical to their welfare.

The issue of adoptees' rights is complex, and interesting. Why don't you do an article about it — especially now that you've given the other side a prominent spot in your magazine?

Cara Landry
Rutherford, California

Texas Crude goes to New York

I am very happy to tell you that E.P. Dutton has agreed to publish "Texas Crude" (Fall '82 and Spring '83 **CQ**). The publication date is tentatively set for next March. I want to thank you for first publishing the excerpts which came to the attention of Dutton's Senior Editor, Bill Whitehead.

Needless to say, there is joy and excitement in the Weaver household these days. R. Crumb is to be the illustrator for the book, and he gets special thanks for first bringing the manuscript to your attention.

Ken Weaver
Tucson, Arizona

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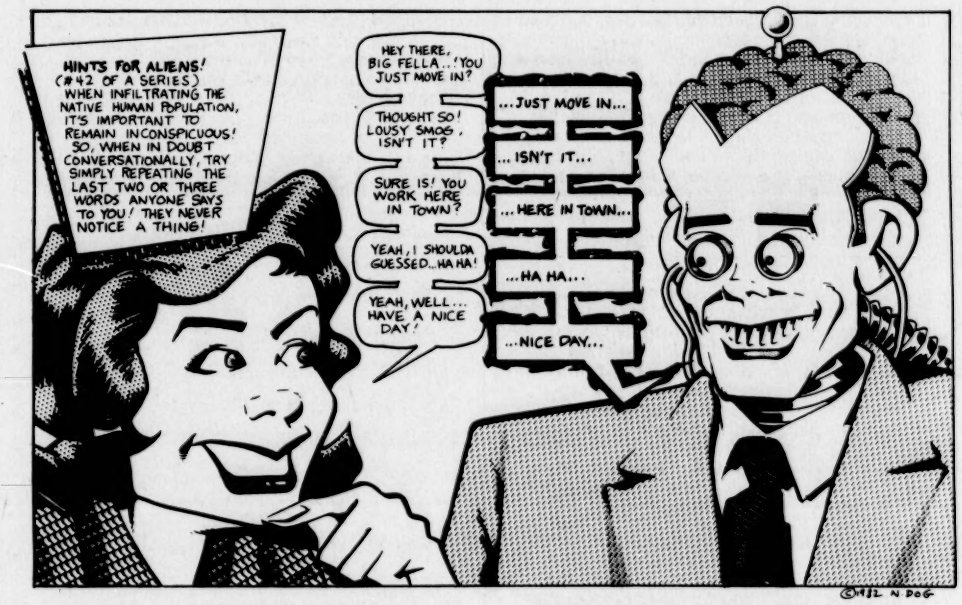

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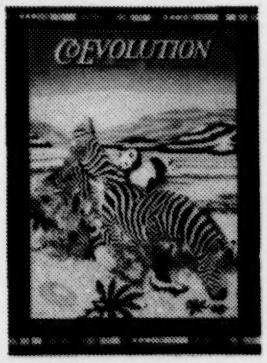
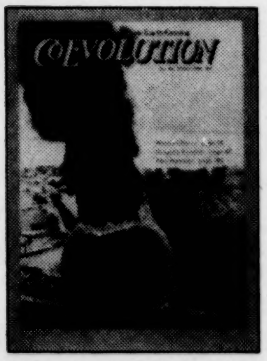


No. 38, Summer, 1983. A daring proposal for simplifying taxes, a report on the Brazilian martial art Capoeira, how-to facts on billboard altering, and a look at Celts past and present. Plus: robots, regional cultural magazines, and fiction by Anne Herbert.

No. 37, Spring 1983. Fiction by Ken Kesey and Ursula Le Guin, Gary Snyder on urban culture in China, Steve Baer on human-machine teamwork, personal peacemaking in Kenya and Poland. Also: human devolution, deforestation, and the hidden power of local politics.



No. 36, Winter 1982."When Things Go Wrong," a guest-edited section featuring J. Baldwin on designing with failure, Wendell Berry on the use of forms in poetry and marriage, a riveting story of ocean misfortune, and an artist called Apology. Plus letters from Gregory Bateson, Stewart Brand interviewing Paul Hawken, and the transcript of the first Creative Philanthropy Conference.

No. 35, Fall 1982. Articles on "personal national peace-finding," rules of thumb, the native spirit of gift-giving, Gregory Bateson, raw and fanciful Texas talk, and an anti-space adventure.

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Mailing Management, San Francisco DFA, San Jose

Mailing List Brokers
Pacific Lists, Mill Valley

Printing
Warren's Waller Press, San Francisco A.L. Lemos Company, San Francisco (bindery) Marinstat, Mill Valley (stats and halftones) Synthex Press, San Francisco (mail order form)

Gossip

"CoEvolution Quarterly . . . ." That voice in the telephone belongs to Denise Partida, who also handles customers in our display room at 27 Gate 5 Road. Mother of three girls, former Texan, she's a poet and graphic artist as well as omniscient receptionist.

Denise is a welcome part of the organizational growth we're enduring to accommodate our new projects, the ***Whole Earth Software Review*** *and* ***Whole Earth Software Catalog****. The phone system we got from NEC — it does everything but the laundry — links the "old" building to the new one at 150 Gate 5 Road, where the wall-to-wall gray carpeting and air conditioning keep the computers in dust-free bliss.* **CQ** *and the software publications will share production area in the new building.*

Total Point staff has about doubled. Budgeting has entered our work lives. The old band of amateurs is going professional, acquiring new skills. Andrea Sharp bookkeeps on a Kaypro 10 now, blazing away in 10 megabytes. Designer Kathleen O'Neill is going to computer graphics class and is encouraging good computer graphic artists to get in touch for possible work on the software magazine. Lisl Folsom, hired away from ***Atlantic Monthly*** *to manage circulation and promotion for our new magazine, will lend her formidable talents to* **CQ** *as well. And so it goes.*

The Point Foundation Board of Directors also is accelerating to take on expanded duties. Huey Johnson, one of the original Point directors, founder of The Trust for Public Land, till recently Jerry Brown's secretary of resources for California, is back on. Michael Phillips and Richard Baker have resigned, and we recall fondly that each of them has personally saved the life of this organization a time or two. Michael got a number of private individuals to

Next Whole Earth Catalog Access Update

Anne Herbert originally reviewed Paul Reps' ***Letters to a Friend*** *in* **CQ** *Fall 1981. It's a $75 book of profound drawings and calligraphed wisdom which publishers Stillgate Press are now selling at $30 (Limited Editions, $120) so they can pay back their investors and break even. "It was cheap for its quality at the original price," Anne says. Stillgate's at P.O. Box 67, Alstead, NH 03602.*

A new edition of the out-of-print ***Psychedelics Encyclopedia*** *(***NWEC*** *p. 580), is available for $13.95 from J.P. Tarcher, 9110 Sunset Blvd., Suite 250, Los Angeles, CA 90069. There's also a new edition of boat designer Phil Bolger's out-of-print* ***The Folding Schooner*** *(***NWEC*** *p. 445), which was reviewed with Bolger's* ***Small Boats*** *as "bold, witty, innovative, exciting, and a cut above everything else." Now the two books have been combined in a single edition called* ***Bolger Boats****, $20.95 from the International Marine Publishing Company, 21 Elm Street, Camden, ME 04843.*

The "exceptionally good" ***Gun Owner's Book of Care, Repair and Improvement****, also out of print, is now available for $11.95 postpaid from the author, Roy Dunlap, at 2319 Fort Lowell Road, Tucson, AZ 85719. (Thanks to reader M. St. Pierre for letting us know.) The* ***Hearing Loss Handbook*** *(***CQ*** *Summer '83, p. 84), is also now available only from the author, Richard Rosenthal, for $5 postpaid; 817 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10028.*

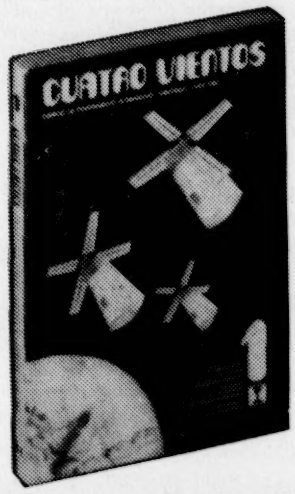
Bad news: the ***National Geographic's Photographer's Field Guide****, reviewed by Stewart in Winter 1982 as "the introductory photography book of choice," is out of print. The wealthy can get the $4.95 book by buying Geographic's $18.95 package* ***Images of the World****, which includes it, from the National Geographic Society, 1145 17th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036.*

New addresses: The spiritual study magazine ***Tributaries*** *(***CQ*** *Winter '82, p. 91) is at Iriquois House, Haynes Canyon, Mountain Park, NM 88325. The "biggest cheapest world map" (***NWEC*** p. 21) is now available from the U.S. Geological Survey: see* ***NWEC*** *p. 24 for the address closest to you. The chestnut-tree-saving* ***Chestnut Hill Nursery*** *(***CQ*** *Summer '81, p.*

co-sign for the loans that kept us going during a major debt period in 1974, when the **Whole Earth Epilog** was costing soon and earning later. In 1980 Dick Baker found an angel to loan the $40,000 that made **The Next Whole Earth Catalog** possible — no bank would touch us. Both of them, when I wanted to sell the Whole Earth Catalog to some other publisher, gently and firmly advised against it.

You may recall a cover story in the Spring '80 **CQ** called "Light Rail — How to Make it Work" by train fanatic Christopher Swan. Visionary, interesting, unlikely, right? Most of our successful writers just find interested publishers. Swan is finding interested cities. Places like Eureka, Healdsburg, Monterey, maybe even Sausalito, are dealing with his new Suntrain Company (Box 1214, Nevada City CA 95959) to possibly bring benevolent and economic rail systems to their town. In other contributor news, **CQ** medical editor Tom Ferguson, M.D., is marrying archeology student Meredith Dreiss and moving with her to Austin, Texas. What will that do to his California-based **Medical Self-Care** magazine?

Derivation is the sincerest form of flattery. We have been impressed by the continuing survival and growth of the French **CoEvolution** [CoEvolution, BP 43 75661, Paris Cedex 14, France]. Now there is a South American godchild called **Cuatro Vientos** reprinting a number of **CQ** articles in Spanish, along with good original material, and best of luck to them. [Cuatro Vientos Editorial, Lira 140, Santiago, Chile.]



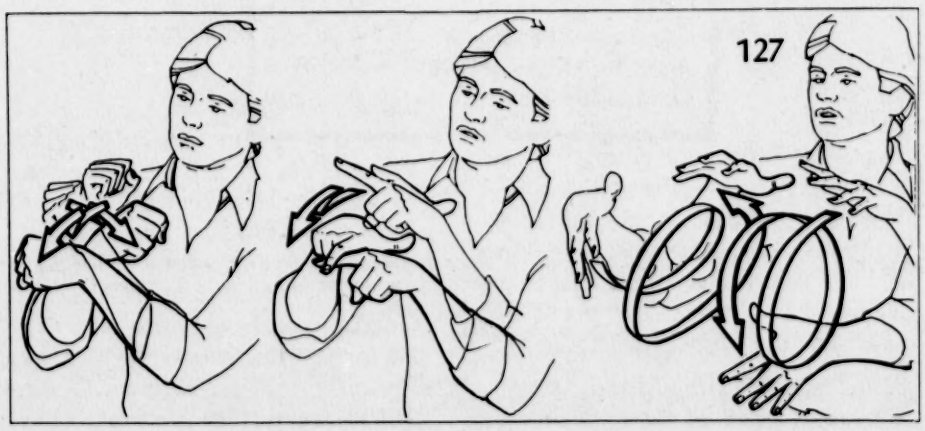
The Whole Earth Catalog and **CoEvolution** themselves are godchildren in part of Buckminster Fuller, who died a few weeks ago, followed a day later by his wife Anne. A few days after that another friend, the 300-pound "neo-Stoic" Herman Kahn, died untimely at 63. I still regard the interview he did with Governor Brown and Amory Lovins (Spring '77 **CQ**) as one of the best things we've ever run. Bucky wrote, somewhere in all those books, that he once sent a number of letters to an old friend, whose wife eventually wrote back saying she was so sorry but his friend had died. Bucky mused, "If he was gone, THEN WHO WAS I WRITING THOSE LETTERS TO?" Fuller and Kahn started conversations that I expect to keep having with them the rest of my life.

—Stewart Brand

62) is now at Route 3, Box 477, Alachua, FL 32615. The **Gift Giving Guide** (**CQ** Spring '83) is $7.50 postpaid from 135 East 15th Street, New York, NY 10003. And the publisher of **Cocopelli Stories** (**CQ** Spring '83, p. 11) is now at P.O. Box 21062, Eugene, OR 97402. We always get asked where people can find **Heat Mirror**, described back in **CQ** Winter '77 in an article called "Buildings as Organisms." Try Southwall Corporation, 3961 East Bayshore Road, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Two price changes from last issue: The **Clinton Street Quarterly** (p. 112) does indeed have subscriptions, "very important to us both for revenue and outreach. Amazing in this post-McLuhan era that 1000 rad-mags flourish, but it seems to be a habit a lot of folks just can't shake." It's $5/year from Clinton Street Theatre, 2522 SE Clinton, Portland, OR 97202. Also, the upside-down "Turnabout" map on the inside front cover is $3.65 by mail, not $2.40, from Laguna Sales, 7040 Via Valverde, San Jose, CA 95135.

The free **Photovoltaic News** (**CQ** Fall '82, p. 114) has now gone formal at $10/year (4 issues) from Joel Davidson, 10615 Chandler Boulevard, North Hollywood, CA 91601. Says J. Baldwin, "It's the most valuable source of PV information for the plain folks . . . . It is very encouraging to see one person take on a job like this for the rest of us."



SIGNS OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

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That phrase under access information in the **CoEvolution Quarterly** means you can mail order the item from the Whole Earth Bookstore, operated by the San Francisco Zen Center. *Do not send orders for books reviewed in* **CQ** *or the* **Whole Earth Catalog** *to* **CoEvolution Quarterly**; *we sell only our own products.* Send your mail order book orders to:

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All orders: Add $1 for one book; $1.50 for 2-4 books; shipping free (bookpost) with 5 or more books per order.

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May, June, July 1983 CoEvolution Quarterly

Income	
Subscriptions & Renewals	$ 75,412
Newsstand Distribution	17,759
Back Issues	2,296
Mailing List	4,639
Unclassified Ads	2,152
Retainers & Sustainers	1,810
Interest Earned	88
Total Income	**$ 104,156**
Expenses	
Machinery & Equipment*	$ 11,313
Freight (Distribution)	1,469
Printing — Magazine	29,776
Mailing List	825
Magazine Mailing — Subscriptions	11,529
Writers & Contributors	7,410
Salary — Editorial	12,073
Salary — Production	8,441
Salary — Office	20,348
Equipment Rent/Lease	1,291
Supplies (Office, Prod., Computer)	3,181
Postage	2,455
Advertising & Promotion	75
Rent	5,618
Telephone*	4,308
Utilities	628
Miscellaneous Operating Expenses**	-134
Total Expenses	**$ 120,606**
Profit/Loss	**$ -16,450**

*Note: Includes one time cost of new phone system, and consultant, approx. $12,000 for CQ share.

**Note: This category includes $1,500 credit for wholesaling extra review and research books.

Point Administrative	
Income	$ 0
Expense	13,746
Profit/Loss	-13,746
Whole Earth Software Catalog & Review	
Income	
Software Review Advance Sub.	$ 1,670
Advance from Doubleday	567,500
Interest Earned	6,421
Total Income	575,591
Expense	89,298
Profit/Loss	486,293
Uncommon Courtesy	
Income	$ 4,485
Expense	6,248
Profit/Loss	-1,763
Chronicle Column	
Income	$ 6,000
Expense	2,483
Profit/Loss	3,517
Other Products	
Income	$ 16,083
Expense	16,285
Profit/Loss	-202

Point Foundation

Assets	
Cash in Bank	$ 462,562
Accounts Receivable	
Distributor — CQ	26,070
Mailing List — CQ	12,335
Inventory	
CQ Back Issues	$ 9,458
Other Products	9,836
Random House (**NWEC**)	53,305
Liabilities	
Accounts Payable	
Miscellaneous	$ 3,492
Subscriber Liability	
CQ	267,116
Software Review	1,728
Random House (**NWEC**)	139,818
Doubleday Advance	567,500

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and ONE anon and anon and anon and anon and anon

The Retaining Subscriber list includes only those who became retainers since the last issue, as of 8/8/83. Retaining Subscribers get your year's **CQ**s in an envelope, delivered first-class. Sustaining Subscribers get your year's **CQ**s in an envelope, airmail. Maniacal Subscribers get your **CQ**s in an envelope, airmail, for the rest of your life (or ours, whichever comes first). For all three, we gratefully publish your name and town in the magazine (unless you say not to). All contributions are tax-deductible because we're a non-profit foundation.

WHOLE EARTH software review

This new quarterly magazine from Point — publishers of **CoEvolution** and the **Whole Earth Catalog** — starts in January, 1984. Charter subscriptions cost $16/year. The regular sub price is $18/year, and single copies will be $5 on newsstands.

What We Are

- A way to find the best in personal computer software, hardware, and publications
- Noncommercial / nonprofit / no ads
- Rampantly usage oriented rather than technology oriented
- Responsible to personal-computer owners rather than the industry
- Comprehensive
- Exploratory rather than esoteric
- The first interactive software publication

What We Will Provide

- Overviews of each major computing category — writing; playing; accounting; analyzing; filing; telecommunicating; illustrating; scheduling; etc.
- Reviews of software (etc.) that best serve each specific kind of use and of user. (A fully featured $500 word-processing program is not the best for someone who just wants to get out better letters.)
- Concise comparative reviews with specific recommendations of what to purchase and where the best prices are.
- Articles on larger implications of new technologies (such as "The Next Phone Company"), criticism of self-serving habits within the industry, enthusiasm and lore about the empowering that personal computing at its best offers.

—Stewart Brand, Richard Dalton

Send your subscription orders to:
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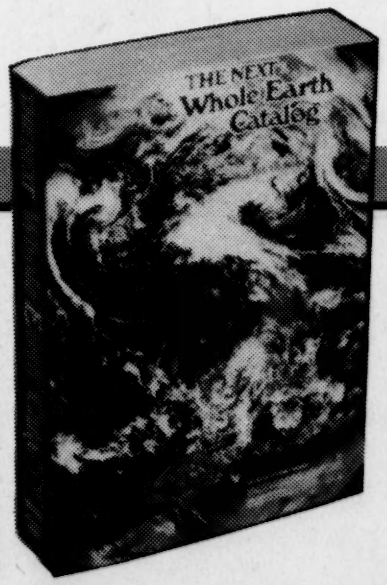
Box 428
Sausalito, CA 94966



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CoEvolution "Lite"
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These are 100% unbleached undyed cotton (parchment colored) made heavyweight for durable ink-holding. Specify "Libraries" or "Beams." (NOTE: We still have limited quantities of most sizes of our "Wealth" and "Love" T-shirts. When these run out we will ***not*** be making more. If you wish to order these specify "Wealth" or "Love" and size. Include alternate selections in case we're out of your first choice.)

LOVE

The only thing to teach is how to fall in love, what to do then to make it last. To make it a lifetime thing. To teach how to find out more about the beloved. To build something with the beloved, within the beloved. To teach all this before love ever happens so that when love comes, be it of caterpillars or dead painters or wood and nails or computers that talk back, the feeling doesn't dissipate into a hopeless infatuation — "it must be wonderful to do that, to know about that, but I can't" — but is a release of power like real love that leads to knowing more because you know where to find it, to cherishing and building in this love because you know that someone can tell you how to do it and you keep looking until you find the one who can.

—Anne Herbert

WEALTH

In the community regulated only by laws of demands and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become RICH are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain POOR are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person. —John Ruskin, 1862

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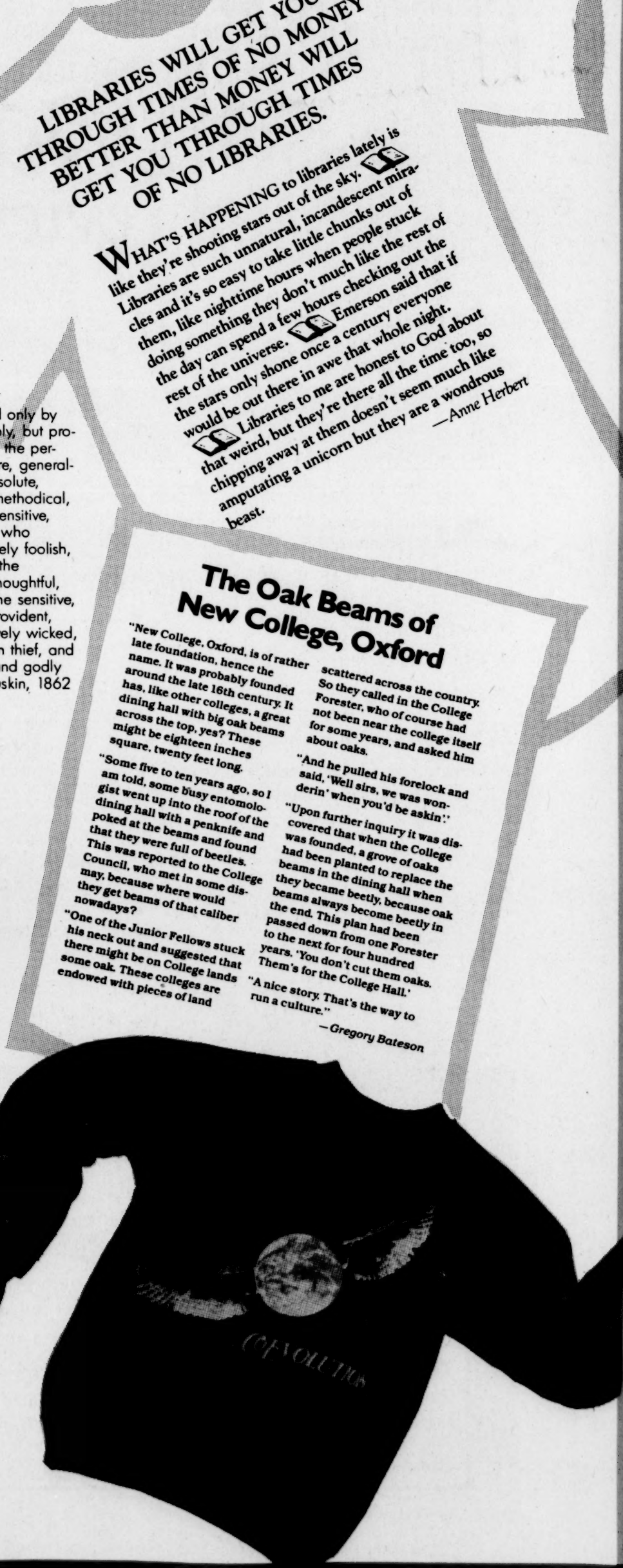

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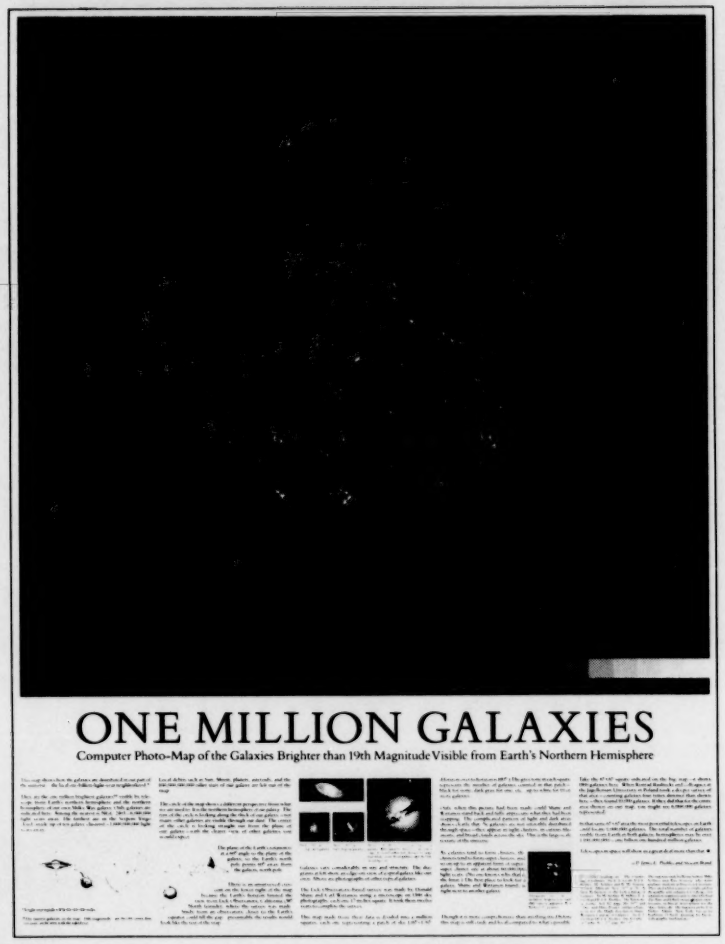

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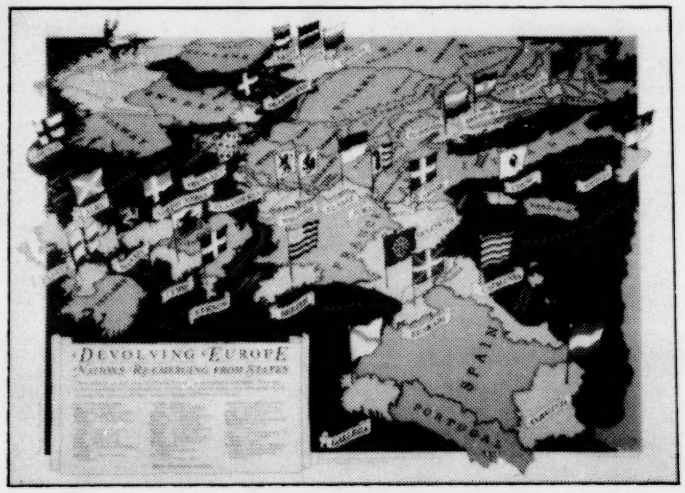
—Philip Morrison, **Scientific American**



Devolving Europe Map

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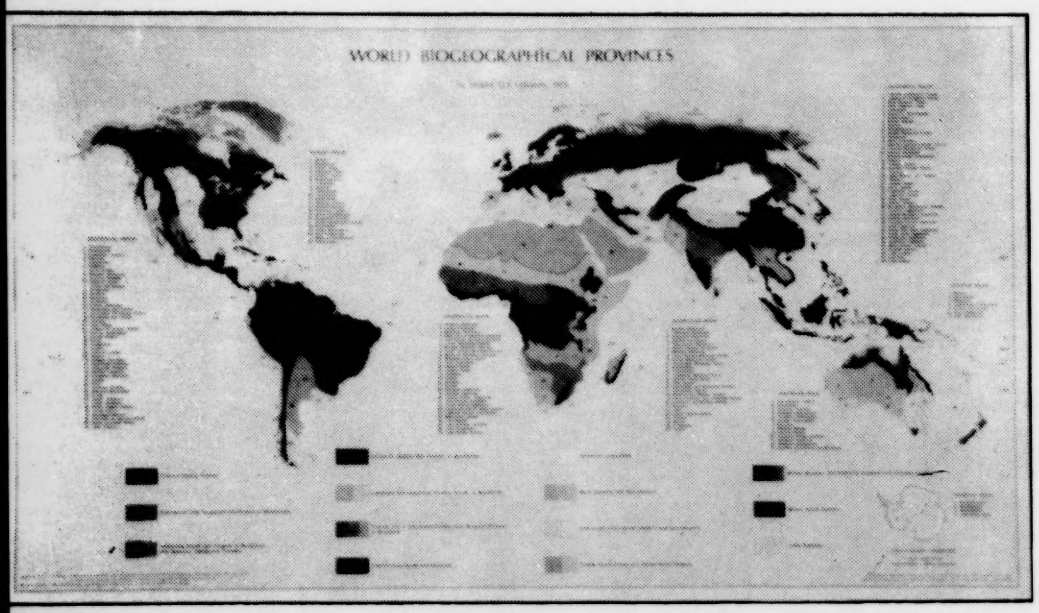
The once and future Europe, where twenty-eight fiercely different movements for independence or self-rule are forcing political acknowledgement of regional cultural diversity. The phenomenon is worldwide and growing. Map by Bruce McGillivray, accompanying articles by Peter Berg and Jon Stewart.



World Biogeographical Provinces Map

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The world of plants and animals is divided differently than the world of humans. This scientific and beautiful map traces the deeper politics. Map by Miklos Udvardy and Ted Oberlander, accompanying article by Ray Dasmann.

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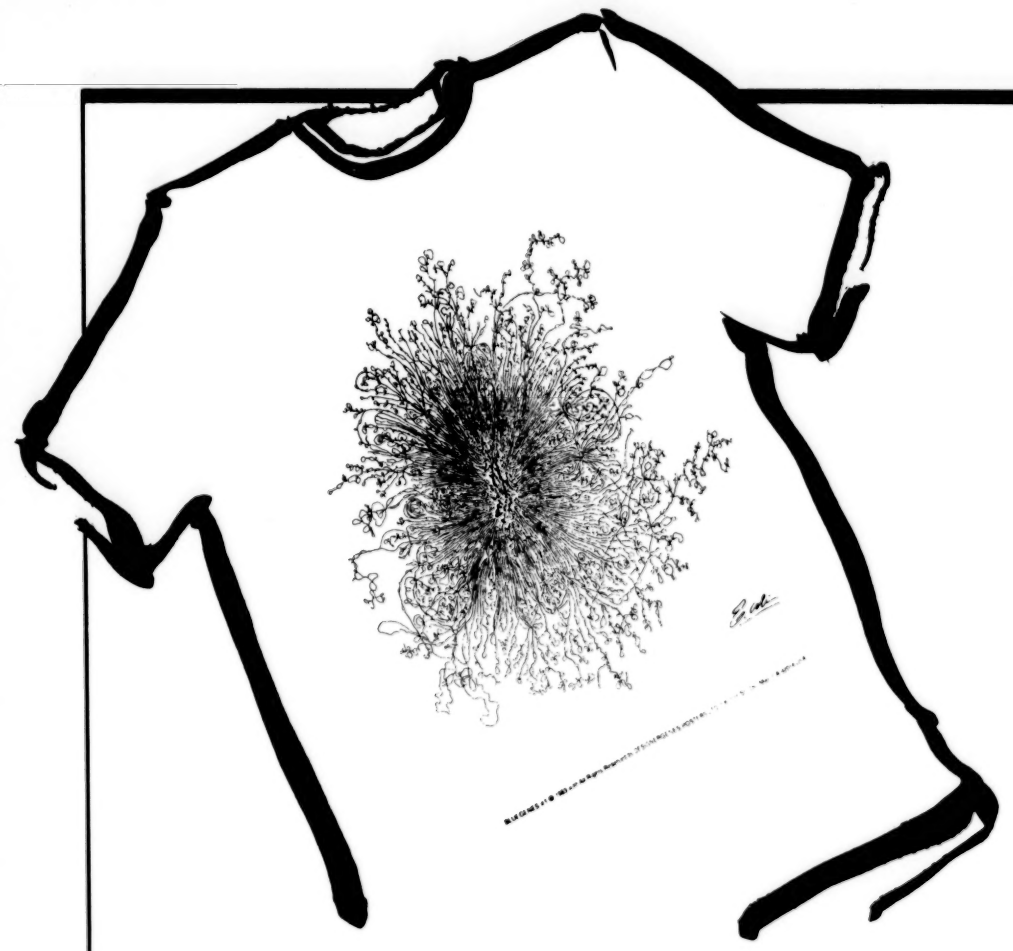

NEW!

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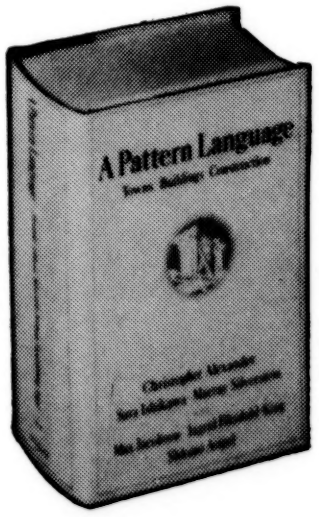
S (34-36), M (38-40),
L (42-44), XL (46-48)

A Pattern Language
(Towns, Buildings, Construction)



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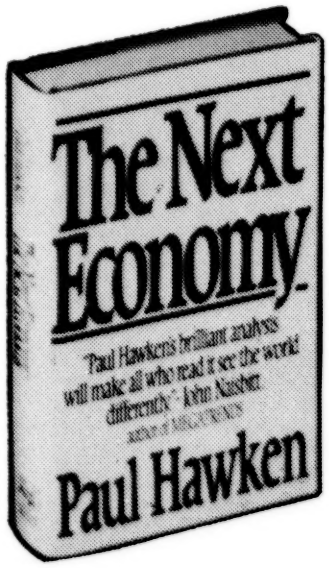

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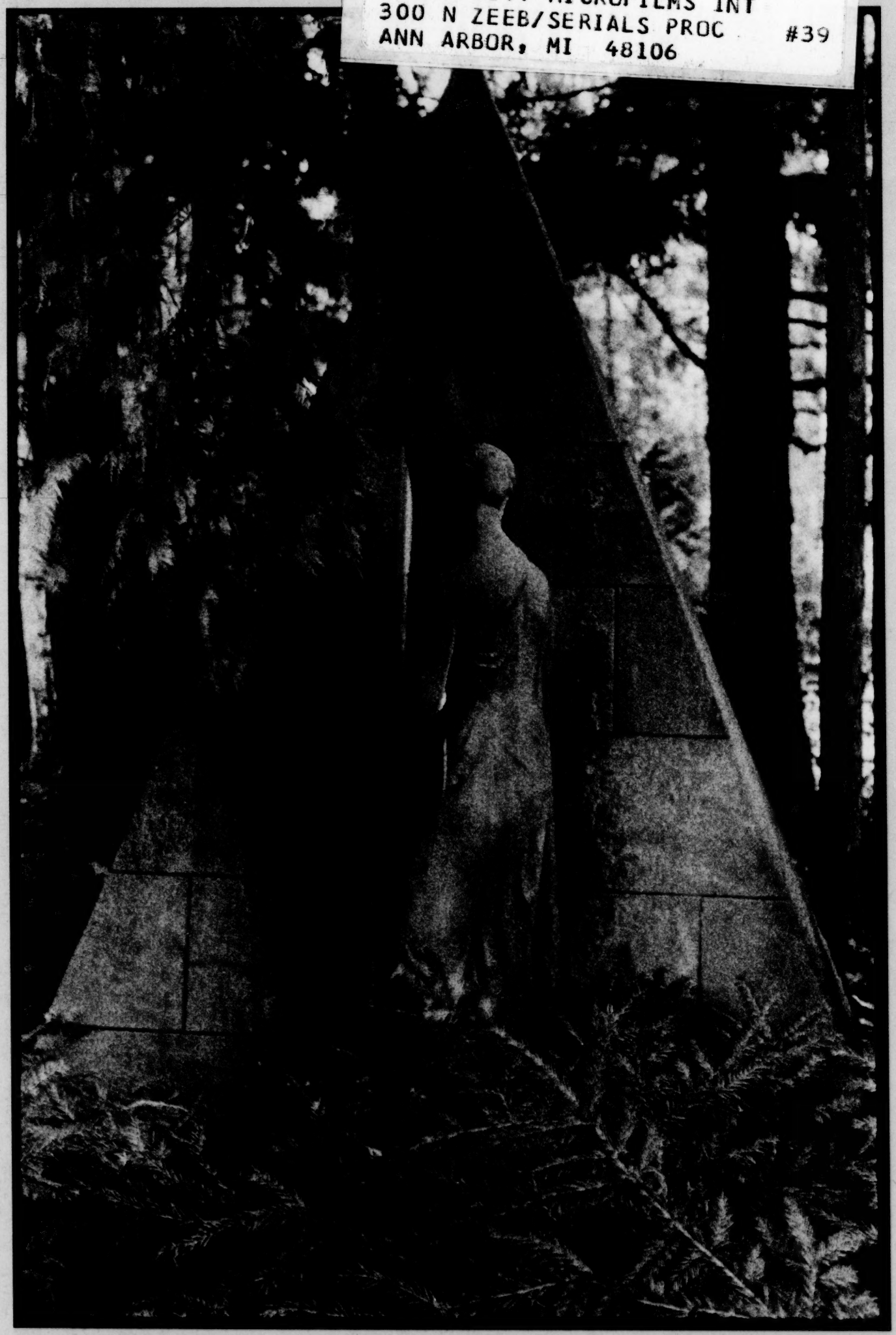
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